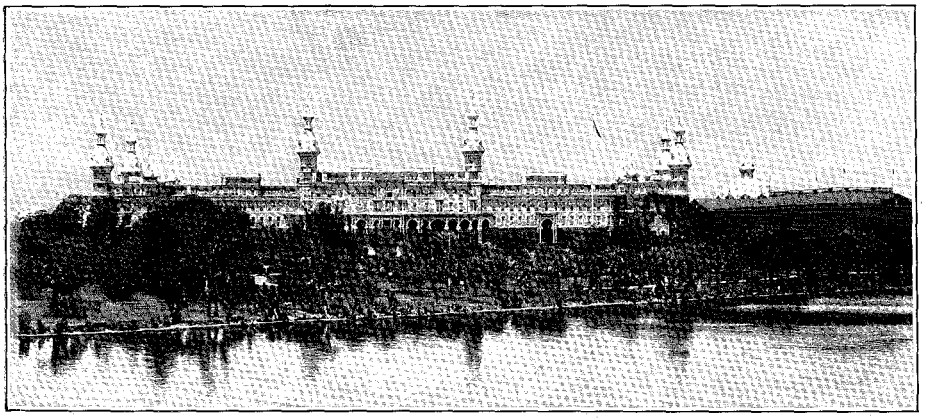
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV AUGUST, 1898 NO. 2



Tampa Bay Hotel.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THE MAGAZINE BY D. L. ELMENDORF.

AFTER Dewey's victory on May 1st, and while Sampson was chasing the will-of-the-wisp squadron of Spain, the army lay waiting at Tampa and marked time. The army had no wish to mark time, but it had no choice.

It could not risk going down to the sea in ships as long as there was the grim chance that the Spanish fleet would suddenly appear above the horizon line and send the transports to the bottom of the Florida straits. The army longed to be "up and at them;" it was impatient, hot, and exasperated, but there was true common-sense in waiting and a possible failure in an advance without a convoy, and so it continued through the month of May to chafe and fret and perspire at Tampa. Tampa was the port selected by the Government as the one best suited for the embarkation to Cuba. There is a Port of Tampa, and a city nine miles inland, of the same name. The army was distributed at the port and in the pine woods back of the city, and the commanding generals of the invading army, with their several staffs, made their head-quarters at the Tampa Bay Hotel.

And so for a month the life of the army was the life of an hotel, and all those persons who were directly or indirectly associated with the army, and who were coming from or going to Key West, came to this hotel and added to its interest. It was

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fortunate that the hotel was out of all proportion in every way to the size and wealth of Tampa, and to the number of transient visitors that reasonably might be expected to visit that city. One of the cavalry generals said: "Only God knows why Plant built an hotel here; but thank God he did."

The hotel stands on grounds reclaimed from the heavy sand of the city. It is the real oasis in the real desert—a giant affair of ornamental brick and silver minarets in a city chiefly composed of derelict wooden houses drifting in an ocean of sand; a dreary city, where the sand has swept the paint from the houses, and where sand swamps the sidewalks and creeps into the doors and windows. It is a city where one walks ankle-deep in sand, and where the names of avenues are given to barren spaces of scrubby undergrowth and palmettoes and pines hung with funereal moss.

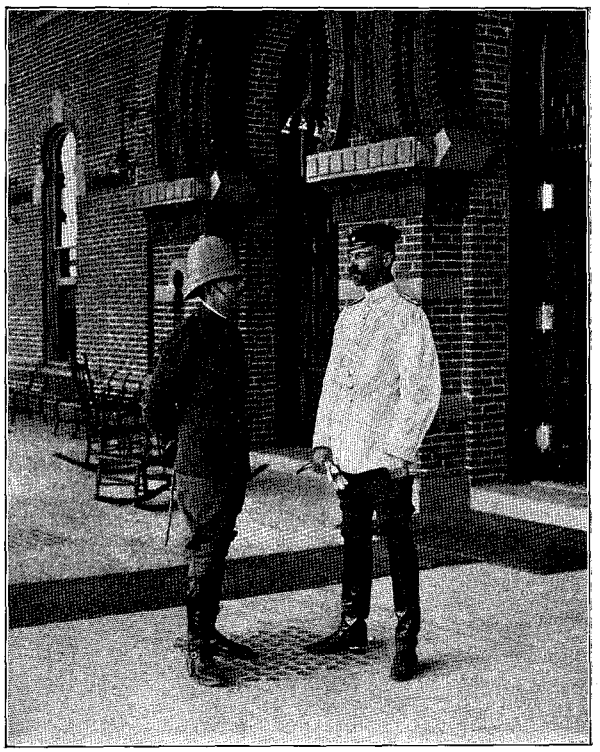
In the midst of this desolation is the hotel. It is larger than the palaces which Ismail Pasha built over-night at Cairo and outwardly not unlike them in appearance, and so enormous that the walk from the rotunda to the dining-room helps one to an appetite.

It has great porches as wide and as long as a village street, shut in behind screens of climbing vines and clusters of mammoth red and yellow flowers. In the made-grounds about it are made-gardens of flowers of brilliant colors, and palms and palmettoes of every shape and of every shade of green.

Birds sing over the flower-beds, and peacocks strut and chatter. It is like an Eastern garden, and the hotel itself struggles against the brick and plaster lines to be Oriental too. It has the curved tops of a mosque over the doors and windows; great crescents are cut in the woodwork and stamped in the plaster, and are flung out against the sky, and minarets that glow at night like a dozen light-houses are distributed along the great lines of its roof. Arches of colored electric lights spread out over the door-way, and Turkish rugs and palms in pots fill miles of hall-way.

It is something between Shepheard's Hotel, at Cairo, and the Casino Roof Garden.

Someone said it was like a Turkish harem with the occupants left out. For



Captain Arthur H. Lee and Count von Goetzen, British and German Military Attachés.

at first there were no women at the hotel. It was an Eveless Eden, and during the early part of May the myriads of rocking-chairs on the long porches were filled with men. This was the rocking-chair period of the war. It was an army of occupation, but it occupied the piazza of a big hotel.

Everyone believed that the army was going to move in two days. "Well, certainly by Monday," they would say. So at first everyone lived on a war basis. All impedimenta were shipped North, white linen was superseded by flannel shirts, collars were abandoned for polka-dot kerchiefs. Men, fearing the mails would

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prove too slow, telegraphed for supplies, not knowing that they could walk North and back again before the army would move.

Those were the best days of the time of waiting. Officers who had not met in years, men who had been classmates at West Point, men who had fought together and against each other in the last war, who had parted at army posts all over the West, who had been with Miles after Geronimo, with Forsythe at Wounded Knee, with Hardie and Hunter in the Garcia campaign along the Rio Grande, were gathered together apparently for an instant onslaught on a common enemy, and were left to dangle and dawdle under electric lights and silver minarets. Their talk was only of an immediate advance. It was to be "as soon as Sampson smashes the Cape Verde fleet." "It will be all over in two weeks," they said. "We're not going to have a look in at all," they growled. "Do you know what we are? We're an army of occupation, that's all we are. Spain will surrender when her fleet is smashed, and we'll only march in and occupy Havana." So they talked and argued and rocked and drank gallons of iced tea, and the hot days wore into weeks. Life then centred around the bulletin-board; men stood eight deep, peering over each other's shoulders as each new telegram followed fast and was pasted up below the last. Outside, in the sun, horse dealers from every part of the State led their ponies up and down before the more or less knowing eyes of dough-boy officers and war correspondents, and this daily sale of horses was the chief sign of our activity—this and the frequent reappointment of commanding generals.

Tampa Bay Hotel Piazza.

Maj.-General Joseph Wheeler.

One day General Wade was the man of the hour, the next it was General Shafter, and every day came promises of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief himself. "Miles is coming in a special car," everybody told everybody else. "Now we shall certainly start," everybody said, and each man began to mobilize his laundry, and recklessly paid his hotel bill and went over his campaign kit for the thirtieth time. But the Commander-in-Chief did not come until after many false alarms, and gloom fell upon the hotel, and many decided it would be cheaper to buy it outright than to live there any longer, so they slept under canvas with the soldiers, and others shaved again and discarded piece by piece the panoply of war. Leggings and canvas shooting-coats gave way to white duck, fierce sombreros to innocent straw hats, and at last wives and daughters arrived on the scene of our inactivity, and men unstrapped their trunks and appeared in evening dress.

It was the beginning of the end. We knew then that whether Sampson smashed the ubiquitous fleet or not, we were condemned to the life of a sea-side summer

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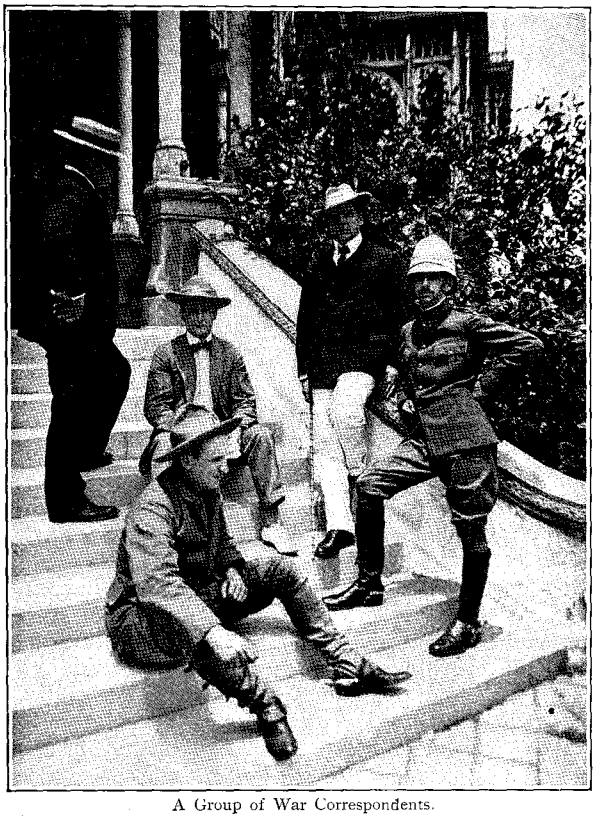
resort and to the excitement of the piazzas. The men who gathered on those piazzas were drawn from every part of the country and from every part of the world, and we listened to many strange stories of strange lands from the men best fitted to tell them. Lieutenant Rowan, just back from six weeks with Garcia, and bronzed and hidden in an old panama hat, told us of the insurgent camp; Major Grover Flint, who had been "marching with Gomez," told us of him; William Astor Chanler, in the uniform of a Cuban colonel, from which rank he was later promoted to that of captain in our own volunteer army, talked of Africa with Count von Goetzen, the German military attaché, who was also an African explorer; Stephen Bonsal and Caspar Whitney, both but just back from Siam, discoursed on sacred elephants and white ants; and E. F. Knight, the London *Times* correspondent, lingered with the army of the rocking-chairs for a day before swimming into Matanzas harbor and going to Cabañas prison. Captain Dorst tried to explain why the Gussie expedition failed, as though its name were not reason enough; and young Archibald, who accompanied it, and who was the first correspondent to get shot, brought wounds into contempt by refusing to wear his wound in a bloody bandage, and instead hid his honors under his coat.



A Group of War Correspondents.

Frederic Remington. Caspar Whitney. Grover Flint. Richard Harding Davis. Capt. Arthur H. Lee, R.A., British Military Attaché.

There were also General O. O. Howard, and Ira Sankey, who bustled about in the heat, preaching and singing to the soldiers; Miss Clara Barton, of her own unofficial Red Cross Army; Mr. George Kennan, and Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who had views to exchange on Russia and why they left it, and General Fitzhugh Lee, looking like a genial Santa Claus, with a glad smile and glad greeting for everyone, even at the risk of his becoming Vice-President in consequence; and there was also General "Joe" Wheeler, the best type of the courteous Southern gentleman, the sort of whom Page tells us of in his novels, on whom politics had left no mark, who was courteous because he could not help being so, who stood up when a second lieutenant was introduced to him, and who ran as lightly as a boy to help a woman move a chair, or to assist her to step from a carriage. There was also, at the last, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, with energy and brains and enthusiasm enough to inspire a whole regiment, and there were military attachés in strange, grand uniforms, which kept the volunteer army gaping.

But the two men of greatest interest to the army of the rocking-chairs were probably America's representative, Frederic Remington, and Great Britain's representative with our army, Captain Arthur H. Lee. These two held impromptu receptions at

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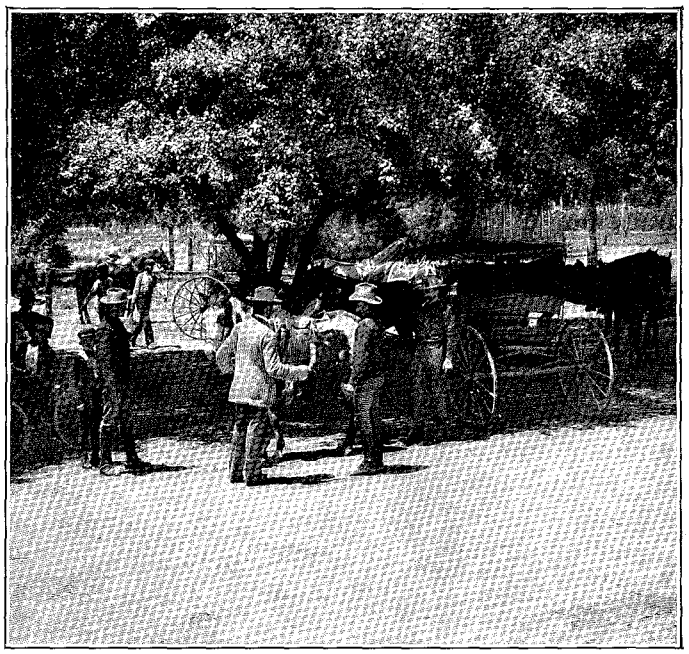
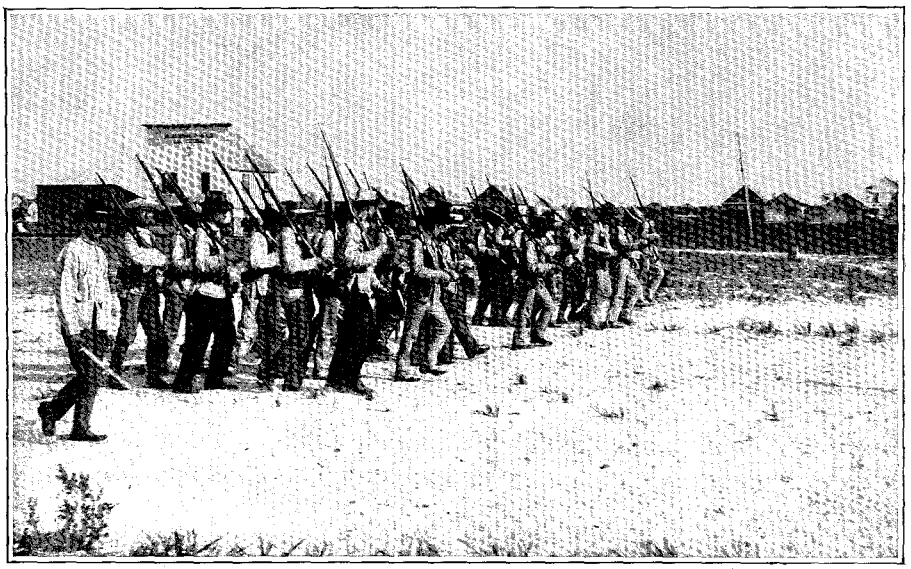
every hour of the day, and every man in the army either knew them or wanted to know them. Remington was, of course, an old story, but Lee, the new friend and the actual sign of the new alliance, ran him close in popularity. There was no one, from the generals to the enlisted men, who did not like Lee. I know many Englishmen, but I know very few who could have won the peaceful victory this young captain of artillery won; who would have known so well just what to see and to praise—and when to keep his eyes and mouth shut. No other Englishman certainly could have told American stories as well as he did and not have missed the point.



Correspondent Bargaining for a Horse.

Many strange experiences and many adventures had fallen to the lot of some of these men, and had the war been delayed a little longer, the stories they told under the colored lights of the broad verandas would have served for a second "Thousand and One Nights," and would have held as great an interest. They were as familiar with the Kremlin as with the mosque of St. Sophia, with Kettner's Res-



Cuban Volunteers Marching.

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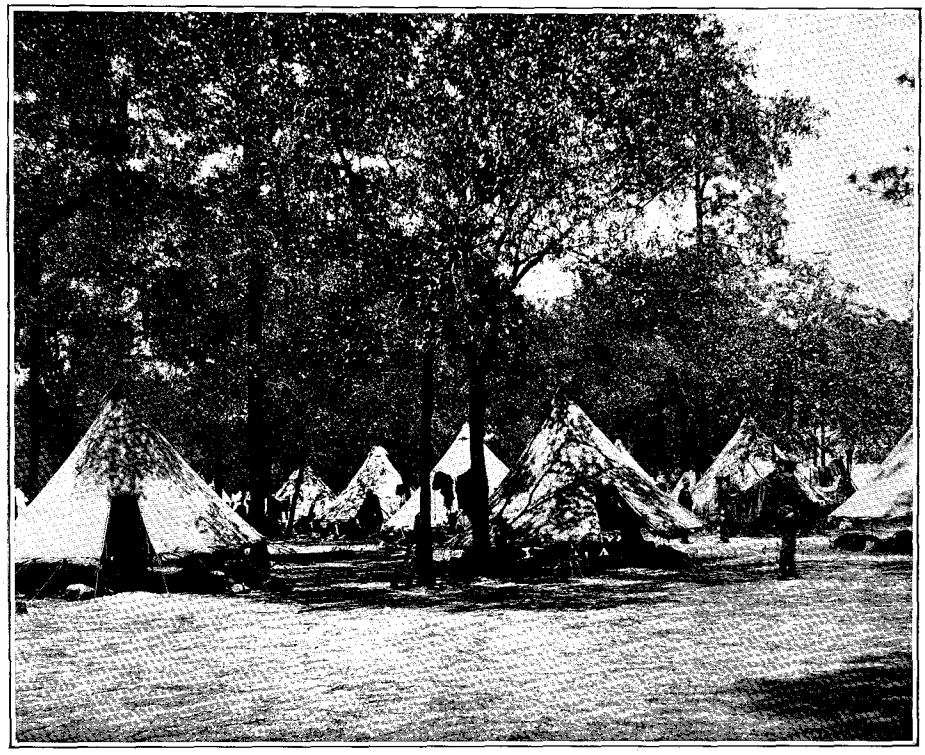
taurant as with the Walls of Silence. They knew the love-story of every consul along the Malaysian Peninsula and the east coast of Africa, and why he had left home; they disagreed as to whether laced leggings or heavy boots are better in a Borneo jungle; they talked variously in marks, taels, annas, and shillings; they had been chased by lions, and then, feeling some doubt as to his nerve, dropped four thousand feet out of a balloon to test it.

On the whole, it was an interesting collection of men—these generals with new shoulder-straps on old tunics, these war correspondents and military attachés, who had last met in the Soudan and Greece,



A Typical Camp Scene at Tampa.

elephants and had shot rhinoceri; and they had themselves been fired over, with the Marquis Yamagata in Corea, with Kitchener in Egypt, with Maceo in Cuba, and with Edam Pasha in Thessaly. One of them had taken six hundred men straight across Africa, from coast to coast; another had explored it for a year and a half without meeting a white man. This man had explored China disguised as a Chinaman and Russia as a Russian; that had travelled more hundreds of miles on snow-shoes than any other American, Indian, or Canadian; there was one who had been to school with an emperor, and another who had seen an empress beheaded, and another who had shot thirteen and these self-important and gloomy Cuban generals, credulous and mysterious; these wealthy young men from the Knickerbocker Club, disguised in canvas uniforms and Cuban flags, who are not to be confused with the same club's proud contribution to the Rough Riders. There were also women of the Red Cross Army, women of the Salvation Army, and pretty Cuban refugees from Havana, who had taken a vow not to dance until Havana fell. Each night all of these people gathered in the big rotunda while a band from one of the regiments played inside, or else they danced in the big ball-room. One imaginative young officer compared it to the ball at Brussels on the night before

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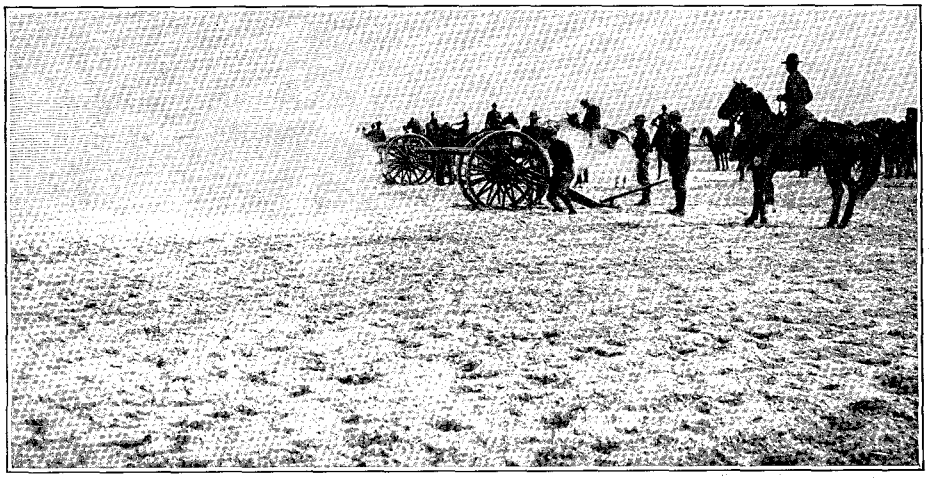
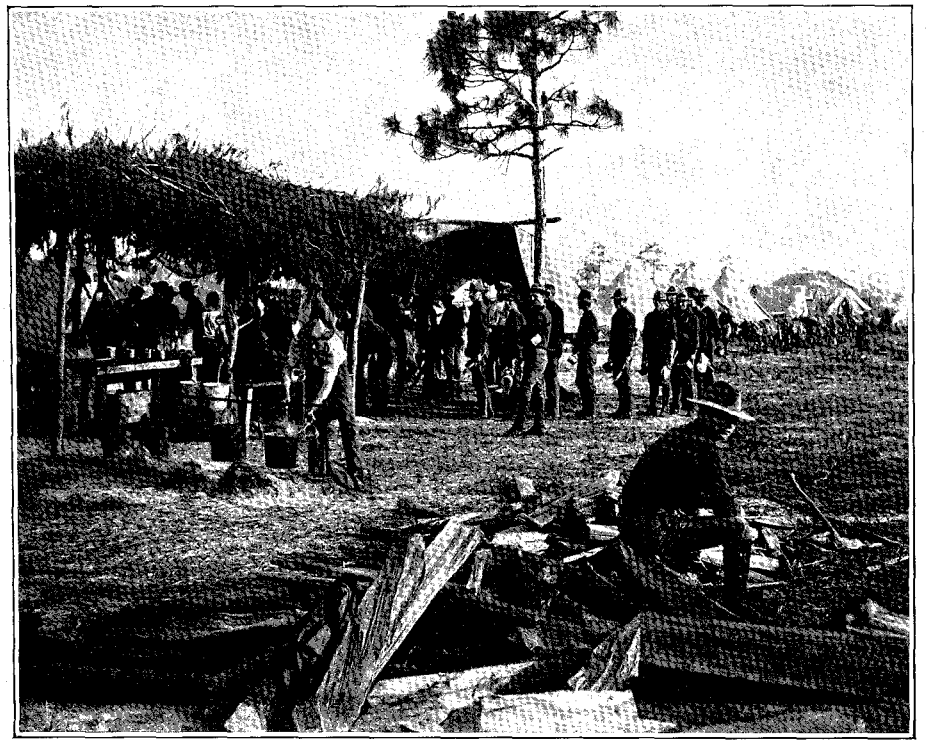


First Artillery—"Fire."

Waterloo; another, less imaginative, with a long iced drink at his elbow and a cigar between his teeth, gazed at the colored electric lights, the palm-trees, the whirling figures in the ball-room, and remarked sententiously: "Gentlemen, as General Sherman truly said, 'war is hell.'"

Four miles outside of this hotel, sleeping under the pines and in three inches of dirty sand, there were at first ten thousand and then twenty-five thousand men. They were the Regulars and Volunteers, and of the two, the Volunteers were probably the more interesting. They were



Serving Rations in Camp.

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an unknown proposition; they held the enthusiasm of amateurs; they were making unusual sacrifices, and they were breaking home-ties which the Regulars had broken so long before the war came that the ties had had time to reknit. The wife or mother of the Regular had grown accustomed to his absence, and had arranged her living expenses on a basis of his monthly pay; the family of the Volunteer, on the contrary, were used to see him come home every evening and hang his hat in the hall, and had been living on the salary he received as a book-keeper, salesman, or mill-hand. So the Volunteers had cares which the Regulars did not feel for those at home, as well as the discomforts of the present moment. Neither of them showed much anxiety as to the future.

Third Cavalry at Drill.

The first two regiments of Volunteers to arrive at Lakeland, which lies an hour's ride farther back than Tampa, were the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts. They made an interesting contrast. The New York men were city-bred; they had the cockney's puzzled contempt for the country. Palm-trees, moss hanging from trees, and alligators were as interesting to them as the first sight of a Pathan prisoner to a British Tommy. Their nerves had been edged by the incessant jangle of cable-cars and the rush and strain of elevated trains. Their palates had been fed on Sunday papers and Wall Street tickers; their joys were those of the roof-gardens, and Muschenheim's, of Coney Island, and the polo grounds. The Massachusetts men, on the other hand, were from the small towns in the western half of Massachusetts; they were farmers' sons, and salesmen in village stores; some of them were country lawyers, and many of them worked in the mills. They took to the trees and lakes contentedly; their nerves did not jerk and twitch at the enforced waiting; they had not been so highly fed with excitement as the New York boys; they did not miss the rush and hurry of Broadway. Their wants were curiously in character. One of them "wanted to see a stone fence once more before he was shot," and another "wanted to drink water from a well again out of a bucket." He shut his eyes and sucked in his lips at the recollection. The others all nodded gravely; they all knew they had drunk out of wooden buckets. The New York men knew nothing of stone walls. They made jokes of their discomforts, and added others from Weber & Fields, and their similes showed that they had worked when at home in the law courts, the city hospitals, and in the department stores. "The food was not exactly Shanley's," they said, and the distance across the lake was about that of the home stretch at Morris Park. They were more restless, nervous, and argumentative than the New England men, and they held the Spaniard in fine contempt. They "wouldn't do a thing to him," they said. The Massachusetts men were more modest. I told them that the New York men were getting up athletic sports, and running races between the athletes of the different companies.

"Oh, well," said one of the New Eng-

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First Artillery Horses Bathing in the Surf.

land men, "when they find out who is their fastest runner, I'll challenge him to run away from the first Spaniard we see. I'll bet I beat him by a mile." It is a good sign when a regiment makes jokes at the expense of its courage. It is likely to be most unpleasant when the fighting begins.

It seemed a fact almost too good to be true, that the great complaint of the New York men was the superabundance of beans served out to them, and that the first complaint of the sons of Massachusetts was that they had not received beans enough. "Beans for breakfast, beans for lunch, beans for dinner—what t'ell!" growled the New Yorkers.

Leaving the Water.

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Third Cavalry—"Present, Sabres."

"And as for beans," shrieked a Massachusetts warrior, "they don't give you enough to fill a tablespoon."

The Regular soldier was professionally indifferent. He was used to camp-life, and regarded soldiering as a business. Indeed some of them regarded it so entirely as a business, and as nothing more, that those whose time had expired in camp did not re-enlist for the war, but went off into private life in the face of it. That is where they differed from the Volunteer, who left private life the moment war came. A great many of these time-expired Regulars did not re-enlist because they preferred to join the Volunteers, where advancement is more rapid, and where their superior experience would soon obtain for them the rank of sergeant, or possibly a commission.

Those who did remain were as fine a looking body of soldiers as can be seen in any of the Continental regiments. Indeed, there are so few of them that the recruiting officer has only himself to blame if he fails to pick out the best, and the result of his selection is that the men of our Regular army correspond to the *corps d'élite* of European armies. Whether it was General Randolph's artillerymen firing imaginary shrapnel at imaginary foes, or the dough-boys in skirmish line among the roots of the palmettoes, or at guard-mounting, or the cavalrymen swimming their horses, with both horse and man entirely stripped for action, the discipline was so good that it obtruded itself; and the manner in which each man handled his horse or musket, and especially himself, made you proud that they were American soldiers, and desperately sorry there were so few of them.

An American citizen thinks the American soldier is the best, for the easy reason that he is an American; but there were three Englishmen whose profession had qualified them to know soldiers of every land, and who were quite as enthusiastic over the cavalry as any American could be—as is Frederic Remington, for instance. For one thing, all of our men are physically as large as Life Guardsmen, and what they lose in contrast by lack of gold and pipe-clay, and through the inferiority of their equipment and uniform, is made up to them in the way they ride a horse. A German or English trooper sits his horse like a clothes-pin stuck on a line—the line may rise or sag, or swing in the wind, but the clothes-pin maintains its equilibrium at any cost, and is straight, unbending, and a thing to itself. The American trooper, with his deep saddle and long stirrup, swings with the horse, as a ship rides at anchor on the waves; he makes a line of grace and strength and suppleness from the rake of his sombrero to the toe of his hooded stirrup. When his horse walks, he sits it erect and motionless; when it trots, he rises with it, but never leaves the saddle; and when it gallops he swings in unison with it, like a cowboy, or a cockswain in a racing-shell.

It was a wonderful sight to see two thousand of these men advancing through the palmettoes, the red and white guidons fluttering at the fore, and the horses sweeping onward in a succession of waves, as though they were being driven forward by the wind. It will always puzzle me to know what the American people found to

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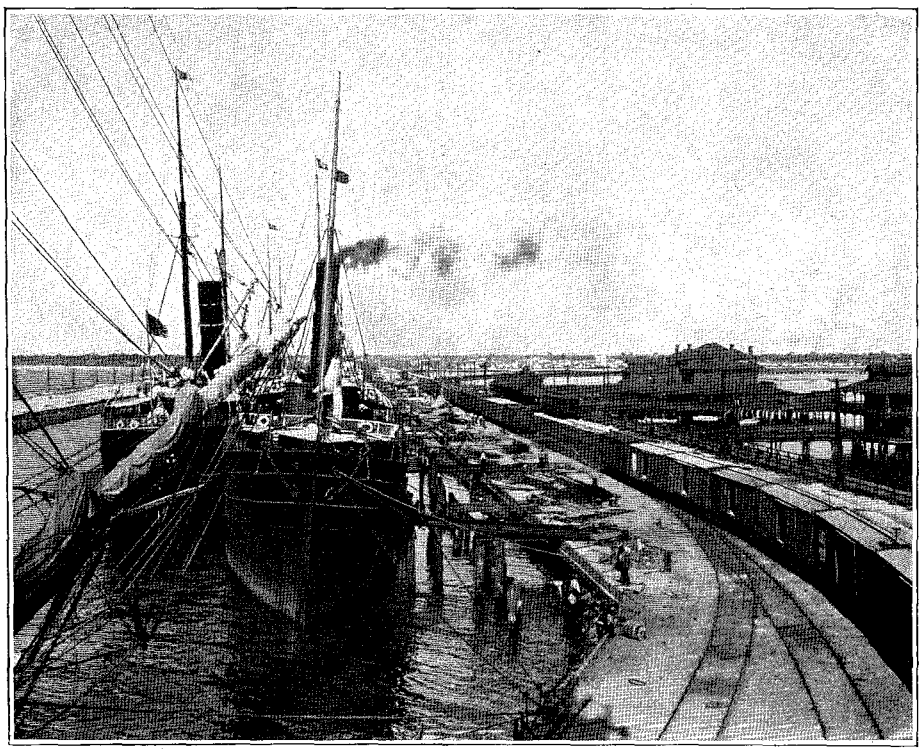
occupy them of such importance as to keep them from coming to see their own army, no matter how small it was, while it was rehearsing and drilling among the pines and palms of Florida. There will be few such chances again to see a brigade of cavalry advancing through a forest of palms in a line two miles long, and breaking up into skirmishers and Cossack outposts, with one troop at a trot and another at a walk, and others tearing, cheering through the undergrowth, their steel swords flashing over their heads and the steel horse-shoes flashing underfoot. It was a fine spectacle, and it was due to such occasional spectacles in and around the camps that the rocking-chair life was rendered bearable.

But at last it came to an end, for the Commander-in-Chief finally arrived, and with him his staff in the new uniform, looking very smart and very soldierly; and all the other officers who had been suffering at Tampa, in heavy blue tunics without pockets, gazed but once upon the staff, and with envy, and then telegraphed frantically for the khaki outfit that would not come. We were all desperately hurried then; we had no idea where we were going, nor for how long. No secret, be it said to the credit of the censor and the staff officers, was ever better kept; but we knew, at least, that we were going, and that was joy, and the tears and rage of those who were to be left behind was a fine thing to see.

One hour we thought Santiago was the place, and the next Porto Rico, and the next we swung back to Santiago. We thought this because A, of such a staff, had told B, of another staff, who had told C, that we would take only ten days' rations. On the other hand, the Japanese military attaché had been told to take his tent with him; so that must mean a landing at Mariel. Still, the censor had objected to the word "spurs," so it must be Matanzas. It was all quite as absurd as that, and, as a matter of fact, no one knew up to the hour when we were ordered on board. By the time this is printed we all shall know perhaps that it was none of these places. But wherever it may be, the deck of a transport going somewhere is better than a rocking-chair locked to the piazza of an hotel.



Transports Waiting for the Troops at Port Tampa.

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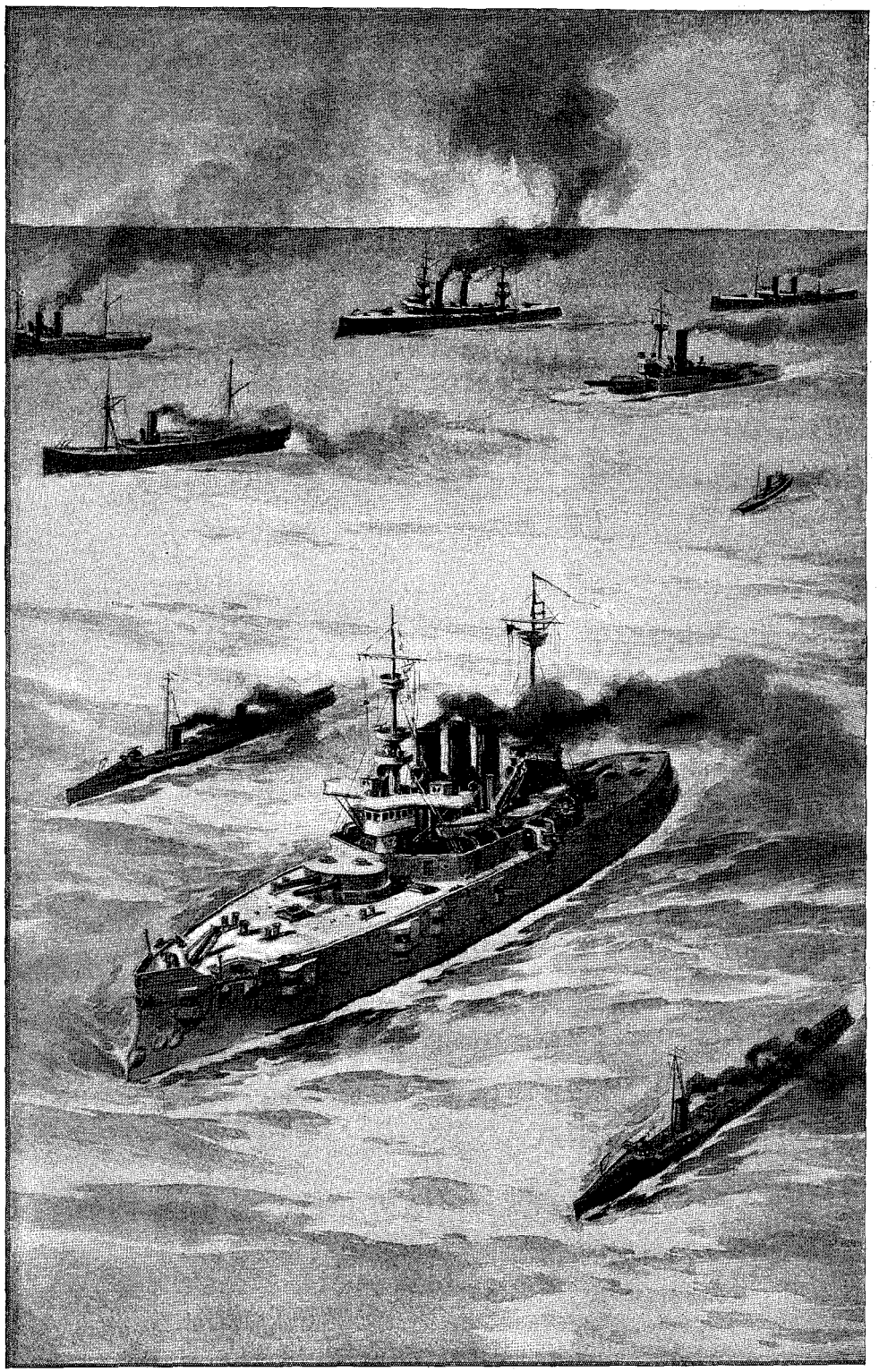

Montgomery.

Rogers.

Panther . . . . . towing . . . . Amphitrite.
New Orleans.
New York.

Cincinnati.
Wasp.
Foote.

Sampson's Fleet Sailing
Drawn by L. A. Shafer from

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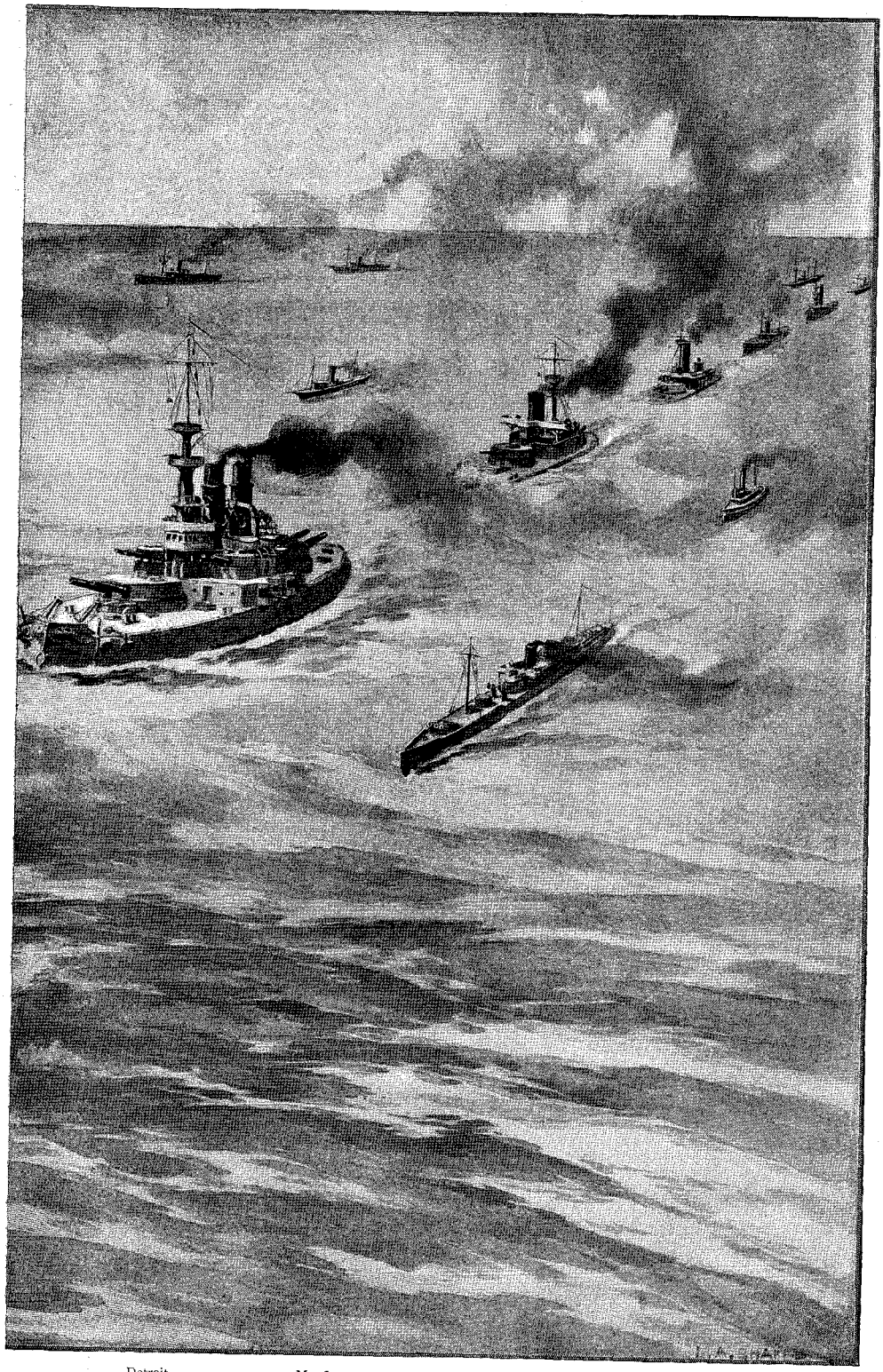

Detroit.
Indiana.
Mayflower.
Kanapaha.
Puritan.
Vesuvius.
Annapolis. Newport.
Miantonomoh. Machias. Wilmington.
Associated Press Boat.

due East, Thursday May 26th.
diagram by John R. Spears.

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THE CHASE OF CERVERA

By John R. Spears

AT 12.15 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, May 4, 1898, the battle-ships Iowa and Indiana left the anchorage off Sand Key light, Key West, and headed away to the south at cruising speed. To the spectators, and to about every man of the crews as well, their sailing thus was a mystery. For, with the flag-ship they had been recalled from their blockading stations off the Cuban shore, three days before, and during the interval at the anchorage the crews had been engaged in preparations that, even to a landsman, could mean but one thing, and that an impending battle. For each of the three ships was loaded full of coal and other supplies, the small boats were busily engaged in bringing off from Fort Taylor bags of sand, that were piled in places about the decks that lacked protection from an enemy's fire, and thick chain-cables were distributed where they might serve the purpose of armor rather than that for which they were designed. Farragut, at the mouth of the Mississippi, did not labor more faithfully or effectively than Sampson did now for the protection of the crews. On top of all this, was the still more important fact that neither the Admiral nor any of his staff, nor the Captain of either of the ships, would say a word about the event that impended, and as for the rest of the officers, very few, if any, knew what was to be done.

As the reader remembers, the war was not then two weeks old, and it had been conducted on the basis of a peaceful blockade. Some of us who were spectators when the battle-ships sailed that night, guessed the policy had been changed, and that the better one of pushing the fight would now prevail. Very likely a foothold on Cuban soil was to be taken—possibly Havana itself was to be attacked. We had heard, indeed, that Admiral Cervera, of the Spanish Navy, had been at the Cape Verde Islands with a considerable fleet, and that he had sailed, but that he was in any way involved in these preparations, did not seem at all likely. Why should he risk his ships in a conflict with the superior force under Admiral Sampson?

As the night wore away at the anchorage, the lights of the cruiser Detroit disappeared, followed by those of a Yankee steam-coaster, the Niagara, that had come to the flag-ship loaded with coal. Then, at the peep of dawn, the flag-ship herself got up her anchor and away we all went—the flag-ship and the newspaper despatch boats—heading straight for the blockade rendezvous off Juruco Cove, twelve miles east of Havana, where we found, on arriving soon after midday, the two battle-ships awaiting us.

Thereat the three big fighters formed in line, and without incident, save when the flag-ship went in chase of two strange steamers, only to learn that they were newspaper boats, we held a steady course to the east until soon after nightfall, perhaps 7.30 o'clock.

At that time we were very nearly abreast of Cardenas light-house, and we had just noticed its white gleam when, as if by magic, eight vertical lines of red and white signal lights appeared out of the night ahead of us.

A few moments later the moon came from behind some heavy clouds, and there, on the silver-white water, lay the monitors Terror and Amphitrite, the cruisers Detroit and Montgomery, the torpedo boat Porter, the armed tug Wompatuck and the coal carrier Niagara.

Not since the days of sailing frigates has a more beautiful sea picture been seen than that off Cardenas light, that night; though the truth is, few of us considered its beauties very much. We were thinking a deal more of what was to come, because the presence of the supply-ship told us very plainly that we were bound on a long cruise, and no cruise could be more prolonged than one in which a search was to be made for the Spanish fleet from the Cape Verdes. And a search for the Cape Verde fleet it proved to be.

Perhaps, before giving further details of

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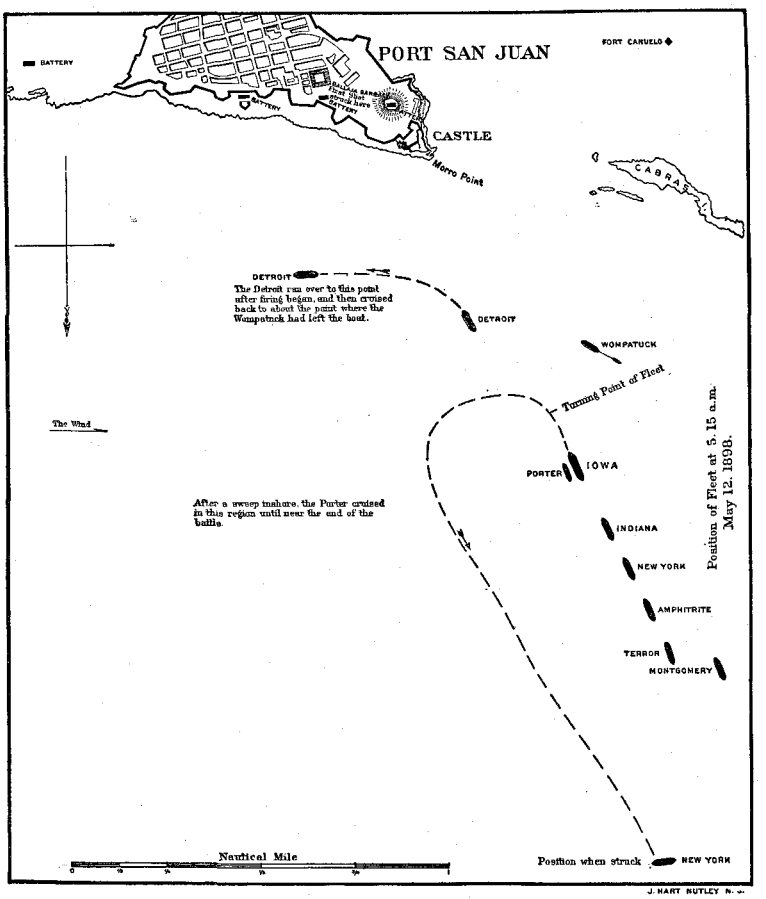

Manœuvring of the Fleet at the Bombardment of San Juan.

this search—a search that ended with the bombardment of San Juan de Porto Rico, I may be permitted to say, on the authority of men who know, that the squadron which Admiral Sampson had to take when going in chase of the Spanish was not only most remarkable ; it was, from at least one point of view, simply absurd. One need not be a trained naval man to understand this. For consider the Spanish squadron. Admiral Cervera had four modern ships, every one of which was rated at a speed of twenty knots, not to mention his swift torpedo-boat destroyers like the Furor. His was a twenty-knot squadron, well armored and well armed. To catch this twenty-knot squadron Admiral Sampson had the twenty-one knot New York, the seventeen-knot Iowa, the 15.5 knot Indiana, the 10.5 knot Terror and Amphitrite, a squadron that at best was fit to make for brief intervals a speed of ten knots and for a full day's passage no more than eight. This is not to criticise the Admiral, he had to take what was given to him.

Placing the 10.5-knot Amphitrite in tow of the 17-knot Iowa, Admiral Sampson, at ten o'clock on the night of May 4th, started in chase of the 20-knot Spaniards. The next morning he had to take the Terror in tow of the New York, and thereafter we all moped at an average speed of under seven knots, away through the long narrow channel that lies between the Bahama group on the north and the chain that is formed by Cuba, Hayti, and Porto Rico, on the south.

Save for the capture on the 5th of a little Spanish brigantine that was coming all the way from the Argentine Republic with a load of dried beef for Havana, there was little of stirring interest done by

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the squadron for several days. We cruised along in line of battle after a fashion. The New York with the Terror in tow on the right (south), the Iowa with the Amphitrite in tow on the left, and the Indiana astern of all formed a compact, and, for the purpose of defence, a formidable fighting nucleus. And there was the Detroit on outpost at the north with the Montgomery in a similar place on the south, while the swift Porter was alternately shuttling to and fro as a messenger, or dragging lazily over the sea from a tow line astern of the Detroit. To a novice the squadron was unquestionably of unceasing interest.

The towing was necessary, of course, in order to save coal. Not that no coal was used on the monitor, however, for when the longitude of Cape Haytien, Hayti, was reached, they had to refil their bunkers, and so indeed did the Detroit and Montgomery. Fortunately—most fortunately, the weather favored. The sea was so smooth that the thin-sided Niagara was able to take both monitors alongside at once, like a pair of twins, and nurse them up. The Porter, too, got coal across the deck of a monitor, and after that the two cruisers had a turn. The coaling was completed on Monday, May 9th.

After that we loitered off the port until despatches had been sent to and received from Washington, and then we jogged along to the eastward again, until the afternoon of May 11th. It was a jog perforce. The monitors could not serve as cruisers, coax them as their officers might, and even the machinery of the Indiana was not in perfect trim for such service.

At five o'clock on the 11th, the Admiral shifted his flag to the Iowa. We were then less than fifty miles from San Juan, Porto Rico, and from the dispatches received at Cape Haytien, there was reason to suppose that Admiral Cervera's ships were lying there refitting for a raid either on Yankee blockaders or the Yankee coast. An attack on the port was therefore inevitable, and it seemed not at all improbable that Cervera, who, if there, had learned from the Spanish consul at Cape Haytien of the presence of the Yankees, would come out to meet us on the open sea, where the superior speed of his ships would be of some advantage to him.

That it was a night of sleepless vigilance among the American ships scarcely need be said. Not a light of any kind, save well-shrouded taffrail followers, was displayed after nightfall. No one even took a smoke on deck, and the usual strokes of the bells to count the hours were omitted.

In perfect silence, and well-nigh invisible to each other, we drifted in until, at three o'clock on the morning of the 12th, the flickering electric lights of the city streets came into view, and then all hands were called on every ship.

A most impressive moment was that as we came on deck and saw the dim traces of the city through the night. One who was there knows now how the tiger feels as it creeps up on its sleeping prey.

In the flush of dawn that soon came on apace, the city appeared out of the shades as a yellow-walled checker of houses blanketed over a low ridge, lying east and west along the sea. At the east the ridge fell away into a sandy beach that was lost in a swamp. Along the front the trade-wind waves broke in tossing masses against a precipitous wall that, at the west, rose into a bluff seemingly fifty feet high, and there, dark and frowning, stood the ancient Morro Castle, at once a fortress and a hopeless prison for political offenders.

At the foot of this bluff lay the channel leading to the harbor behind the ridge, and there was where every Yankee afloat hoped we would find the Spanish fleet.

Over to the west, across this channel, was a tiny island, and back of all, rising terrace on terrace, in the gloom, were the hills and mountains. It was a scene of growing beauty in the morning light, but the mind could not dwell on that, for there was our squadron, still silent and dark, drifting steadily toward the harbor. But the order of the ships was changed, now that a battle impended.

Ahead of all—a thousand yards in advance of the flag-ship Iowa—steamed the little cruiser Detroit, sent there by the Admiral. We could see that a man was on a tiny platform, over each rail, swinging a lead to take the depth of water, and while we looked, a tiny American ensign, that had been set just over the breech of her after pivot gun by an enthusiastic gunner, to the joy of the whole squadron, a few days before, was observed in place flapping

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vigorously in the brisk morning breeze. And that is something worth telling, too, trifling as it may seem, because at that moment not another piece of bunting, save the Admiral's flag, was to be seen in all the squadron.

To the right, at a distance of five hundred yards off the flag-ship's bow, and heading well in toward the westerly side of the channel (toward Cabras Island), was the tug Wompatuck. She was towing a small boat that had a red flag flying from an improvised staff, and this boat was to be anchored and left whenever the water shoaled to ten fathoms, in order that the squadron might have a landmark to steer by, later, when the fight was on, and smoke obscured the marks ashore.

At this time Admiral Sampson was on the bridge of the Iowa, with Captain Robley D. Evans, who is affectionately called "Fighting Bob," by his men. And for the other officers of this ship as well as of every other ship off San Juan, it must be said that every one was either on bridge or superstructure unless he was stationed below. And so, too, of every member of the crew. Few, indeed, of these men had ever been under fire, but as was noted by more than one observer, there was only one difference between their bearing now and that when at common drill. They were at once silent and alert.

And another fact about them will be significant to those who know the history of the navy. Many of them were picking their teeth—all had been served with an early breakfast.

Even as the growing light showed that the ships were well within range of the Morro showed, too, a fort on a small island west of the channel, and a succession of new works extending from the Morro easterly along the precipitous front of the city and away to the sandy beach at the east—even then the men looked on in silence and with no other move as they waited for the call to quarters, than an occasional glance at the officers who were in immediate charge of them.

Finally—it was at five o'clock precisely—the call was heard, and away they ran. In a minute they reached their stations and began to cast loose and provide the guns with the speed and certainty of a practice drill. But to what was done in practice drill was now added one other operation. Men walked to and fro scattering gray sand thickly over the decks, sand that would give the men a foothold, though the blood from dead and wounded were flowing in floods, where work had to be done.

Eight minutes later some signals fluttered to the signal yard on the military mast of the Iowa, and a minute or two later we saw the ensigns begin to rise to the trucks of masts and staffs all over the fleet—holiday ensigns, work-a-day ensigns, ensigns for use in foul weather; new ensigns and ensigns that were old and patched. Even the Admiral's flag came down from the truck of the Iowa's military mast and was hoisted—where does the reader think? To a smoke-stack guy in order that Old Glory might float highest of all. Battle-ships and monitors have few spars and those of the smallest size, but by 5.15 o'clock there was not a ship afloat off San Juan that did not display at least three ensigns to the honor of the nation.

Up to this moment not a sign of life had been seen on shore save as the flicker of the street lamps and the flash from the light-house tower told of some who were on duty there. The flag-ship was now perhaps eighteen hundred yards from the Morro. The Detroit, at a distance of one thousand yards nearer, turned to the east, called the leadsmen from the chains, and steamed slowly across the sea front of the old fortress. The tug Wompatuck cut loose the small boat on the western edge of the channel and having anchored it there, started out to sea. And then, at a word from the Admiral, at 5.17 o'clock, a lean six-pounder at the starboard end of the Iowa's bridge, was aimed at a port in the curtain wall of the Morro and fired. The battle was on.

Instinctively, as the sharp crack of the little rifle was heard, all eyes turned toward the Detroit. She was so close in shore, and an instant return fire at her was expected. And so we saw, but can never describe, how the gunner who had kept the flag flying over the breech of his pivot gun took it from its place, rolled it up, shoved it into the open breast of his shirt, and then, as he turned the gun to point at the enemy, flung open the breech, while another shoved home the cartridge.

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At this moment the eight-inch guns in the forward turret on the shore side of the Iowa began to talk. For an instant the gunner glanced over at the Iowa, turned to look where the shot struck on the face of the fort, and then bending low over his own gun, he took a clear-eyed marksman's aim at the nearest port and pulled the trigger.

In quick succession, from aft forward, the men at the other guns followed—six clean five-inch rifles were worked so swiftly that their sharp reports blended into a rattle and whirr that was like the old-time ratchet call for boarders, and it thrilled the spectators till some involuntarily shouted aloud for the glory of the flag and the honor of these men who were fighting for it.

And then came the thunder of the twelve-inch guns of the Iowa. The rifles of the Detroit had strung the nerves till we shouted, but there was that in the sound of these mighty guns that bade us stand still and be silent. The spurting flame, the bulging clouds of smoke, the whirring roar of the huge shells, the distinct thud when they struck, followed by the dull boom of the shells' explosion—it was a moment full of awe to those who now saw war afloat for the first time. What it was to those ashore, God knows!

And then came the Indiana, with her great thirteen-inch guns in the main turrets and the eight inch in the lesser ones, to join in. With every discharge of a great gun, the ship beneath it shivered under the recoil. The jumping gases literally dragged the heated air up from the stoke holes, so that the men below felt the breath of the discharge. Even spectators who were two miles away on a press-boat felt the tremble of each discharge, as one feels an earthquake shock.

For six minutes, by the writer's time, the ships fired without reply from land, and then a gun on the parapet of the old Morro belched flame and smoke, and hurled a big round shell far out over the sea, where it exploded more than fifty feet in the air.

We laughed heartily at that display of fireworks—at the idea of firing an old smooth-bore at a modern battle-ship—but later we felt like taking our hats off to the gunner who did it.

With the first shot from the shore the torpedo boat Porter began to attract attention. In the printed plan of attack, issued to the squadron on the day before, Admiral Sampson had said: "The Porter, when the action begins, will cross the harbor-mouth behind the Iowa and get close under the cliff to the eastward of the Detroit and torpedo any Spanish cruiser trying to get out of the harbor."

In obedience to this, she had rolled along under the walls of the battle-ship, that was now turning across the mouth of the harbor herself; in fact, lay with her broadside facing the first anchorage. But now the Porter began to draw ahead, and in a few minutes had reached her station. It seemed a safe station at first—so far as the guns of Morro Castle were concerned it was perfectly so—but within a few minutes—it was at 5.29 o'clock—a gun in one of the works over near the Tierra Gate suddenly awoke the echoes with a report not born of a smooth-bore. Another and another followed from the same works, and then two rifles from near the market-place, and two more from the height of land just back (to the southeast) of the old Morro, spurted flame and white smoke. Nor was that all they spurted, for from each white burst of smoke came something with an eager, whining cry, that made the nerves of the unaccustomed quiver as never before. It takes a sailorman to look at a weapon like that smilingly, but Captain John C. Fremont, of the Porter, is just that. He found his boat within easy range of the easterly guns, and its "armor," as he called its walls, was just three-eighths of an inch thick. Worse yet, he was within musket-range of the nearest works, and he might have been swept under the sea by a field-piece located anywhere alongshore. But from 5.30 o'clock until peremptorily ordered out of range by the Admiral at 8, the Porter flirted to and fro over the rolling seas, where all might see and shoot—flirted, to the exasperation of every sallow gunner ashore and the exuberant delight of every man afloat. Exuberant is used advisedly, for, when word was passed on the press-boat that Fremont was shooting back with his little one-pounders at the nearest Spanish fort, the firemen in the stoke-hole came up on deck to yell their approval.

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Having delivered a full round from all the guns that would bear at the Spanish works as she lay broadside to them, the Iowa turned about and headed out to sea. The Indiana had already opened fire before the Iowa was done, and she in due course followed. The New York came next, and last of all were the Amphitrite and Terror. The whole line was moving slowly—"only about twenty-five turns per minute," as an engineer on the Iowa expressed it afterward—and it was 6.10 o'clock—about an hour after the squadron cleared for action—when the Terror, bound out, fired the last shot of the first round.

For nearly an hour the American fleet had been firing steadily at the old Morro, and for half an hour our ships had been under the fire of perhaps twenty modern guns on shore, it being impossible to count them accurately on account of smoke.

Of the marksmanship on our side, it is necessary to say that during this round it was on the whole bad. The aim of the big guns was particularly bad, for many shots intended for the Morro, built on a hill sixty feet above the sea, really splashed in the water at the foot of the bluff.

When asked about this, the officers explained that when firing the first rounds they gave their guns the exact elevation called for by the range-finders (1,400 yards), although the range-finder merely showed the horizontal distance of the fort, and made no allowance for the height of the guns above the sea. Moreover, there was a sea on that disturbed the unaccustomed. The lighter guns, such as the five-inch rifles on the Detroit, were, however, handled more like sporting weapons, and so sent home their shots. These repeatedly drove the men from the guns in the Morro.

But if the work of the Yankees in the first round be called bad, an adjective for the marksmanship of the Spaniards is lacking. It is a matter of mathematical demonstration, that, with one or two exceptions, not a gunner ashore took any other aim than an attempt at a line shot. For we watched particular guns and their shots carefully, and we saw that these gunners splashed the water short of or beyond the huge targets continuously, without arriving any nearer than at the first shot. In every case where a shot struck near a ship (say within a quarter of a mile or so), the next shot from the same gun invariably struck at least twice as far away. There was, indeed, a certain circle, so to speak, a dead line some two miles out from the Morro, where many shot fell, and of that something will be said further on.

The one gun that seemed to have a marksman behind it stood away off to the east of the city, on a sandy point, where some old barracks are found. It was apparently a six-inch rifle, and the gunner was unable to reach the battle-ships, because the Tierra Gate batteries were in his way. But the torpedo boat Porter got within his range before the end of the first round; and at the Porter this sand-beach gunner tried his skill, and soon demonstrated his superiority to the others, for he more than once compelled her to move. He was persistent in following the Porter. The first shot at her, after she took a new position, invariably fell wide away, but the second struck never more than a third of a mile from her, the third usually but two hundred yards away, and the fourth so close that she would snap back with her little one-pounders, and skip away in search of an unmolested view of the battle. It is not unlikely, however, that this gunner saw that he had for a target a ship that could not shoot back effectively.

As the last of the armored squadron steamed out to sea, the Detroit turned slowly around, bringing her port battery to bear on the fort. Opening fire with this, she steamed slowly down wind across the mouth of the channel. History tells how the Constitution and the Java became fogged in by the smoke of battle, until only a towering cloud that flamed and thundered could be seen drifting down the wind. We saw such a cloud as that. It was a thunder-cloud that splashed the earth with blood instead of rain, and made it a desert instead of living green.

As the Detroit was turning around, the gunners on the face of the Morro worked with tremendous energy, for to them the squadron seemed retreating, and the Detroit about to follow. The air over the little cruiser was full of projectiles, and it must not be forgotten that even the old smooth-bore shell was deadly for her if it should happen to hit. Some of us who watched her turned sick at the thought of

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friends on board, but they—well, her captain stood on the end of the bridge as she turned, and with a revolver fired at a floating sardine can a servant had thrown overboard—hit it five times, too, before it got under water, as a shipmate who saw it is willing to testify.

A minute after the can sank the port battery took up the range, beginning at the easterly end of Morro's sea face. One could tell where her shots were aimed by the sudden cessation of fire from that region. By turns the crew of every gun but one in that face was driven away, and that crew was the one on the parapet around the old smooth-bore that had at first excited our mirth. We didn't laugh now. His gun might be out of date, but his courage wasn't.

During most of the first round of the squadron, the Montgomery had been idle perforce. Under orders she was "to remain in the rear of the column, stopping outside of the fire from Morro on the lookout for torpedo-boat destroyers. If Fort Canuelo fires, she is to silence it."

We saw her do that duty. Under the starboard quarter of the Terror, she drifted in until opposite the west side of the mouth of the harbor channel. Had any torpedo boat been there to venture out, we think it would have found the peril from her five-inch guns too great to face. But none was there to come, and it seemed as if her crew would have to be content with the satisfaction of having been entirely ready and willing. But as the last of the squadron turned out to sea the guns of Fort Canuelo suddenly began to belch. Canuelo stands on a sand-bar on the west side of the channel, and fairly commands the channel entrance. With skilled gunners there, the Spanish should have sunk both the Detroit and the Montgomery at the first round, and ripped the superstructures of the armor-clads to scrap-iron, before they had been ten minutes under fire. As it was, they did not fire a second round, for the Montgomery opened on them with such fierce energy that they slumped like prairie dogs into their bomb-proofs, and there they remained.

Having failed to bring out the Spanish squadron by this first round, Admiral Sampson, turned, when about four miles out at sea, and came back to try once more, with the ships in the same order. The crews had had a breathing spell, and that means that they had taken stock of the mistakes of the firing in the first round. We who were non-combatants had thought of this, and our glasses were on the forward turret of the Iowa when, at 6.40 o'clock, the guns once more warmed to their work. Apparently both guns were fired together, and there was no guesswork about the range, this time, for both shots struck home in the wall of the Morro. There had been a wicked battery just where these shot struck, and we strained our eyes to see what the result was, but effort was vain, for from that time on until the round was over, the wall of the Morro was wholly obscured in clouds of dust. We know, however, that the guns in that part of the wall were fired no more in that battle.

Following the guns of the Iowa came, of course, those of the Indiana, she joined in while yet the Iowa was working away, and then came the New York also, so that all three were firing together. The picture had been, as a whole, one of pyrotechnics on the first round, but now it was one of death and desolation. For not only were the huge projectiles crushing in the walls of the Morro; they were passing through and over it into the town beyond. The Ballaja Barracks, back of the cemetery, caught the first shot to fall in the city. A red cloud of brick dust that sprang up was followed by the black smoke of a conflagration. Another cloud of brick dust, with another smoke of fire, was seen over the ridge to the south, a minute later, and before the round was done, no less than seven fires were counted in the westerly part of the town.

We had looked upon the island town, with its tile-covered houses, the green sea at its foot, and the fleecy trade-wind clouds in the blue sky above and beyond it, with pleasure. We had seen the wicked gleam amid the puffing white wreaths of smoke from the cannon fired back at us from behind the low yellow earthworks, and had listened to the fandango music of their shells with the eager joy of battle. But all this feeling disappeared before these smoke-stained clouds of dust raised by our mighty shells. For these were falling now among the innocents—the women and the

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little ones—and the heart turned sick at the thought of it.

A third round followed. The Detroit, the Montgomery, and the Porter were ordered out of range. It was comforting to note how slowly they obeyed the order, and it was inspiring to see how the Terror, in the last round, lingered long for another and another parting shot. The last shot from the Amphitrite that preceded her was fired at 7.40 o'clock. The last from the Terror, in the natural course, should have been heard not more than fifteen minutes later, but at 8 and at 8.10, and again at 8.15, as with watch in hand we followed her, we saw the stern turret belch its fire.

The battle had lasted precisely three hours on our side. To the credit of the Spanish let it be said that they were by no means quelled. In the batteries of new guns east of the Morro there was never a minute after they were called there when the crews were not at their stations. Their last shots were fired from the two guns in the hill-crest battery back of the Morro at 8.29 o'clock.

More than that, in spite of their wretched marksmanship, the Spaniards managed to hit two of our ships. During the last round, as the New York was drawing out of range—was passing the two-mile dead line—a six-inch shell struck an awning stanchion high on the superstructure aft on the port side, and burst. The fragments killed one seaman, broke the leg of another, and slightly wounded three. A boat and a search light were wrecked and many parts of the superstructure scarred. A short time before this, a larger shell struck a gallows-frame on the Iowa, cut it half off, and, bursting, wounded three men. These facts, with what follows, are worth considering by those interested in the destructiveness of modern weapons.

What damage we did to the Spanish has not yet been definitely determined. A newspaper printed in the town notes thirty houses, including churches and the Ballaja Barracks, that were "considerably damaged" by the projectiles, not half of which exploded, however. It says, also, that at Morro "the damage was evidently considerable." The highest report of killed was forty, and of wounded seventy.

In short, to speak bluntly, the Spanish squadron was not there, and we accomplished nothing decisive. That the city might have been captured, had that been the object, will probably not be disputed even by the educated Spaniards. There has been much talk about the mines in the Spanish harbors, and the fate of the Maine makes American seamen somewhat nervous on the subject of submarine mines. But that nervousness is not in any sense fear. The monitors and the little cruisers would have found their way to the inner harbor of San Juan while the battle-ships at short range attended to the sea-coast forts, had that been the order.

Having missed Cervera, and having failed to locate him by wire or by swift scouts like the St. Paul and St. Louis, Sampson could only turn back to Key West.

Meantime, as the reader will remember, we had had what we called a flying squadron under Commodore Schley at Hampton Roads. Among other swift wings, there was the Texas, rated at 17.8 knots. Two of the flyers, the Columbus and Minneapolis, had been sent scouting to Bar Harbor and other New England ports, but when we reached Key West we found off Sand Key the Brooklyn (flagship), the Massachusetts, and the Texas, under Schley, besides the famous liner St. Paul, rigged as a scout. Cervera had been into Curaçao—there was no doubt about that. Just where he was then was a question, but here were reinforcements to help gather him in, and Sampson was as quick as the coaling facilities permitted, to take advantage of what had been sent him.

Within a day—on Wednesday—the St. Paul was sent flying away to the southward of Cuba to find the lost trail, and Schley, with the Brooklyn, Massachusetts, and Texas, followed next day, while on Friday morning the Iowa was sent to join him.

There was, at this time, a report at Key West that Cervera's fleet was in Cienfuegos, while another report located him in Santiago.

On careful consideration of these reports, both were rejected by experienced men on the ground that Cervera was too bright a man to bottle himself in any such port as these—too enterprising, as well as bright, for that matter. Had he not come across the sea to fight rather than slink?

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Certainly, that was what his reputation would imply. The reports, most likely, had been sent out to deceive, and the place to look for Cervera was on the north coast of Cuba, where he would be found making a dash for Havana and gathering in blockading tugs as he travelled along.

With this theory in mind, Admiral Sampson gathered his remaining forces to go in quest of the elusive Spaniards. At noon on Saturday, May 21, 1898, he held a consultation with a number of his subordinates at the old rendezvous of Juruco Cove, and next day he sailed slowly away to the east. It was not a very large fleet at first. There were the New York, the Indiana, the Puritan, the Miantonomoh, the Machias, and the torpedo boats Foote and Rogers. Incidentally, there were six newspaper despatch boats, but these eventually dwindled to four, while the war-fleet was augmented as it travelled, until it stretched out in the two long lines shown in the engraving [pp. 142, 143].

That was a beautiful sea display from which this engraving was made—beautiful, but not to say magnificent, because that adjective implies more power than the quality of the majority of the ships would warrant. Nevertheless, it was the best that the previous naval policy of the nation permitted, and what the ships lacked in quality would have been made up by the spirit of the personnel had the Spaniards appeared.

Alas! The Spaniards even then had proved that cowards slink more dangers than brave men run, for they had hidden away in the mountain-locked harbor of Santiago. They were like fish in a pound-net, and it only needed a Hobson to close the neck of the purse that they might be held fast.

Sampson, who had counted on the dash and enterprise of Cervera, had his cruise in vain. But he had sent Schley to the south coast. For a day or so Schley lingered off Cienfuegos, deceived by a lot of merchantmen and gun-boats that his night scouts mistook for men-of-war. But on Tuesday, May 24th, the insurgents sent him a message saying that Cervera had been in Santiago.

On arriving at Santiago the tale seemed incredible, for there lay the St. Paul blockading the harbor. How did it happen that the Spaniard, with four swift cruisers let a converted merchantman lie there unmolested day after day?

But there he lay, nevertheless, and very soon Schley had determined the fact. There was, in fact, a fight with one of them on May 31st, when the Iowa, the Massachusetts and the effective armored cruiser New Orleans, attacked the shore batteries, for the Cristobal Colon came to the neck of the harbor to aid the forts in beating off the detested Yankees.

It was now time for Sampson to hasten to the scene, and this, of course, he did. And then followed the act that closed the neck of the purse-net.

With the squadron was a collier bearing the ill-fated name of Merrimac. At the suggestion of Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson, who had been cruising on the New York, this steamer was stripped, and prepared with torpedoes, so placed that when exploded they would instantly sink her. Having prepared his ship, Hobson, with seven men, steered her with the flood-tide boldly into the channel, starting at three o'clock in the morning on Friday, June 3d. It was a most perilous undertaking, for she had to risk the mines and endure the bombarding of three forts. But Hobson was the man for the place, and when he had reached the narrowest part of the channel, he dropped his anchor, let the ship swing broadside to, and then he sank her. Cadet Powell, of the New York, had followed the steamer in with a steam-launch, in order to pick up Hobson and his men should they escape alive. His errand was but little less perilous than Hobson's, and he faithfully executed his orders. But Hobson lost his small boat. He was obliged to take to a life-raft instead, and so he drifted ashore, to be captured by the Spaniards.

Hobson is a handsome, modest fellow, one whom his acquaintances were proud to know before his name was on the lips of the world. The hope of the nation lies in the fact that every class graduating at Annapolis has a-plenty of Hobsons and Powells, who need only the chance that these men made and had to prove their worth.

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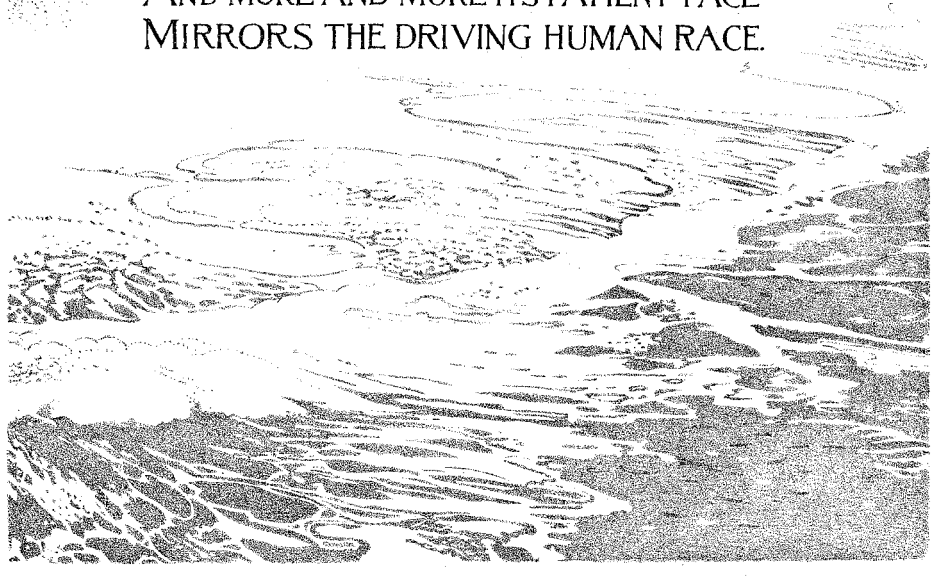
THE SEA IS HIS

BY EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN

DRAWINGS BY HENRY McCARTER

ALMIGHTY WISDOM MADE THE LAND
SUBJECT TO MAN'S DISTURBING HAND,
AND LEFT IT ALL FOR HIM TO FILL
WITH MARKS OF HIS AMBITIOUS WILL,
BUT DIFFERENTLY DEVISED THE SEA
UNTO AN UNLIKE DESTINY.

URGENT AND MASTERFUL ASHORE,
MAN DREAMS AND PLANS,
AND MORE AND MORE,
AS AGES SLIP AWAY, EARTH SHOWS
HOW NEED BY SATISFACTION GROWS,
AND MORE AND MORE ITS PATIENT FACE
MIRRORS THE DRIVING HUMAN RACE.



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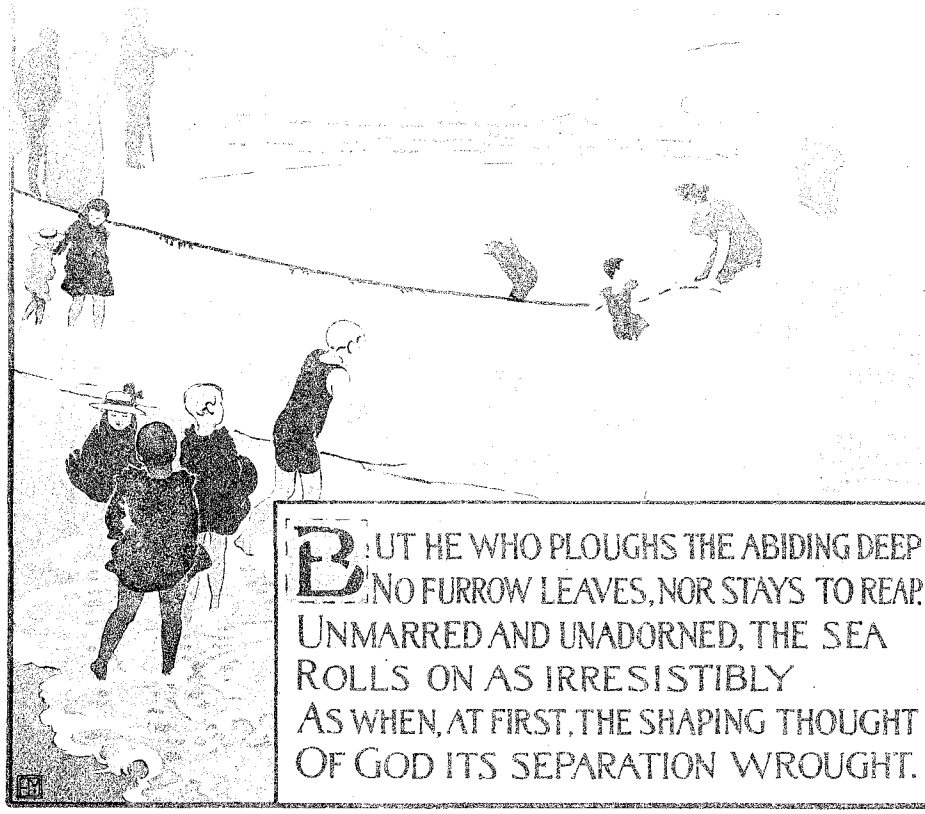

BUT HE WHO PLOUGHS THE ABIDING DEEP
NO FURROW LEAVES, NOR STAYS TO REAP.
UNMARRED AND UNADORNED, THE SEA
ROLLS ON AS IRRESISTIBLY
AS WHEN, AT FIRST, THE SHAPING THOUGHT
OF GOD ITS SEPARATION WROUGHT.

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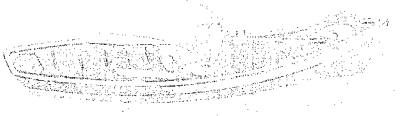

DOWN TO ITS EDGE THE LANDS-FOLK FLOCK,
AND IN ITS SALT EMBRACES MOCK
SIRIUS, HIS WHIMS. FOREVER COOL,
ITS DEPTHS DEFY THE DAY-STAR'S RULE:
SERENE IT BASKS WHILE CHILDREN'S HANDS
ITS MARGIN SCORE AND PIT ITS SANDS.

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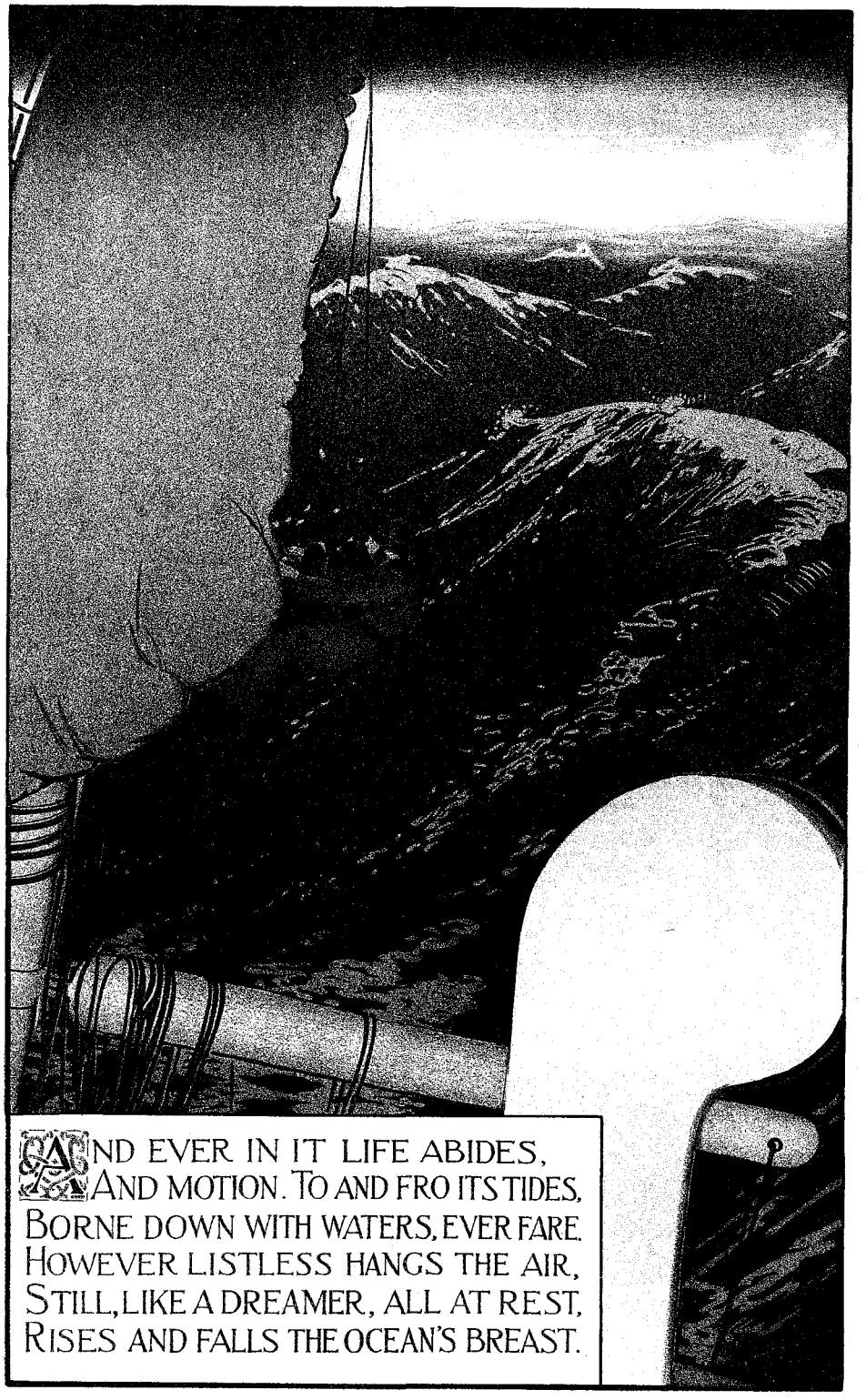

AND EVER IN IT LIFE ABIDES,
AND MOTION. TO AND FRO ITS TIDES,
BORNE DOWN WITH WATERS, EVER FARE.
HOWEVER LISTLESS HANGS THE AIR,
STILL, LIKE A DREAMER, ALL AT REST,
RISES AND FALLS THE OCEAN'S BREAST.

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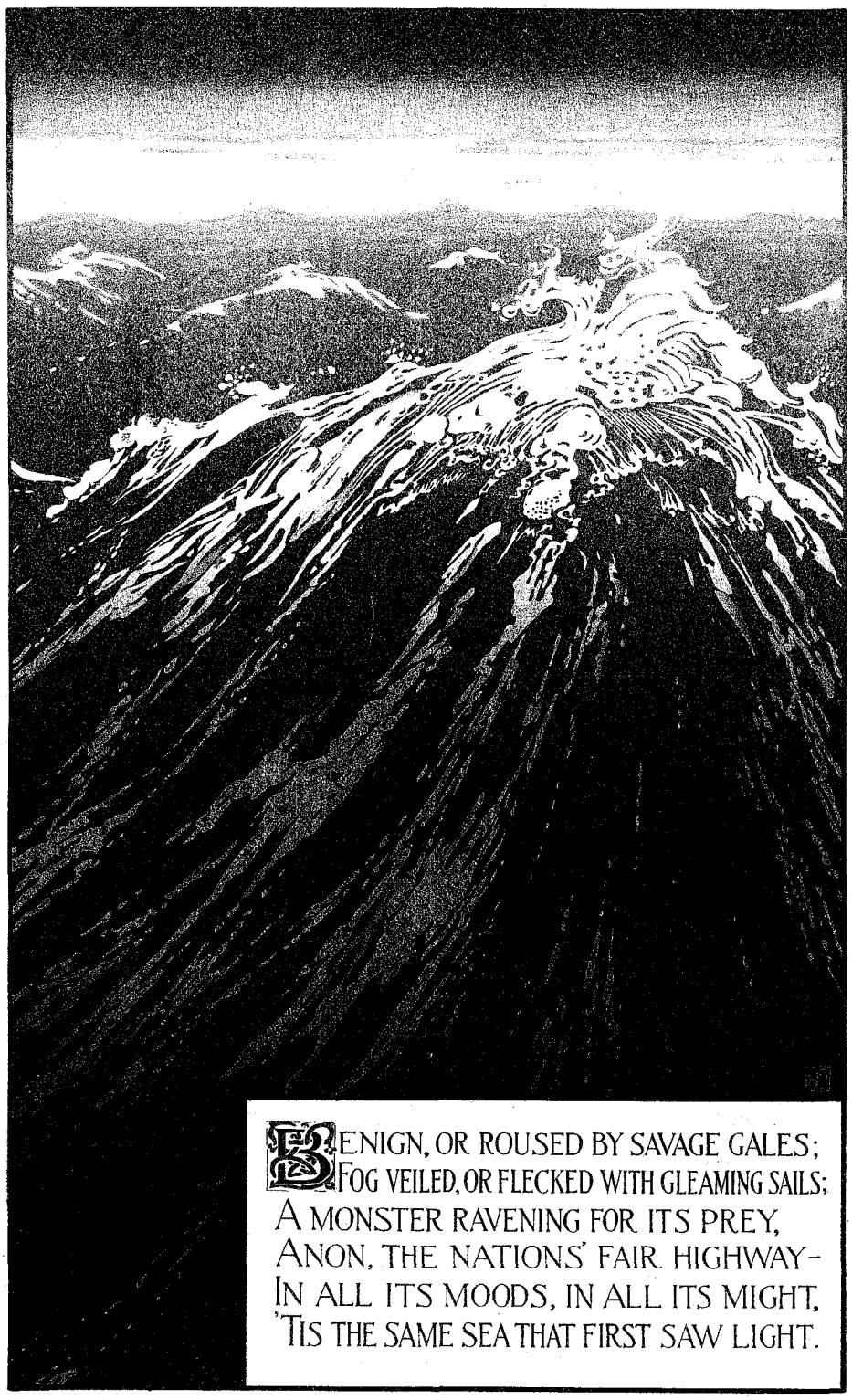

BENIGN, OR ROUSED BY SAVAGE GALES;
FOG VEILED, OR FLECKED WITH GLEAMING SAILS;
A MONSTER RAVENING FOR ITS PREY,
ANON, THE NATIONS' FAIR HIGHWAY—
IN ALL ITS MOODS, IN ALL ITS MIGHT,
'TIS THE SAME SEA THAT FIRST SAW LIGHT.

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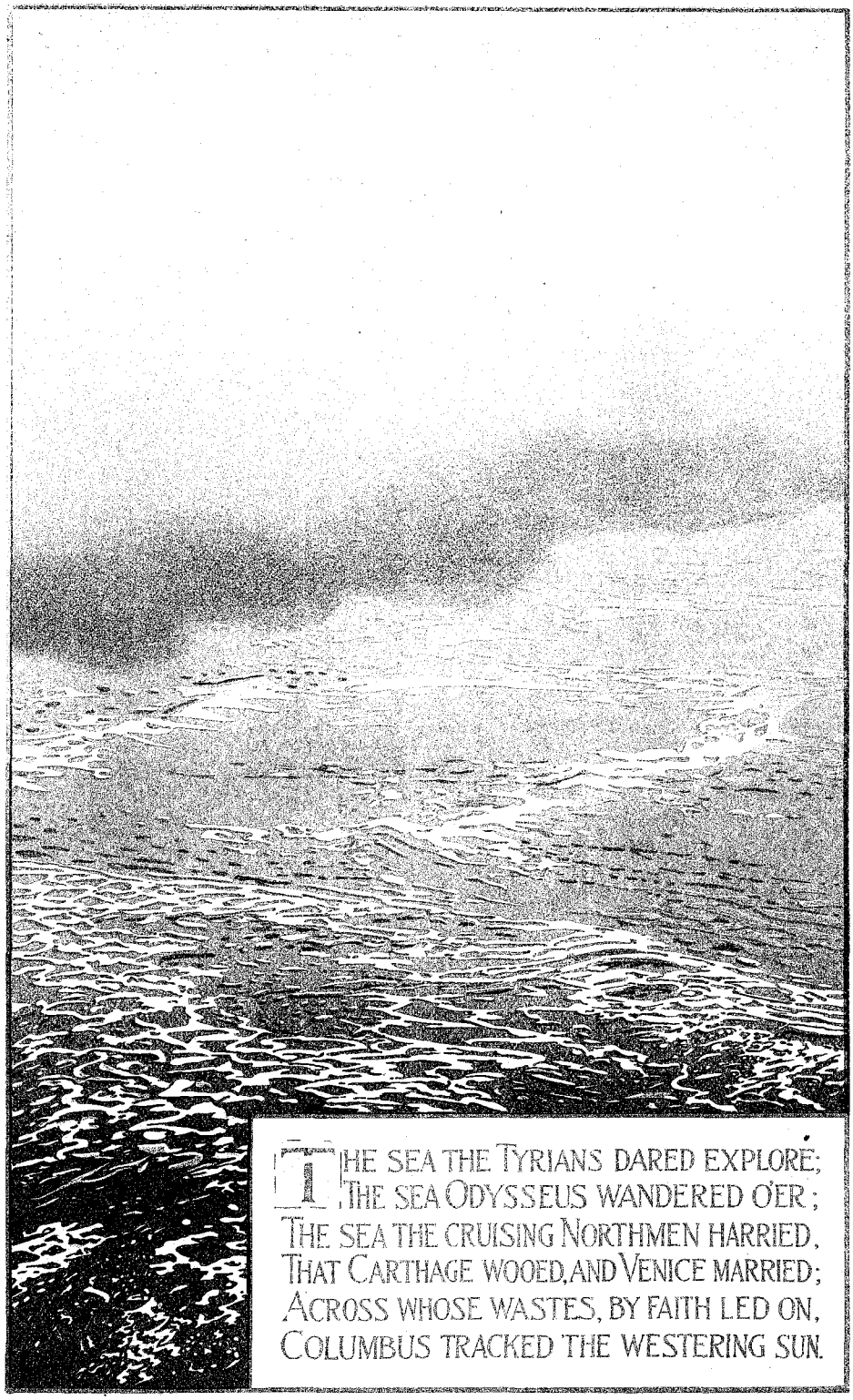

THE SEA THE TYRIANS DARED EXPLORE;
THE SEA ODYSSEUS WANDERED O'ER;
THE SEA THE CRUISING NORTHMEN HARRIED,
THAT CARTHAGE WOOED, AND VENICE MARRIED;
ACROSS WHOSE WASTES, BY FAITH LED ON,
COLUMBUS TRACKED THE WESTERING SUN.

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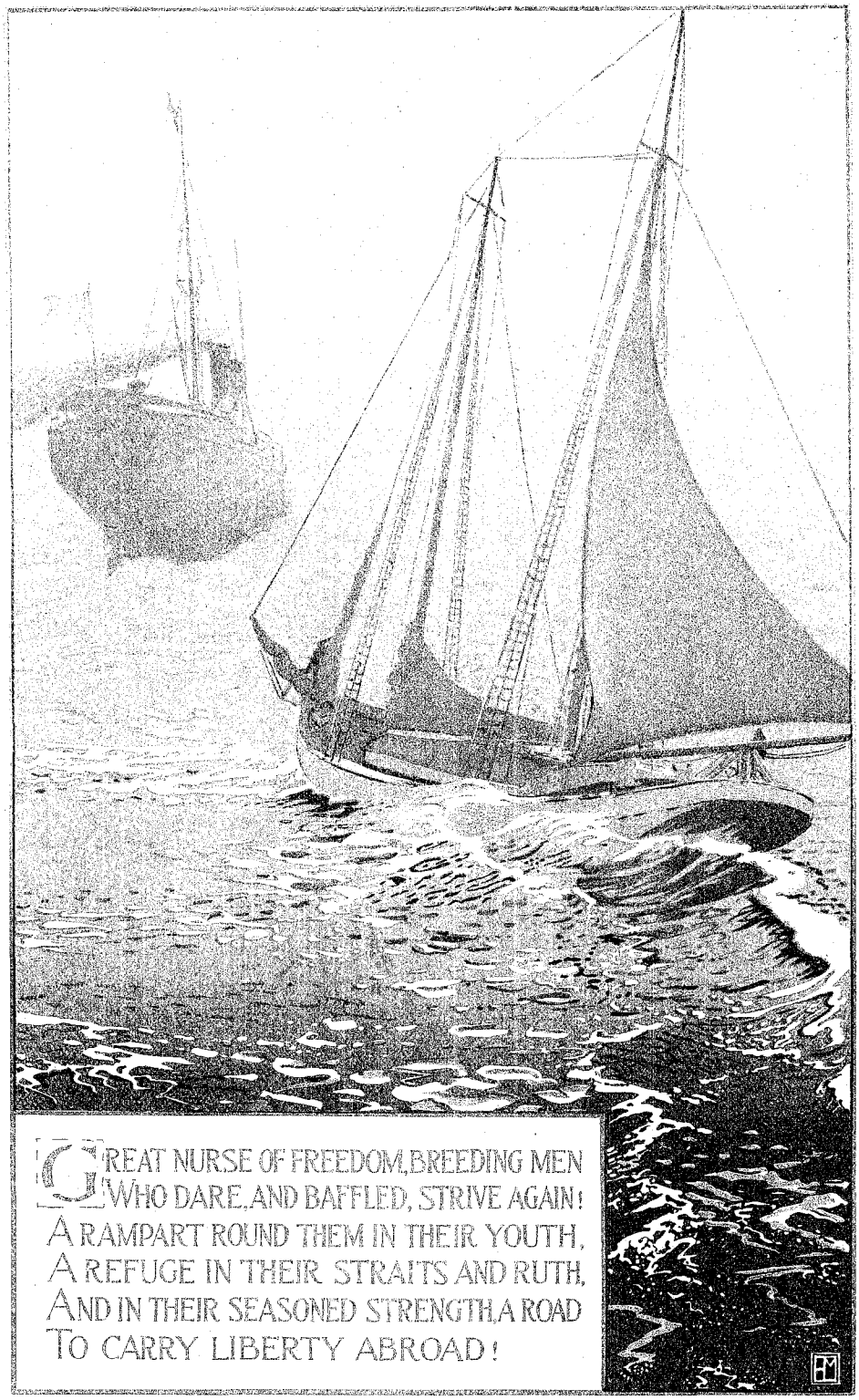

GREAT NURSE OF FREEDOM, BREEDING MEN
WHO DARE, AND BAFFLED, STRIVE AGAIN!
A RAMPART ROUND THEM IN THEIR YOUTH,
A REFUGE IN THEIR STRAITS AND RUTH,
AND IN THEIR SEASONED STRENGTH A ROAD
TO CARRY LIBERTY ABROAD!

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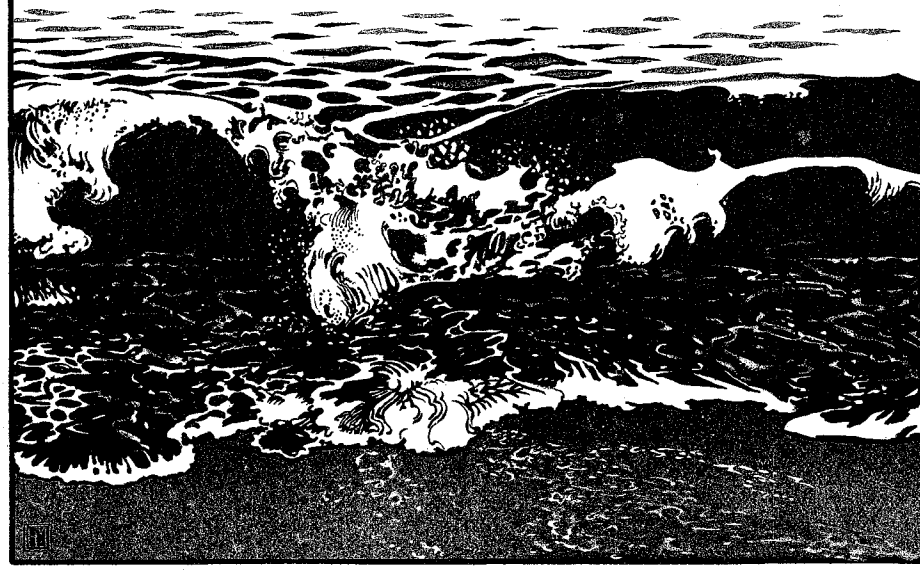
WHEN ALL ABOUT THY BILLOWS LIE,
SOLE ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONING EYE,
TO WHERE THE FIRMAMENT ITS BOUND
STRETCHES THEIR HEAVING MASSES ROUND,
WITH THAT ABOVE, AND ONLY THEE,
FIXED IN THINE INSTABILITY —

THEN TIMELY TO THE SOUL OF MAN
COME MUSINGS ON THE ETERNAL PLAN
WHICH MAN HIMSELF WAS MADE TO FIT,
AND EARTH AND WATERS UNDER IT;
WHEREWITH IN HARMONY THEY MOVE,
AND ONLY THEY, WHOSE GUIDE IS LOVE.

WHO MADE THE PLAN AND MADE THE SEA
DENIED NOT MAN A DESTINY
TO MATCH HIS THOUGHT. THOUGH MISTS OBSCURE
AND STORMS RETARD, THE EVENT IS SURE.
EACH SURGING WAVE CRIES EVERMORE
"DEATH, ALSO, HAS ITS FURTHER SHORE!"



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THE AMALGAMATED BILL

By Charles Warren

"EX-SENATOR DONELLY, Mr. Ronalds, Colonel Butterfield, and Mr. Ashton to see you in relation to the Amalgamated Bill," said the private secretary.

The Governor's face became serious and his mouth firm as he laid down a roll of parchment which he had been reading. "Show them in, Mr. Edwards," he said, "in three minutes; and, by the way, you may come in yourself with the morning's mail in fifteen minutes."

As the private secretary went out, the Governor rose and walked to the end of the room. The portraits of the former governors of the State looked down upon him—each of them showing in face or figure some one distinctive token of that which had helped him to the Executive chair—here a searching eye, there a bulldog chin, there a noble mouth, there a vigorous hand. Each of them during his administration had faced some crisis, had had to deal with serious problems. But to no one of them had there been presented a question involving his personal future, his hopes and ambitions, to such an extent as that which the present Governor was now called upon to decide. The last portrait was that of a fearless man, several years younger than his successor, who had fought many a fight while in office; and whose decisions had always been on the right side. He, however, had been the candidate of the minority party in the State, elected not so much through the skill of his party managers as by a peculiar combination of political events. He could act and did act independently from his party when the occasion demanded. But his whole character and surroundings made it easier for him to do so.

The case of the present Governor was different. He was older and he had never claimed to be anything more than a partisan politician. The Legislature had just passed by a large majority a bill granting powers to a great corporation, powers such as had never been given before, powers which could be used for the benefit of the people but which might be used to their oppression. The bill had received the united support of the party in control, although the newspapers had inveighed against it and the thinking people had raged against it. The fight had been hard; but there were many men whose hopes of success depended on their votes. Now the fight was clearly over, for it was conceded on all sides that the Governor had received too many honors from his party to fail to give his signature to a strictly party measure. Besides, the president of the corporation, Mr. Ronalds, was a close personal friend of the Governor; the treasurer, Colonel Butterfield, was the chairman of the State Committee of the party; the counsel for the corporation, Mr. Ashton, was one of the Governor's most dangerous rivals for preferment; and, perhaps most important of all, "the legislative counsel," as he was called in the *Standard*, "the lobbyist" as he was termed in the *Star*, ex-Senator Donelly, was, underneath the surface, the leader of the machine in the largest city in the State.

The Governor stood looking at the portraits as if to gain inspiration. He paused perhaps for the longest time before the last and newest one; for he recalled the day when he first entered this room after his inauguration. The sturdy ex-Governor had remained behind to greet him and had said, pointing to the chair which he had just given up: "You will have to fight in that many times, and the hardest part of it all will be that it will not always be your enemies whom you will have to fight. But you will find that the people of your State will back you up whenever you do your duty."

The Governor sat down at his desk again as the door to the Executive Chamber opened and four men briskly entered.

"Good-morning, gentlemen; ah, Colonel Butterfield, how are you; ah, Senator,

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what can I do for you to-day?" he said cheerfully though his face was stern and serious.

"Well, Governor, I suppose your work is nearly over with the Legislature about to die, and you're getting ready to let the Lieutenant-Governor do a little work while you fish," said Colonel Butterfield. "But we thought we'd come around and see about our bill."

"It went to you Tuesday, and as to-day's Friday," said the ex-Senator, "I suppose you've had time to think it over."

"I have," said the Governor.

"And when do you expect to sign it?" asked Mr. Ronalds.

The Governor laid down his pen which he had been fingering nervously. A breeze came in at the window and swayed some of the old battle-flags which hung on the opposite wall. He waited, tapping on his desk, as if choosing his words, then he straightened himself firmly back in his chair and looked directly at the three men who sat at the other side of the desk.

"Never," he said.

The three men sat still a moment, apparently not comprehending his answer; then they rose to their feet together.

"What do you mean by that, Governor?" said Colonel Butterfield, in a harsh and raucous voice.

"I mean, Colonel, that I shall veto that bill."

"But I understood that we had removed all the objectionable clauses and the wordings that you disliked before it passed," said Mr. Ashton.

"The wording is all right, sir," said the Governor, "but the bill itself is wrong. It is an outrage on the people of the State. I have felt that for a month, but not clearly. To-day I am certain of it."

"Come, come, Governor, be reasonable," said the Colonel. "You don't understand this. Don't you know that our party voted for it to a man in both House and Senate? Don't you know that it was fought out at the polls after last year's bill was defeated? You are a servant of the party and its representative. Why should you think you're right and they're wrong?"

"I am the servant of no man," said the Governor, quickly, drawing himself up to his full height. "I am the representative of the whole people of this State, and as their representative I will never sign that bill."

"The Governor seems to forget," said Mr. Ashton, smoothly, "that our party convention comes in two short months; and that there is a senatorial election in a year or so."

"I do not forget that, sir," the Governor replied, growing somewhat paler; "nor do I forget that you are prominently mentioned in the *Standard* as a candidate. But if there were fifty elections within the next five years and each one was for a higher and higher office I would not and will not barter my signature to that bill for any preferment you can name."

The president of the company had remained quiet up to this point. From the moment when the Governor had mentioned veto he had seemed to become suddenly weak, leaning against a bookcase as if prostrated by the news. This bill meant either a fortune or ruin to himself and to the rest of his associates.

"Bob," he said, "you and I have known each other a good while, we have talked on this bill many times in the last month. You've always seemed to think it was all right. You don't think that I would ask you to sign anything that I thought would injure your character or your reputation, do you?"

"I am the best judge of that, Ronalds," was the reply.

"I suppose, Governor, you remember that the Amalgamated has been one of the largest contributors to your campaign fund, and that you are dealing a terrible blow to the party by alienating Ronalds and the other directors. Do you think that you have the right as one man to destroy the party?" Ashton said, very quietly.

"If they paid a million dollars to the party for my signature they will find that the party cannot deliver the goods," said the Governor, still more calmly; "and if the party exists only by the grace of the Amalgamated Company, then I am not responsible for its defeat."

"I call it a dirty political trick," said Colonel Butterfield.

"Yes," said the ex-Senator with a sneer on his smooth-shaven face. "This little talk would surprise some of the boys, wouldn't it? Haven't you told Jim Brandon, and Senator Corse, and Drake and

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Mullen right along that you didn't see anything the matter with the bill? When you wanted re-election did you say anything about being opposed to it? What we should like to know who's been queering this game? Who's seen you before we did? Who's working you? There's some underhand business going on here which——" He broke off, for the Governor, who had been seated, rose suddenly from his chair, and his face was very white.

"I allow no man, sir, to use such expressions to me," he said. "I am Governor of this State, and I am also a gentleman. You may leave this room if you cannot use the language of a gentleman."

The Governor stood with one hand on his hip, and with his closed fist resting heavily on the desk. The five men faced each other. Colonel Butterfield and the ex-Senator were red with passion. Mr. Ashton and Mr. Ronalds nervously twisted their watch-chains, and looked savage as bull-dogs. Each one felt that the situation could not continue long. Inside the room the noise of their deep and rapid breathing was the only thing to disturb the silence. Outside the typewriters clicked busily. Colonel Butterfield finally stepped forward so that he stood touching the desk directly across from the Governor.

"I tell you," he cried out with a vicious snap to each broken sentence, "Governor Stanford, you're a dead dog politically from this day if you keep this up. Have we been working for years to get you nominations and elections, have we slaved away our time and money, when there were better men in the field, because you wanted to keep your grip on the machine—and now to be thrown down like this by a man who owes his position purely to us? I tell you, Governor, you've seen your day for good and all. The boys are not going to stand treachery of this kind. By God, sir, you'll sign that bill or we'll proclaim you a traitor and a cutthroat from every stump, and in every paper in this State."

The Governor brought his fist down crashing through a pile of papers: "By God, sir," he shouted, losing control of himself for just one moment, "I'll not sign that bill; and you and your party associates may do what you please. Go, tell the party voters on every stump, tell your party delegates that I refused to sign a bill favored by the whole party; and I will tell the whole people of this State on every stump, that, acting under the best light which God could give me, acting as an honest man, acting as true to my belief, to my self-respect, and to what I conceived to be my duty, I vetoed a bill which took away from the people the liberties which that great Governor on the wall behind you won for them in the Revolution, which that other Governor helped to preserve for them thirty years ago. And I, standing here in the room where they stood, say to you and to all who come here with your arguments, I will not fail the high standard which my predecessors have set."

Again the five men looked silently in each others' eyes. "It's all very well to go off into high-flown perorations; I've heard that from you night after night on the stump, Robert Stanford," exclaimed Mr. Ashton. "But I remember the time when you wouldn't have dared to talk that way to me, the time when you wanted favors and weren't being asked for them. This is what we get in return."

"Yes, sir," said the ex-Senator, "we've stuck by you, defeated or not. We've held you up as a good party man who believed in our principles. The papers and the people know you're a good party man. And they won't believe in all your moral talk. That's rot. They'll know from your past record that you wouldn't veto a bill which was supported by the entire party, unless you had pretty good inducements held out to you. Now there's no use beating about the bush any longer; what are you holding out for? Is it stuff, or is it pull, or patronage, or position? No—don't stop me." The Governor's figure was quivering. "Things have gone too far now. You let us wait until the last moment, making us think you're going to sign. I tell you this bill must go through or we are ruined men; the party is a goner; now come down to plain facts, what is it you want?" The Governor closed his lips tightly and pressed an electric button on his desk. The private secretary entered carrying a basket containing the morning mail. "Mr. Edwards, show these gentlemen out. Good-morning, gentlemen." The Governor turned, walked to the end of the room, walked back, sat down at his desk and took up his mail.

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Colonel Butterfield stopped. "Bob Stanford, you and I have been good friends to this hour. Now, sir, look out for yourself, because you've got the damnedest enemy to fight that you ever ran up against. You can't treat us this way without knowing what you've struck." The Governor looked at him contemptuously. "Good-morning, Colonel Butterfield," he said, and continued with his letters. The door closed. "I'll look these over myself," the Governor said, and the private secretary went out.

The Governor remained seated with his head bowed forward on his hands upon his desk, thinking of the scene he had been through. He could not conceal from himself that it was bitter to him. He had broken with his oldest associates and with his party. He had destroyed his hopes of party advancement. But more bitter than any of these things was the thought that what they had said was partially true. He *had* been such a party man in the past that people would not believe that his change of attitude upon this bill could be sincere, uninfluenced by sordid or self-seeking motives. He had been such a party man that the politicians of his party had dared to come to him as they had to-day and to offer him a bribe—for that was what it amounted to—a bribe to him, Robert Stanford. He took up the roll of parchment which he had been reading before his visitors had entered, and read the long document through from beginning to end. Then taking a sheet of paper he wrote slowly these words, "I return herewith without my approval a bill entitled an 'Act to Amend the Charter of the Amalgamated Company,' Robert Stanford." He looked a long time at this as if to impress upon his mind how the actual words would look; then rolling it up in the parchment, he rang for his secretary.

"Mr. Edwards bring me Wednesday morning's *Star* and read me again that editorial." The secretary did so.

"The Amalgamated Bill went to the Governor yesterday afternoon at exactly five o'clock. The Legislature has voted to adjourn on Tuesday at 5.05 P.M. in order to give His Excellency the full five days within which to sign or veto the bill. This will make the longest session of the Legislature on record; but the people of the State may well be thankful when on next Tuesday it breaks up and goes home. The work of the party in power in putting through during these closing days the infamous and colossal robbery known as the Amalgamated Bill will meet its just rebuke next fall at the polls. Alas, too late then! For there is no doubt that the Governor will sign the bill, and then its worst feature cannot be changed, under the provisions of the bill itself, by succeeding Legislatures for thirty years. Bob Stanford is too well trained a puppet to veto it. Colonel Butterfield pulls the string and ex-Senator Donelly does the rest. Oh for the days of Governor Ballantyne or Governor Bradley when we had a man! But, though we know it is useless, we make this last appeal to His Excellency. Protect the people of this State whose interests you were elected to guard. Be a man. Veto the Bill."

"Now," said the Governor, "read me what the *Daily Standard* says."

"The Legislature is to be congratulated on sending to his Excellency for his signature a bill which in importance, in its benefits to the best interests of this State, and in its effect in cheapening one of the great necessaries of life has rarely if ever been equalled in our legislature. The party has fought hard and well for it, and the overwhelming triumph of the bill at the polls last fall and in the Legislature points clearly to the continued ascendancy of the party and the advancement to still higher honors of the leader of his party, the Governor. Standing as he does and knowing what he does the Governor would indeed be a fool if he paid attention to the wild ravings of our neighbor across the street, whose violence and vituperation are in inverse ratio to its circulation."

The sunlight streamed into the Executive Chamber and seemed to revivify the portraits of Governor Ballantyne and Governor Bradley. The Governor unrolled the parchment again, took out the sheet of paper, and after reading it over placed it in a pile of papers on his desk. "Mr. Edwards," he said, "I am going to be a man, and a fool. I have vetoed the Amalgamated Bill. Ring for the stenographer and I will dictate my veto and my objections in full." The private secretary gasped. "Isn't this a little sudden, Governor?" was

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his guarded remark. "To-morrow being Saturday and the next day Sunday do not count in the five days you know. You have until five o'clock Tuesday."

The Governor thought a moment. "You're right, Edwards," he said; "my objections are so vital that they cannot be stated in a moment. I will take a little time to write that document. I am going down to the shore to-morrow afternoon. You may expect me at the State House here at nine o'clock promptly Monday morning. I shall not oblige the Legislature to wait until five o'clock Tuesday for me. You may have the pleasure of taking in my veto to the Legislature long before that hour. You may tell the reporters that I have gone to the sea-shore over Sunday in order to give most careful consideration to the Amalgamated Bill."

At three o'clock in the afternoon on that same Friday a very serious and a very angry group of men were talking hotly, loudly, and rapidly in the private office of the senior partner of the law firm of Ashton, Bingham & Greene. They all saw looming before them the downfall of their hopes, the failure of their carefully laid plans, and the total loss of two years of hard and persistent work on the stump, among the voters and among the legislators, and of outlay in well-paid and plausible editorials, in expensive expert testimony and in large but well-spent legal fees. Until the present moment their scheme had moved forward in one continuous progress. Each expenditure of energy and of money had produced one more factor to contribute to its final completion. There had been no waste. Careful engineers had with foresight marked out the paths, added part to part at exactly the right time, and improved its construction the minute a defect appeared. Every obstacle had been overcome by some means; so that all that was needed now was two strokes of the pen, the formation of fourteen letters spelling out the name of "Robert Stanford." It had never occurred to any of the promoters that this would not be the easiest part of it all.

And so it was that the news told by the president to the few directors who could be hastily called together came like a stroke of apoplexy in the full flush of apparent final triumph. For now the man whose hand they had looked on as the smallest and surest portion of their movement rose up as the destroyer of the whole. Staid business men had shrieked out with passion; President Ronalds himself could control his voice only with difficulty. Two men were calmer than the rest, Mr. Ashton and Colonel Butterfield.

The Colonel had passed through too many exciting political episodes to allow his brain to be turned long from the end in view and the means to accomplish that end. It was he who, when it was found that all the halls in the principal cities had been engaged by the other party for the night before election, immediately had devised the scheme of putting up huge tents everywhere, each containing a brass band. It was he who originated the first "swinging around the circle" as it was called, that is to say, running his party's candidate across the entire State in a train with stops for five minute speeches. But even he was obliged to confess, after all had tired themselves out in fruitless discussion, that he saw no way of devising means of preventing a veto.

"He's made up his mind, that is sure; and I don't believe there is anything that can change it," said the president, Mr. Ronalds, sitting down hopelessly.

"Couldn't Ashton go up to him on the quiet and have a calm talk with him? Perhaps you were a little too rough this morning," said one of the directors.

"Couldn't the Legislature adjourn before he has a chance to send in his veto, Colonel," asked Ronalds.

"No," replied the Colonel, "the law provides that if the Legislature adjourns before the expiration of the five days given for signature, the bill fails."

"When does it adjourn?" asked Ronalds.

"Tuesday, at 5.05 P.M.," answered the Colonel. "You see it is the law in this State that the Governor shall have precisely five business days from the exact moment when the bill goes to him. The Legislature does not sit Saturdays or Sundays, so that up to five o'clock Tuesday he has the power to veto."

Ashton, who had been looking casually at a newspaper, remarked: "You gentlemen might be well cast in the part of

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'Henry the Second' in *Becket*, which I see Irving is playing here. With what fervor you could exclaim 'Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest!'" As Ashton said this with a dry and disagreeable laugh, ex-Senator Donelly gave a searching glance at him as if he thought there was more meaning in the words than appeared on the surface. As he turned back to the window, in front of which he had been standing, he saw two men put up a new bulletin board before the newspaper office across the street. The ex-Senator at once gave a violent start and brought his fist noisily down on the window-ledge. Then he whistled loudly, and read the bulletin eagerly again. The large blue letters apparently gave him great pleasure.

"Off for the Shore.—The Governor leaves to-morrow for a short cruise.—Will not sign the Amalgamated Bill till Monday."

"Colonel," he said, quietly, "just step here a minute." The Colonel did so, read the bulletin and looked more cheerful also.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we've got a reprieve. This fool has made up his mind to wait a little. He's going to think of what we said over Sunday."

The others rose excitedly and rushed to the window. "So he won't veto the bill till Monday anyway," said Ronalds.

"That gives us a little time still."

"But what good will it do us?" said one of the directors.

"Gentlemen." Everyone looked up. The ex-Senator had stepped into the centre of the room, and the tones of his voice were very business-like. "Gentlemen, the Governor will not veto that bill on Monday or on Tuesday."

"What do you mean? What plan have you got?" came from the excited men.

"I mean what I just said," said the ex-Senator, sharply. "I want five thousand dollars. I want no questions asked, and I want you men to see that the Legislature adjourns at five o'clock Tuesday without fail."

"Look here, Donelly, what are you going to do?" said Ashton.

"That's my business," replied the ex-Senator. "You men heard what I just said, didn't you? I'll guarantee that the Governor shall not veto that bill within five days. You guarantee to ask no questions. You, Colonel, make out a check payable to bearer for five thousand dollars."

Colonel Butterfield looked hard at Donelly and then across at the bulletin board. Then he gazed inquiringly at Donelly again. The faintest kind of a wink appeared on the latter's face. The Colonel nodded. Then he laughed. Then he said: "Senator, you're a wonder. Here's your check."

Friday night at about six o'clock a forty-foot sloop with two men on board sailed from Capetown, and early Saturday morning dropped anchor in a deep cove about three miles down the coast from the fishing village of Squannet Harbor. The sand beaches stretched for miles utterly deserted, with no house or building in sight. The pine forest came down to the shore and a faint and overgrown road disappeared into the woods nearly opposite the point where the sloop lay at anchor.

At half past eleven on Saturday morning Mr. Edwards, private secretary to the Governor, was called to the telephone to answer an inquiry as to what train Governor Stanford expected to take for Squannet. He had already been rung up by the newspaper men nine times during the previous hour to reply to similar questions, and so without giving more thought he answered, "He was going on the one o'clock but has been delayed and will take the half past four."

Just before one o'clock on the same day two men purchased tickets at the Great Southern Railroad office for Squannet. One wore blue glasses. The other had a full beard. The train which they took arrived at the little station at half past three. The station was about four miles from the sea-shore, situated in a small clearing. A fire had gone through that region on one side of the track and dreary black wastes stretched to the horizon, relieved by the green of the small scrub-oaks. On the other side of the track the clearing soon broke off sharply against a mass of pines.

The two men alighted from the train and walked to one side of the station until the station-master, who being busy with the mail-bag did not notice them, went in to his office. Then they walked quietly to the back of the building. Here stood an old

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broken-down carryall, drawn by an unkempt and loose-jointed horse that was waiting patiently. As they went toward it a sunburnt man, who had evidently seen more of the sea than the land, came round the other corner of the station.

"You're Capt'n Barnes, aren't you?" said one of the men. The Captain nodded solemnly.

"You're waiting for the Governor, aren't you?" said the other. The Captain nodded again and stolidly crushed a fly on the horse's obtrusive ribs.

"The Governor couldn't come down on this train," said the first man, "but asked us to come down and get things all ready so that we can start as soon as he gets here. He's coming on the 4.30 train." The Captain again nodded gravely and appeared entirely uninterested in the conversation. "He wants you to have the boat prepared and to get your men and the bait on board so that we can set sail just as soon as he gets down here."

The Captain slowly unhitched his horse. "S'pose I'll hev to drive back then, and see to it; what will you fellers do?"

"We'll drive down to the harbor with you. You can go aboard and we'll drive back for the Governor, so's to save you the trouble," said the spectacled man after a short pause.

"The Gov'nor don't generally come so late," said the Captain; "must be powerful sight of business up State House way."

The three men climbed into the shaky vehicle and in a minute they had disappeared among the pines. The station-master was dozing in his office. The hot sun gleamed on the tracks which stretched off toward the south and vanished round a curve into the forest. A few locusts uttered their creaking buzz. Nothing disturbed the lonely little clearing until the arrival of the next train.

At twenty-five minutes after four on the same Saturday afternoon, Governor Stanford, looking tired and hot but grateful for his Sunday's sailing trip, boarded the Great Southern train, carrying a valise and a bundle of fishing-rods.

"Good luck to you, Governor," shouted one of the group of reporters who had assembled to see him off.

"Any news to give us about the Amalgamated Bill?" asked another.

"I guess not to-day, boys," said the Governor. "Come up to the State House Monday and perhaps I can give you more definite information."

As the train started the Governor settled himself in his seat and took out the afternoon papers. Each one had headlines in relation to the bill. Only one paper defended what they all assumed in advance would be his action upon it. The Governor smiled a little bitterly, as he thought how little confidence they had in his ability to judge for himself.

"The Governor had better begin to build his cyclone cellar. He will not know what has struck him when election comes," was the editorial in one pert sheet. Again he read, "'To sign or not to sign,' says Stanford. 'I must ask Pete Donelly,'" at this the Governor really laughed aloud, so that the passengers across the aisle looked up and nodded pleasantly. "I should like to see the ex-Senator's face when he reads that," thought the Governor.

At seven o'clock, when it was nearly dusk, the train stopped at Squannet. As the Governor stepped from the train the station-master greeted him, "Hullo, Gov'nor, you down here again? They tell me the bluefish are biting pretty fresh." The Governor smiled and looked around for the familiar form of Captain Barnes. Then, recognizing the old horse and carryall of former trips that stood behind the station, he threw his valise and rods aboard, patted the horse, and waited. Two men came up to him, one with blue spectacles, the other with a full beard.

"Is this you, Governor?" said the first.

The Governor stepped forward, surprised. "Where's the Captain?" he asked.

"Oh, Capt'n Barnes had to stay on the boat and sent us down to fetch you. There's a good breeze and we can start right off, as soon as you get aboard," was the answer.

The Governor lighted a cigar. "All right," he said. "Let's get aboard in a hurry, I'm hungry. Are you one of the crew?"

"Yes," said the bearded man.

The three drove off into the pine-woods. The rumble of the train could be heard in

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the distance and a few crickets chirped briskly. The station-master locked up the station and wandered leisurely down the track to his home.

It was a slow, dark drive and the Governor puffed his cigar in silence while he longed for his supper. After they had gone about two miles he said, "I thought we generally took that turn to the right."

"The road isn't so sandy this way," said one of his companions. They drove along through the forest for two miles more, when suddenly the sound of waves plunging upon the shore broke the silence.

"Where are we?" asked the Governor. "This is new to me."

As he spoke they emerged from the woods directly upon a long, deserted stretch of sand-beach. A hundred yards from the shore was a sloop at anchor. A dory was drawn up on the beach and a man stood beside it. For the first time the Governor began to have a feeling of distrust. Before he could say anything, however, a handkerchief was quickly tied down over his mouth and his arms were pinioned by his two companions. In spite of his struggles he was carried on board the dory and two of the men rapidly rowed out to the sloop. As soon as they arrived the sails were hoisted and in a few minutes she was headed out to sea with a fair breeze.

"I am sorry, Governor," said the man with the spectacles as they scudded down the cove, "but we shall be obliged to ask you to be our guest until Tuesday afternoon. If you make no disturbance we will guarantee that you shall enjoy yourself and have good fishing, even though we couldn't ask Capt'n Barnes to accompany us."

The bearded man stood on the beach watching the sloop until it melted into the darkness. He then drove off into the woods, and in half an hour stopped at the head of the wharf in the sleepy village of Squannet Harbor.

"Hullo, Capt'n Barnes!" he shouted. A form rose slowly from a pile at the end of the wharf. "The Governor lost the train," said the man, "and isn't coming down. He telegraphed us. Here's your team. Good-night."

Captain Barnes took his pipe out of his mouth. "Well, I'm jiggered!" he ejaculated, as he watched the man disappear down the crooked street.

On the next Monday morning the following double-leaded editorial appeared exclusively in the *Standard:* "We hear, on the highest authority, that Governor Stanford will veto the Amalgamated Bill to-day. To say that we are astounded is putting the case very mildly. A grosser betrayal of trust can hardly be imagined. The bill has received the support of the party and of all its leaders, and no possible reason can be given by the Governor for a veto if he believes in redeeming party pledges. We refrain from commenting further until this incredible news is confirmed. We will only state that our information comes partially from a distinguished ex-Senator who was personally informed by Governor Stanford last Friday that he intended to send in a veto. We can only hope that his Sunday's trip will have caused him to change his mind."

When the private secretary, Mr. Edwards, reached his office in the State House at a quarter before nine he found the room completely filled with a crowd of ravenous reporters and excited legislators. He could not tell them anything about the report of a veto. The Governor would be in at nine o'clock, and they could see him personally. Nine o'clock passed and the Governor did not appear. At ten o'clock more members of the Legislature were seated nervously waiting for him. Several of the State committee and most of the political leaders of the party arrived shortly. At half past ten Mr. Edwards telephoned to the Great Southern Station to find out whether the train had been delayed. The reply was that the train had arrived on time, and the next train would not arrive till 12.45 P.M.

A number of reporters proposed that they should hire a special train and go down to Squannet Harbor. "There is no use in doing that," said the private secretary, "because the Governor did not intend to go back to Squannet. He always sails up the coast, lands at Torrance, and takes the train farther along on the road." Meanwhile the Legislature met. There was no formal business, and an excited discussion arose regarding the coming veto. The party leaders tried to feel con-

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fident that they could pass the bill by a two-thirds vote over the veto, but the other side were triumphantly positive that this could not be done.

One o'clock came, and the Governor did not appear. The private secretary tried not to seem nervous, but he telegraphed to the weather bureau to find if any reports of storms to the south had been sent in. There were none.

At three o'clock he had made up his mind that the Governor did not intend to return on that day. It was a very unusual thing for him to stay away in this manner, as his punctuality had always been a source of terror to his private secretary. All the afternoon the telephone-bell kept ringing, and angry politicians demanded that appointments should be made for them as soon as the Governor arrived. The six o'clock edition of the evening papers mentioned the peculiar absence of His Excellency at so critical a time; but no further comment was made.

The private secretary waited at the State House for two hours after the Legislature had adjourned and the offices had been closed, and then left for his home. At a quarter past seven, however, he sent a telegram to Squannet Harbor to Captain Barnes and another to Torrance, asking for news. He did not know that the last train passed Squannet at 7.05, and that five minutes later the station was locked up.

At eight o'clock that evening Colonel Butterfield met ex-Senator Donelly in the lobby of the Empire House.

"Very extraordinary, this absence of the Governor to-day," said the Colonel.

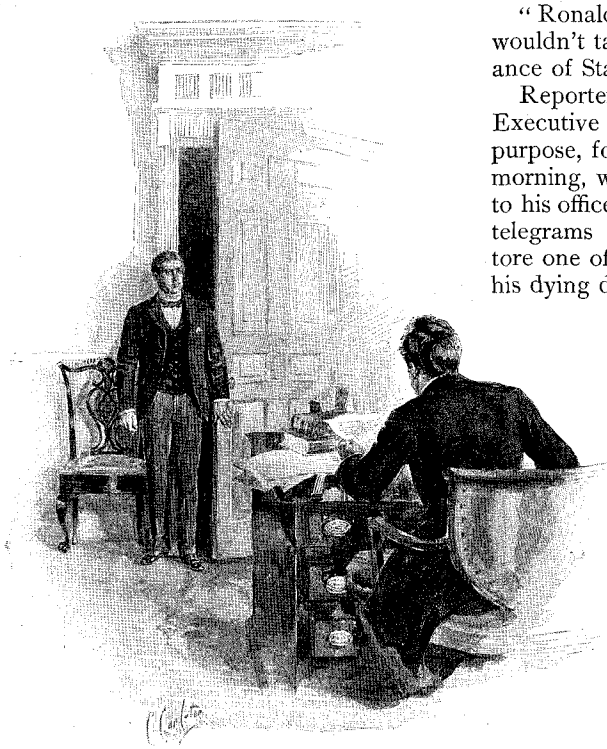
"Very," said the ex-Senator, drily. Then he winked carefully at the Colonel and passed on. The Colonel stood still a moment, apparently thinking very deeply.

"I wonder if he's done it?" he muttered. "It's dangerous. But what a stroke of genius!" As he stood there Mr. Ronalds came in at the door looking pleased.

"Butterfield," he said, "we may have a chance yet. The Governor is taking his time to consider that veto."

"Ronalds," answered the Colonel, "I wouldn't talk much about this disappearance of Stanford if I were you."

Reporters sat on the doorsteps of the Executive Mansion all night, but to no purpose, for no one arrived. Tuesday morning, when the private secretary went to his office at eight o'clock he found three telegrams waiting for him. He rapidly tore one of them open. Mr. Edwards to his dying day will never forget the sensation of that moment. He read the words in a dazed way, and remained motionless, as if his brain had stopped working. It read: "Governor not here. Did not arrive Saturday night. Joshua Barnes." He mechanically opened the other two. One was from Torrance: "Governor not here yet;" the other from the station-master at Squannet. "Governor arrived on seven o'clock train Saturday. Took carriage for Harbor. Is anything the matter?"



"Show them in, Mr. Edwards."—Page 161.

Half an hour later a special train carrying six detectives

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was racing down the Great Southern line bound for Squannet, while telegrams were being sent to the police and constables in every town on the coast.

"I don't know whether there has been foul play or not," said the Chief of State police, "but we'll take every precaution."

At nine o'clock the Governor had not arrived, and the news was given to the papers. In fifteen minutes the whole city was alive with newsboys crying, "Mysterious disappearance of the Governor!" "Governor Stanford lost!" A tumultuous crowd was pressing through the State House corridors trying to seek from the private secretary accurate information. There was the wildest excitement everywhere, and the streets in front of the newspaper offices were completely blocked. Mr. Ronalds, ex-Senator Donelly, and Colonel Butterfield were in close consultation with the leaders of the party in the Legislature.

The portraits of the former governors of the State looked down upon him. – Page 161.

"Shall you adjourn at five o'clock, as was agreed upon?" Ronalds asked.

"Yes, sir," said the Speaker of the House. "It's the Governor's own look-out, if he isn't here; we are not obliged to wait for him to get back from fishing trips. It's his duty to be here, and if he isn't he must take the consequences."

"But," said Butterfield, "supposing there has been foul play?"

"That doesn't make any difference," was the answer. "If the Governor does not veto that bill within the five days allowed him, we'll adjourn, and the bill will become law."

"Why not have the Lieutenant-Governor sign the bill as acting Governor, in the absence of the Governor? He's on our side in the matter," suggested Donelly, quietly.

This was felt to be a happy solution, and the Lieutenant-Governor was sent for.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am in favor of this bill, but believing that the Governor meant to veto it I do not feel like signing. Furthermore, I am only empowered to act 'whenever the chair of the Governor is vacant by reason of death or absence from the State or otherwise.' Unless you can prove that his Excellency is dead or out of the State I shall not perform his functions."

The conference broke up at noon with the assurance from the President of the Senate and from the Speaker of the House that the Legislature would surely adjourn at five minutes past five if no veto arrived from the Governor. An exultant and happy group of men lunched together at the City Club. They were the officers of the Amalgamated Company. Not a word was said and not a question was asked regarding the possible causes of the Governor's disappearance.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Chief of the State Police received long telegraphic reports from his men. The only facts that could be found out were that the Governor had left Squannet Station at seven o'clock Saturday evening, accompanied by two men, whom Captain Barnes said were friends sent down by the Governor on the earlier train. They had driven away in Captain Barnes's vehicle,

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The Governor rose suddenly from his chair, and his face was very white.—Page 163.

and the same vehicle had been returned to the captain at half-past eight that evening. Beyond that nothing was known. The station-master had not noticed the men, and the Captain's description was incoherent and his interest in them had been apparently most cursory.

The private secretary immediately communicated the facts to the Speaker of the House, and begged him to postpone adjournment until further news could be had.

"It can't be done, Mr. Edwards," replied the Speaker. "But the Governor had decided on his veto and was just about to dictate it before he left," pleaded the private secretary. "It was a final decision."

"That makes no difference," said the Speaker. "Besides, his five days are up at exactly five o'clock this afternoon."

At four o'clock both parties had made up their minds that the bill would become law. There was no sign of the Governor, and no news from him of any kind. The Lieutenant-Governor still declined to act. The private secretary paced up and down his office; at every ring of the telephone-bell he ran at full speed to take the message. At half-past four he gave orders that the doors to the

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Executive Department should be closed and that no one should be admitted. He also ordered that the Governor's private entrance and stairway should be guarded by the executive messengers, and that no person should be allowed to remain near them. If the Governor should arrive at the last moment there must be no one to obstruct him, and the private secretary was determined to be the first person to see him.

At a quarter before five he went into the Governor's room, which he had entered at least fifty times before on that day, and sat down at the desk, which was heaped high with the accumulation of two days' mail. He looked aimlessly over this. He took up the long roll of parchment on which was engrossed the fatal bill, and attempted to read it; but he was unable to do so. He began to sort out a pile of papers that had lain upon the desk for weeks. The first three were memoranda on subjects long ago acted upon. He marked them properly for filing, and, taking up the fourth, looked at it in a weary fashion. As he did so he gave a sharp cry. The words written on it seemed to swim before his eyes. He brushed his hand roughly over his eyes, and read "I return herewith without my signature a bill entitled 'An Act to Amend the Charter of the Amalgamated Company.' Robert Stanford." It was the Governor's handwriting. In a second he remembered seeing the Governor take a sheet of paper out of the parchment roll on Friday just before asking for the stenographer.

The private secretary looked at the clock. It was seven minutes before five. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. "It may be a State's prison offence," thought the private secretary; "but he told me he had vetoed it. He told me I might have the pleasure of taking in his veto to the Legislature long before five o'clock Tuesday. He would have sent it in before this if he had been here. I know that he would be here now if there hadn't been fraud somewhere. That veto must go in now whatever the consequences may be to me. I will not wait for further authority."

Snatching up the parchment roll and the loose sheet of paper, he rushed out of the room. "Keep every door to the Executive Department closed," he shouted to the executive messengers standing around. "Tell nobody whether the Governor has arrived or not." He ran as fast as he could run down the long corridor of the State House. When in college he had done the one hundred yards dash in ten and two-fifths seconds. As he approached the hall of the House of Representatives he heard a noisy murmur. Suddenly the door of the telegraph office opened, and a boy tumbled out, ran into the private secretary, and they both fell on the floor. Mr. Edwards gave a cry of anger. The boy thrust a telegram into his hand, but he could not wait to open it. He dashed in at the door of the House of Representatives. It was three minutes before five o'clock. The decorous and slow-moving assistant Sergeant-at-Arms tried to restrain him. "From the Governor," he panted. The Sergeant-at-Arms saw him, and instinctively grasped the situation. "A message from his Excellency the Governor," he cried. A tumult of shouts arose at this, then loud hisses, angry yells, and catcalls as the members caught sight of the form of the private secretary, Mr. Edwards, pressing forward to the Speaker's desk. "Admit the messenger," said the Speaker, reluctantly. Instantly about twenty men sprang forward, jumping over desks and chairs, and tried to prevent his further progress. At the same time a still larger group rushed behind him and pushed him forward. The mass of men swayed back and forth as more and more of the Representatives joined in the crowd both in front and behind. The private secretary was lifted from the floor, and his body was borne forward and back like a plank in the surf. The Speaker's gavel fell noisily time after time with no effect, while the Speaker himself kept his eye on the clock. Just as the hand was reaching the hour, the private secretary summoned all his efforts, gave a wild lurch forward at the desk, and threw the bill and the veto upon it almost in the Speaker's face. "I have the honor," he gasped, in the formal words used on such occasions, "to submit a message in writing from his Excellency the Governor to the Honorable House of Representatives." Then he fell, bruised

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At twenty-five minutes after four . . . Governor Stanford . . . boarded the Great Southern train.—Page 167.

and unconscious, into the confused mob which surrounded the desk. The Speaker slowly took up the sheet of paper, and read the opening words. As he did so the clock struck five.

The officers of the Amalgamated Company were sitting in the private office of Mr. Ashton, each of them smoking the best cigar obtainable.

"This is the luckiest moment of our lives," said Mr. Ronalds, as he looked at the clock. It was five o'clock.

"It is a clear case of Divine Providence," said one of the directors.

"We came out on top in spite of the treachery of that fool, didn't we?" said Colonel Butterfield.

"Look here, Senator, did you really know this was going to happen when last Friday afternoon you guaranteed the Governor wouldn't sign?" asked Ronalds.

The ex-Senator looked grim, but a faint sign of cheer appeared in one eye.

"I think our agreement was 'no questions asked,' wasn't it, Mr. President?" he said. "You've got what you wanted. I've got my $5,000. That's all there is about it."

As he said this he turned toward the window and looked out. Immediately his face grew white and he fell across a table. The others started toward the window. Then each man gave some kind of a cry. On the bulletin-board, in great flaring letters, appeared "The Governor vetoes the Amalgamated Bill."

"How in h—— did he do it?" shouted Donelly, and ran toward the door. As he opened the door a violent gust of wind blew down the street, followed by a driving rain.

When the private secretary opened his eyes he was in his own office.

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Then he winked carefully at the Colonel and passed on.—Page 169.

"Has the Governor arrived?" he asked, in a weak voice.

The stenographer shook his head.

"What about the bill?"

"They failed to pass it over the veto," was the reply. "The vote was 198 to 121 in the House and 32 to 20 in the Senate, a close shave, though."

Edwards rose and walked to the window. The street outside was almost deserted, for a furious rain-storm, which had been gathering all day, was pouring down.

"Does anyone know whether the Governor is here or not?"

"Not a soul," the stenographer said.

Edwards felt in his pocket for his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his face.

As he did so the telegram which had been delivered just before his entry into the House, tumbled out. He opened it and shouted aloud as he read: "I veto the act to amend the charter of the Amalgamated Company. Find veto written out on my desk in pile of paper. Send it in to House. Robert Stanford." Edwards looked at the envelope. It was addressed to him at the State House. The time of sending marked on the message was 4.50 P.M. The place from which it was sent was Marshton Bay, a seaport town eighty miles beyond Squannet Harbor. Strictly and legally there could be no doubt that the private secretary to the Governor had assumed the executive function and vetoed a bill passed by the Legislature. But he had acted with authority without knowing it.

The explanation of the arrival of the telegram can be given in a few words. In accordance with instructions the sloop bearing the Governor had been kept far out at

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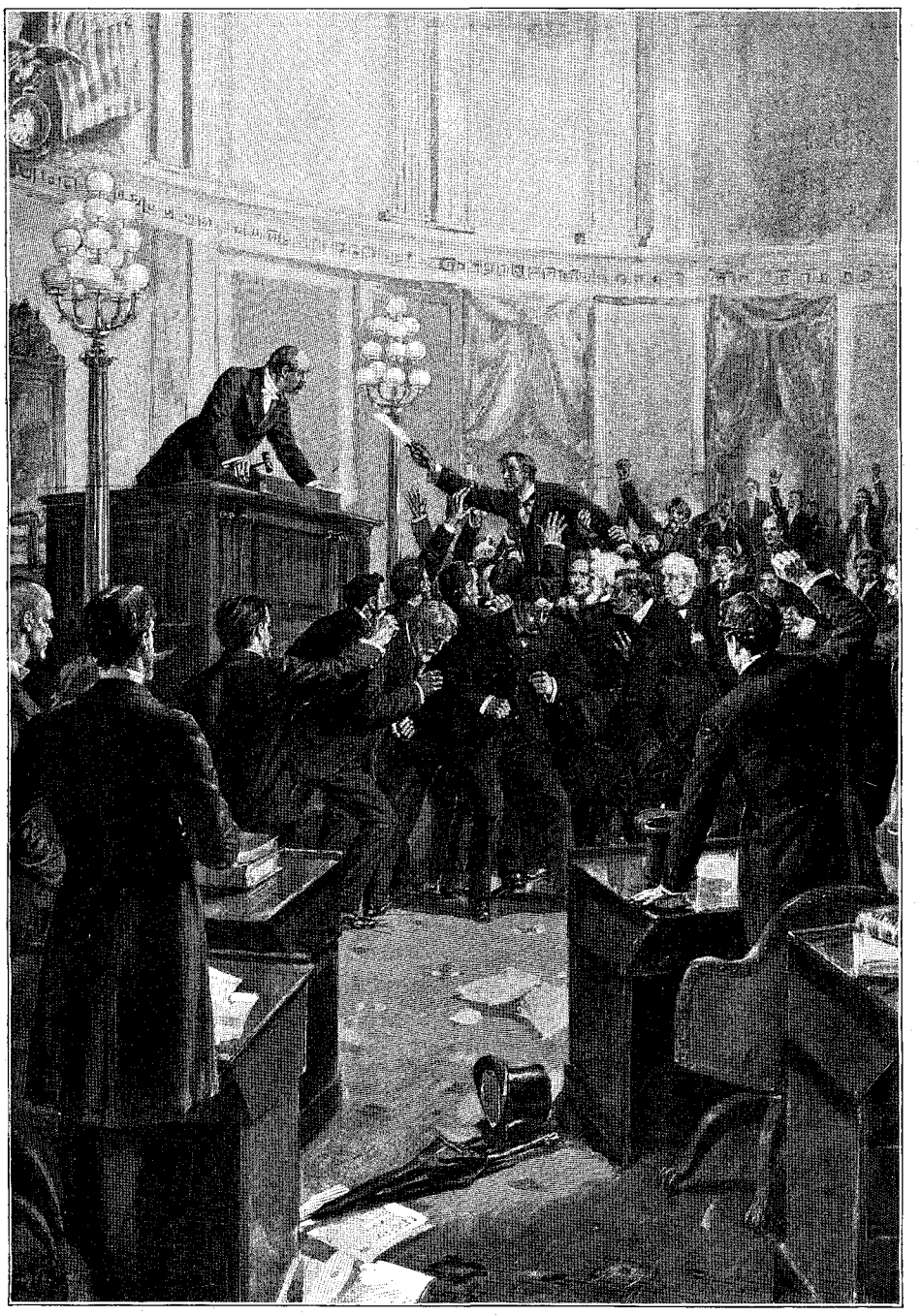

The private secretary was lifted from the floor, and his body was borne forward and back like a plank in the surf.
—Page 172.

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sea during Sunday and Monday. The men in charge were ordered to land him as early as possible, but not before five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. All Tuesday afternoon the sloop had been tacking up and down the coast to the north of Marshton Bay, a town on the boundary-line between the two States. A stiff off-shore wind had been blowing with increasing force for some hours, and heavy gray-black clouds had been piling up around the horizon. Toward four o'clock it was evident that a violent storm was close at hand, and the man with the spectacles, who appeared to be in charge, looked worried and ordered the sloop to be closely reefed down. At half-past four the wind was blowing a gale, and the danger of remaining off the coast any longer was apparent even to a landsman.

At twenty-five minutes before five it was evident that unless the Governor should be put ashore at once it would be impossible to effect a landing that day. It was so near to five o'clock, thought the spectacled man, that it could make no difference; and he knew besides that it would take the Governor at least an hour to reach any spot where means of communication could be established by him with the Capitol. Accordingly the sloop with difficulty made a little cove or inlet about eight miles from Marshton Bay, and the Governor, with his rods and valise, was quickly landed there. The sloop immediately bore out to sea, and a white sheet of rain driven on by the wind soon hid her from sight.

By a singular chance, however, only a short quarter of a mile from the spot where the Governor was landed a large revival camp-meeting was being held with a corps of reporters in attendance. The Governor, wild with anger, feeling bitterly the disgrace of his position, and realizing the full effect of his enforced absence, ran inland from the sea as fast as he was able under the force of the gale. Intent upon reaching some settlement, but without having any particular destination in his mind, he stumbled on through the underbrush until suddenly he came upon the revivalist settlement; and over the door of the first substantial building that met his eye was the inscription "Western Union Telegraph Office." It was a quarter before five.

At half-past eight that evening Governor Stanford arrived at the State House in the midst of a violent storm. The Legislature had adjourned for the year. The Amalgamated bill had been vetoed.

Great was the curiosity among politicians and the newspaper-men regarding the veto and the manner of its presentation. Some at first doubted its authenticity. Some even boldly asserted that it was a forgery by the private secretary. Others declared it illegal, and threatened to take the matter into the courts. Private Secretary Edwards, however, disclosed only to the Governor the fact that he had opened the telegram after he had presented the veto.

"You did a bold deed, Edwards," said the Governor; "an absolutely unwarranted one—but—you were right, and you saved my reputation, my honor, and my self-respect."

Although telegrams were sent to the police in every seaport in the country warning them to inspect carefully any sloop that might put in; although the most diligent watch was kept up and down the entire coast; and although every resource in the power of the detective department of the State was employed, no traces of the kidnappers of the Governor were ever found.

The storm which broke on that Tuesday afternoon lasted for three days; and as many vessels upon that portion of the coast, being unprepared for it, were blown out to sea and lost, it was supposed that the forty-foot sloop met a like fate.

Gradually the excitement aroused by this novel political episode died away.

But the politicians of his party never could understand the sequel to the event, which happened in November; for Governor Robert Stanford, after being triumphantly re-nominated in his party convention, received at the polls nearly one hundred thousand more votes than had been cast for him at the previous election. This result of the Governor's action was a profound mystery to the machine-leaders. Governor Bradley's remark, however, had been justified. "The people of your State will back you up whenever you do your duty."

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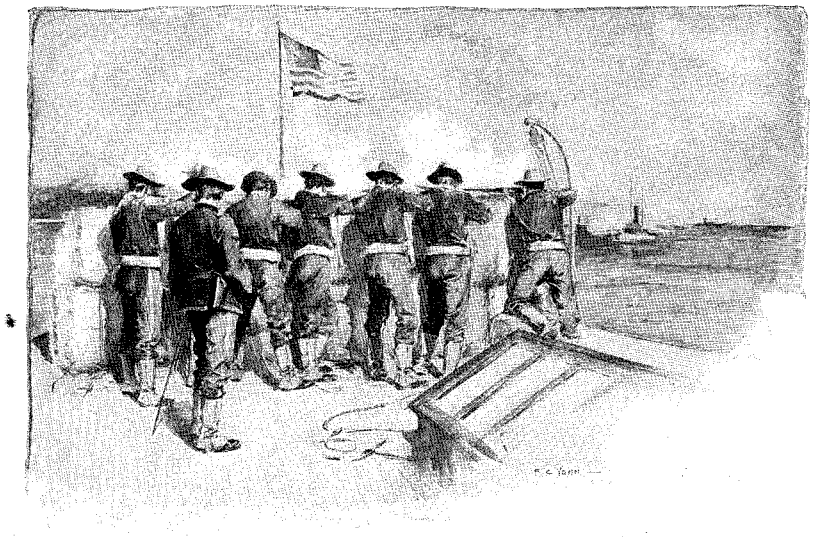
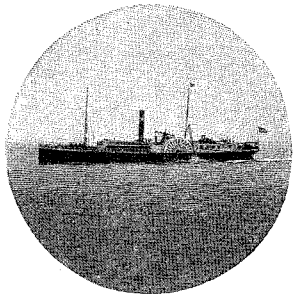
EPISODES OF THE WAR



Captain Phister with a Detachment of Company G Covering the Retreat of the Boats.
The vessels in the distance are the Manning and the Wasp.
(After a sketch by the author.)

THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT OF AMERICAN TROOPS ON CUBAN SOIL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES ON THE SPOT BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF



The Gussie.

THERE could be nothing more mysterious in all army life than marching-orders coming at night, when all is quiet, and when this quiet is suddenly broken by the hurried movements of orderlies, of trumpet-calls, and of the general turning out of a command. Little groups of officers gather in the small circle of light around a candle-lantern and speculate upon the sudden move. The men work rapidly with the company outfit, and then make their blanket-roll; and finally fall in line to go where orders may call them.

It was just this sort of scene in the First United States Infantry camp when, early in May, at the dead of night, Companies E and G were ordered to pack up all their belongings and transfer them to a transport. That was all they knew; their surmises ranged from Madrid to the Philippines, with the majority favoring Cuba, and this last proved correct.

I have campaigned with the regiment several years in the West, and have been the guest of the officers since leaving the Presidio of San Francisco; and I obtained permission to go, I knew not where.

The transport Gussie lay at the wharf, and a guard kept any prowling visitor from investigating the activity shown. Before

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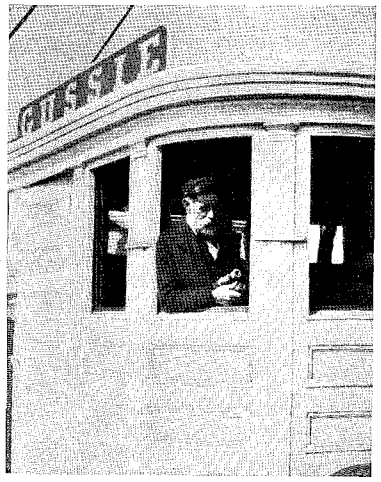


The Captain.

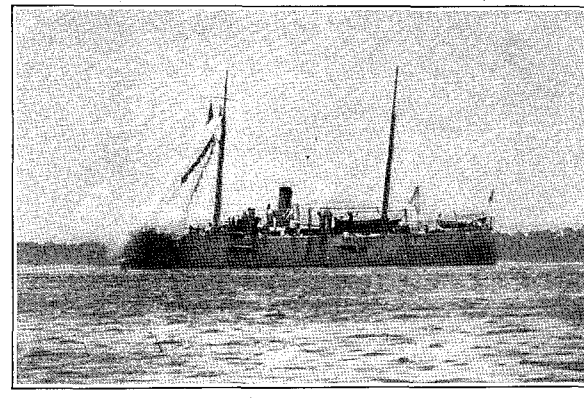
daybreak every man was stowed away, three Cuban scouts were aboard, and the transport cleared for the south. Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Dorst commanded the expedition.

If anyone conceives the idea that a blockade is a pastime, let him take a short cruise in Cuban waters during the present war. A "shot across the bows" has a sort of business-like ring to it even when read in despatches or tales of the sea; but to be roused out of one's peaceful sleep by the roar of an eight-inch rifle, to look straight into a search-light that turns all in front of it to day and all behind it to blacker darkness than night, is a vivid, almost dramatic, experience! After long hailing and finally proving your craft is not on mischief bent, you are allowed to proceed some few miles before the operation is repeated. The transport that I sailed in to Cuba was brought up short with the usual shot no less than seven times in one night.

We had orders for the Manning to act as our escort, and not long after leaving Key West we found her and proceeded toward the Cuban coast. When the expedition had been planned, a fortnight before, the insurgents were easily able to come to the coast in force at any time they wished, but during the intervening two weeks conditions took a decided change. The Spanish authorities suddenly became extremely active—infantry, cavalry, and artillery were hurried to many hitherto unprotected points on the seaboard. Instead of being able to communicate with the shore, the insurgents seemed to be penned in the interior.

During the week's cruise of the transport and her convoy, we passed up and down the coast six times from Bahia Honda to Cardenas, passing Matanzas, Havana, and Mariel near enough to distinguish troops and study fortifications without the slightest difficulty. At Mariel, a probable landing-place of the army of invasion, we could make out the entire defence of the town from the ship.

At Banes, about twelve miles west of Havana, the forts and field-batteries opened on us, and nearly succeeded in at least disabling our ship. The Manning and Wasp replied, and demolished the fort and silenced the batteries after about forty-five minutes' action. It was magnificent to see the bombardment of the fort, to watch the flight of the shells, and to hear



The Bancroft Firing Across the Bows of the Transport.

the cheers of the men as they took effect. The American marksmanship was excellent, and not many shots were wasted. The very first shot fired by the Wasp tore a hole in the corner of the fort large enough to drive a six-horse battery through. There was a hasty evacuation by the enemy, who took to the underbrush like rabbits pursued by a hound.

It is the Cuban idea to belittle, in every possible manner, every arm of the Spanish service. Cavalrymen cannot ride.

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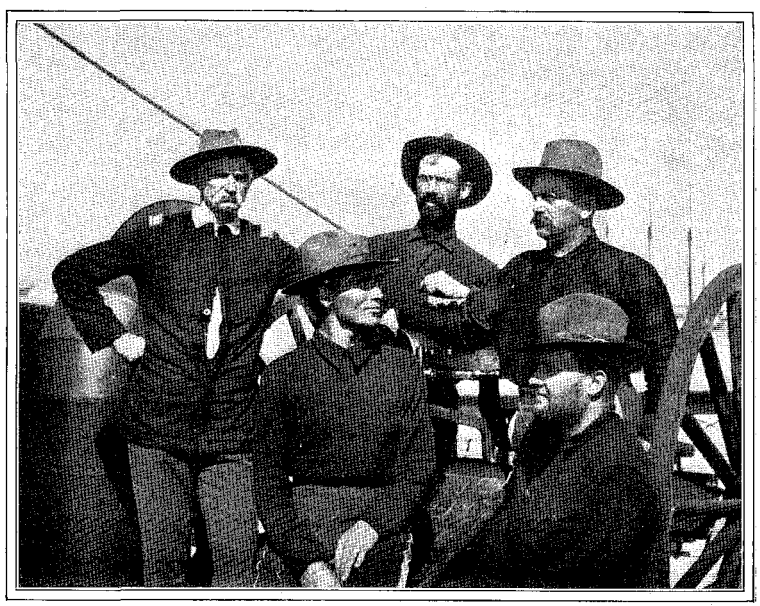
Artillerists cannot find the range. Infantrymen cannot march or shoot. Their arms are antiquated and their hearts are not in the fight. A Cuban scout told me that if a Spanish cavalryman galloped his horse he would fall off; if any of the Spanish army heard a gun-shot they would run away. My observations have not found this to be a fact, however, and I do not think too much dependence should be placed upon the prejudiced word of the over-enthusiastic patriot from across the Gulf. The time that we spent on the Cuban coast showed the Spaniards to be very alert, and ready for attack. They have an excellent signal-service both with wires and with heliograph and flags. The intelligence of our movements was evidently conveyed by this service each day, as the movement of troops indicated. Batteries had been placed at every spot where a ship could be landed. Anything but a landing in force would be the extremity of folly.

Major Doñato Soto, one of the Cuban Scouts Landed by the Expedition.

When it was found that the insurgents were unable to communicate with the shore, it was decided to land three Cuban scouts on May 12th and endeavor to have word taken by them to the insurgent leaders in the interior. We skirted the shore for a favorable spot, which was difficult to find, as the landing was to be effected in daylight. The reason for a daytime landing I have still to find out. We attempted a landing about six miles east of Cabañas, but soon discovered a large force of Span-



Some Officers of the Expedition.

Capt. J. J. O'Connell. Lieut. F. E. Lacey. Capt. N. Phister.
Lieut. D. E. Nolan. Lieut. William Crofton.

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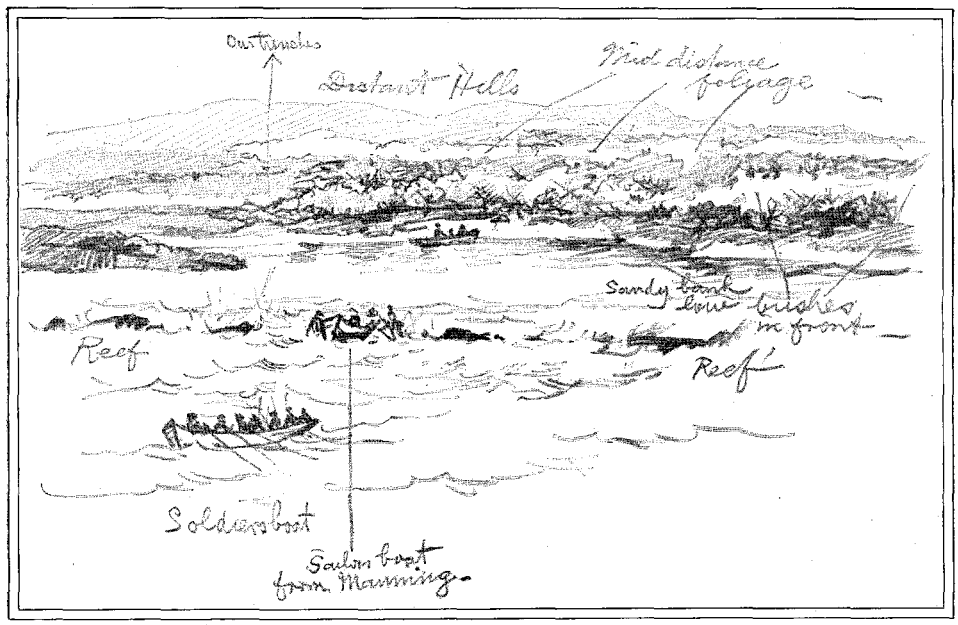
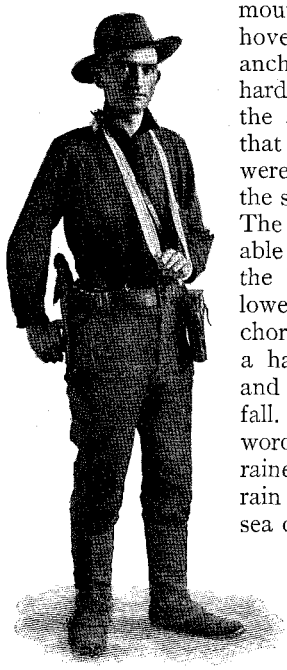


The Landing of the Expedition.

Fac-simile of a sketch made on the spot by the author.

ish cavalry and so continued westward. We passed the mouth of Cabañas Harbor, and could easily make out the city. At the point that forms the western side of the mouth of the harbor we hove to and dropped anchor. The bottom was hard and smooth, and the anchor dragged, so that about three hours were consumed before the ship was made fast. The shore looked favorable for a landing and the boats prepared for lowering. While an anchorage was being made, a hard wind sprung up and the rain began to fall. "Fall" is not the word, however, for it rained as it only can rain in the tropics. A sea commenced to run, and by the time the boats were launched the water was lashed into fury.



J. F. J. Archibald.

Wounded in the engagement.

Meanwhile a small force of cavalry were on the opposite side of the harbor, firing at the transport, but the range was rather long, and their shots were entirely ineffective. However, back over a hill could be heard a continual fire of musketry; which was, I think, an engagement going on between the Spaniards and the Cubans. As this expedition was expected, it is possible that the insurgents were endeavoring to force a connection with our line. The result of this engagement or its cause we have not had the means of ascertaining, but it ceased about an hour afterward.

The Cuban scouts to be landed were Major Doñato Soto, Major Antonio Caiñas, and an orderly. Their equipment was the best this government could give, and three of the best cavalry horses were selected for their use. These officers of the island service had been selected from Gomez's command on account of their bravery and of their perfect knowledge of the country. The horses were hoisted out of the hold, and when all was in readiness the troops took to the boats and were lowered into the water.

Company E, of the First United States Infantry, was detached under Captain J. J. O'Connell, and with him were his lieutenants, William Crofton and D. E. No-

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lan. To this company of brave men goes the honor and distinction of being the first of the United States forces to invade the enemy's domain and to plant the Stars and Stripes upon Cuban soil.

The boats were manned by the soldiers, and they proved themselves good sailors as well. I asked permission of Captain O'Connell, and was allowed to accompany the landing-party, and was given a boat to handle, Captain O'Connell sitting in the bow. Lieutenants Crofton and Nolan each took a boat, and the party set off. Captain Nat Phister and Company G were arranged on the hurricane deck, behind breastworks built of bales of hay, ready to protect our landing. We had not gone far when we discovered that a sunken coral-reef extended along the entire coast-line about two hundred feet from shore, and it was impossible to row across this reef. The men were compelled to jump into the surf and lift the boats over the reef.

All this time a firing had been directed at us from the shore, but, luckily, no one was hit, owing probably to the fact that such a heavy sea was running; although my boat was pierced by a ball through the air-chamber, just beneath the stern-seat where I was sitting.

The point, known as Arbilitos, upon which we landed, was densely overgrown with tropical vegetation, so that we could not see more than ten feet away. Captain O'Connell had instructed the men before taking to the boats to form a skirmish line at twenty paces, and to immediately take to the undergrowth. Throwing an entire company into a skirmish line makes a very extended line, and on this account Captain O'Connell requested me to take command of a detachment of about twenty men, which I did during the engagement. There was not the slightest nervousness shown among the men, and the only difficulty we experienced was to keep them under cover and from advancing too rapidly. We had advanced but a short distance when a shot was fired upon my immediate left. Private Metzler reported having seen a mounted Spaniard, and having fired; but he had missed. Upon following, a well-travelled road was found, and the tracks of horsemen were plainly defined in the sand.

The rain had ceased; and in that country it is dry almost as soon as the shower is over, although we were all soaking wet from both rain and surf. Following the road we came upon a bridge or dike built of logs, across an arm of the bay about forty feet wide. Fearing an ambush, I called upon the men to halt, and we broke our way through the bushes to the water's edge. Just across the water was a Spaniard mounted, who fired point-blank, but missed, and I returned the fire with my six-shooter, dismounting him. He was preparing for a second shot when the men came up and he ran into the bushes. A volley was fired, the result of which was not known, but as the modern thirty-calibre ball is not deflected by any ordinary obstruction, it is quite likely the enemy knew of our presence. This was the first firing of the army in this war.

During this time the other skirmish lines had struck the enemy, and the firing became general on both sides. We held this line against the Spaniards until the Cuban scouts and their horses had been landed and their saddles adjusted. One of them then went out to ascertain our whereabouts, and shortly returned with the startling intelligence that we were within two miles of the fortress of Cabañas, where over two thousand troops were stationed. It was natural to suppose that the enemy would be reinforced, and consequently Captain O'Connell came up to order us to fall back. Captain O'Connell and myself were standing in a small clearing, when the enemy opened with renewed force. The bullets zipped with savage vim all about us, one passing through my left arm just above the elbow. We returned the fire and fell back toward the boats, and then part of the men threw up intrenchments while the others kept up a fire on the Spaniards.

Lieutenant Nolan was compelled to draw in his right. We then had a line directly across the little point of land, and our only danger was at our rear, which could only be reached by boats from across the harbor; and the Dolphin, attracted by the firing, had evidently seen and appreciated this fact, for she steamed up and lay off, watching the mouth of the harbor during the engagement. There was a perfect rattle of shots for about

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half an hour, and when the enemy could not be seen the reports of their pieces were the targets of our aim. Balls sung around us and over us like a lot of angry hornets, but their aim was generally too high.

During this engagement, that could be heard from the ships, the excitement on the Gussie and the Manning and the Wasp was intense. They could see the enemy's position from the smoke of their firing, as they used a brown-smoke powder; but the ships could not fire, as they did not know our position. Neither did they know how many of the Spaniards we had engaged. We soon perceived this; our right was drawn in, and Captain O'Connell communicated with the war-ships and Captain Phister, and soon all three were hurling death and destruction into the enemy's line, compelling them to withdraw.

Lieutenant F. E. Lacey was sent ashore with a reinforcement and to communicate some orders, and did some excellent work in handling the men.

Captain Phister did wonderful execution with his volley-firing and covered the boat-retreat. Had it not been for him we should probably never have left the shore alive.

In looking over the field after the Spaniards had retreated from Captain Phister's fire, we found many dead, although we have no means of knowing just how many were killed in this the first engagement. I personally saw four dead, and one of these was a lieutenant of the *guardia civile*. We secured the side-arms of these and brought them away with us. All the Spaniards were armed with the machete, which is the favorite Cuban arm, as it is used principally, when not in a fight, to cut the low undergrowth, which is light but almost impenetrable.

The launching of the boats occasioned a great amount of labor, and not until several boat-loads were overturned in the surf was it accomplished and all safely back on shipboard. There can be but one explanation why we were not met in great force when we attempted to land, and completely wiped out; and that is that the insurgents were engaging the main garrison of Cabañas, on the other side of the harbor where we heard the firing. It is probable that a number were on the way, however, as they must have been informed of our attempt, for we spent about three hours in manœuvring before landing.

So were the first American troops landed and engaged on Cuban soil; and if all the following engagements of this war could be attended with the same good fortune, we might look forward with less horror to the coming strife.

JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD.

NOTE.—On June 16th Major Doñato Soto and three companions arrived at Key West after a month of narrow escapes. They had safely reached General Diaz, commander of the Cuban forces in Pinar del Rio, and brought back full information as to the strength of the insurgents, with despatches to the Government at Washington.

THE AFFAIR OF THE WINSLOW

IT was only a skirmish, if compared with the kind of naval actions usually described in history, but the fight at Cardenas, on May 11, 1898, was the first of the war for the Spanish expulsion where American blood was shed, and the story of it should be preserved if only to show what is to be expected of Yankee sailors under such circumstances.

When Admiral Sampson went away to Porto Rico in search of Cervera's squadron, he left on blockade duty off Cardenas Bay, Cuba, the gun-boats Machias, Commander Merry; and Wilmington, Commander Todd; the swift torpedo-boat Winslow, under Lieutenant J. B. Bernadou, and the converted revenue cutter (a harbor tug in size and model), under Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb of the Revenue Marine.

For a time these had nothing to do but keep lookouts awake, but after a few days they learned definitely that three Spanish gun-boats were in the harbor, and plans were laid to capture them. On Sunday, May 8th, the Winslow was sent in as a bait to troll them out where the guns of the Machias might reach them,

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and this succeeded far enough to bring one Spaniard where the Machias was able to land a six-pound shell in her.

Thereafter, an unused (and therefore unmined) channel was sounded out for the use of the light-draught Wilmington, and on Wednesday, the 11th, at one o'clock, she, with the Winslow and Hudson, started in, determined to make an attack on the gun-boats as they lay at the city piers. Everything went well until within a mile and a half of the piers, where the shoal water stopped the Wilmington. At that time one gun-boat could be plainly seen at the piers, with a number of sailing-vessels on either side of her, and Commander Todd ordered the Winslow to run to the piers and cut her out, while the Wilmington lay to and covered the attack.

To understand fully what that order meant to the crew of the Winslow, it must be told that the Spanish gun-boats were known to carry twelve-pounders, while the sides of the Winslow vary from three-sixteenths to one-quarter of an inch in thickness.

Nevertheless, Lieutenant Bernadou, nothing loath, drove his slender craft ahead straight at the Spanish gun-boat, with the slower Hudson following as best it might, her crew being eager to share the danger for the sake of a share of the honor.

There was a commotion along-shore as the little war-ships headed in, but no attention was given that matter until half a mile of the route was covered, when the Winslow found herself approaching a lot of red buoys placed as if to mark a channel. A moment later a puff of smoke from a gun at the piers was seen, and a shot knocked a cloud of spray from the water in the midst of the buoys. Another shot followed on the instant, as the Winslow dashed ahead, and this, for the Winslow was running where the previous shot had struck, hit her fair on the bow, passed through the captain's quarters and exploded in the paint locker, setting the contents on fire.

Still holding his course, Bernadou called his men to help extinguish the fire. He was guiding them successfully at the work when another shot exploded against the forward conning-tower, and a piece of the shell pierced the left groin of Lieutenant Bernadou, and lodged within half an inch of the artery.

Quickly placing his hand on the wound to stanch the blood, Bernadou called for a towel. With this he formed a stout bandage around the limb, and to still further compress the wound, he shoved a cartridge, from a one-pounder, handy-by, into the bandage and then went on with his work.

But in the brief moments that he was so engaged the work of the Spanish gunners had been deadly. Another shot had hit the forward conning-tower, totally disabling the steering gear, and another had passed through the forward boiler, fortunately, however, without scalding anyone seriously. And then came still another, the sixth to strike the ship, and this disabled the starboard engine.

It was not only swift, it was the hottest kind of work that the Spaniards were doing, but Bernadou walked aft and was just beginning to steer the ship by the hand-gear there, when another shot struck her and wholly disabled the last of the steering apparatus.

In this condition there was but one thing to do, and that was to get the Winslow out of the fight, if possible, though it should be said that during all this time the crew had worked the little one-pounders with steady vigor, and they were still at it.

Although unable to steer the ship, Bernadou found, nevertheless, that by going ahead and then backing with the uninjured engine, he was able not only to interfere with the Spanish aim, but he was working clear of the deadly field of red buoys. Accordingly, Ensign Worth Bagley, the second in command, was placed at the hatch amidships to direct the engineer (for speaking-tubes and other means of communication had been shot away), while Bernadou called to the Hudson to come and tow him out to the Wilmington. For the Hudson had arrived at this time within easy hail, and with her guns was pumping steel at the Spaniards with perfect coolness and swift energy.

Up to this moment, in spite of the fact that ten shells had struck the Winslow, Bernadou was the only man who had been hit. But while the Hudson was responding to his call, the eleventh and last shot came on board, struck the hose-reel, and exploded in the midst of a group of men

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who were standing near Bagley, and who, for the most part, were coolly surveying the conflict with nothing to do. For two of them were firemen and one an oiler from the disabled engine compartment, and a fourth was a cook.

As the shell exploded, one man threw up his hands, and crying "Save me! Save me!" tumbled back and was falling overboard, when a shipmate caught him; Bagley staggered to the signal mast, clasped it and sank down to the deck. Both of these died at once. Three more died within an hour, and five, all told, were wounded. Out of a crew of twenty-one, five were killed and five wounded.

Was it a hot fight?

On seeing that the Winslow was disabled, the Spaniards worked their guns with increased energy, and the air was full of screeching shells; but the Hudson's crew brought a line to the torpedo-boat, as if they were to tow a river-barge in New York Harbor. Unfortunately, however, as the Hudson started ahead the line parted. Some say it was shot away, and others, that it broke because the Winslow could not be steered to follow. Again the line was passed, and again it broke, when Newcomb brought his tug to the side of the Winslow, made her fast there, and then ran clear of danger with her.

The battle—skirmish, if you will, was soon done. The Wilmington had meantime shot the gun-boat to pieces, which had been the object of the expedition, and soon after the Winslow was towed out so that the Wilmington's gunners were not afraid of hitting her, they silenced every gun along-shore. JOHN R. SPEARS.

THE LANDING OF THE ARMY

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THERE are three places in the West Indies where Columbus is said to have first landed; one of them is at Santiago. Some hundreds of years from now there will probably be a great dispute as to where the American troops first landed when they came to drive the Spaniard across the sea and to establish the republic of Cuba. There were two "first landings" of the army of invasion; but before it came to Cuba soldiers of the regular army were put ashore at Arbolitas Point when they acted as an escort to the Gussie expedition. On this occasion a Spanish lieutenant and several of his soldiers were killed, and on the American side a correspondent was shot through the arm. Still another landing was made before the regulars came in force, this time by marines, at Guantanamo Bay; and as they established a camp there and remained on shore, the credit of first raising the American flag on Cuban soil, and of keeping it in its place, belongs to them and through them to the navy. The first American flag raised temporarily was put up on a block-house near Cardenas by Lieutenant Miller, also of the navy.

When the army came at last, sixteen thousand strong, in thirty-one transports, and with an escort of fourteen warships, it made two landings; a preliminary one on June 20th, when only twenty people went ashore at Aserradero, and on June 22d at Baiquiri, when all through the day there was a continuous going and coming of shore-boats from the transports, each carrying from twenty to thirty men, and following after each other as swiftly as cable cars on Broadway.

The preliminary landing was made by General Shafter and Admiral Sampson without any escort or protection from United States troops. They landed to confer with General Garcia, and had the three commanders been captured by the Spaniards and cut off from their ships, the conduct of the war might have been consid-

* * * This passage of Mr. Davis's narrative of the War was received after "The Rocking-Chair Period" was already on the press, and is necessarily printed later in the number.

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erably altered. As it was, the long-boat, in which General Shafter and Admiral Sampson were rowed from the ship, was met at the shore by a mounted force of Cuban officers, who gave them their protection. It was one of the most striking pictures of the war, and one of the most dramatic ever witnessed in any part of the world. The sun was blazing over a brilliant blue sea, great grim mountains rose straight before us, and at the edge of the water a grove of cocoanut-palms made a background for the Cuban troops. As the blue-jackets drove the long boat toward the shore, the Cubans dashed into the water up to their waists and came toward us, cheering and shouting, and the officers on horseback surrounded the boat, splashing and churning up the water, and saluting the two men whose coming meant for them the freedom and independence of their island.

The landing in force took place the second day after this at nine o'clock in the morning. All we had been told was that the landing would take place at daybreak, and at that hour we woke to find the transports drawn up in their usual disorder opposite the town of Nueva Salamanca, which lies eighteen miles east of Santiago. Just above this village is the river Baiquiri, and it was this river and not the town that gave its name to the landing-place. We watched the landing from the docks of the Seguranca, the headquarters ship of the the transports which carried General Shafter, and which, in order that he might the better direct the landing, was the ship that ran in closest to the shore. To better understand what followed, the reader might know what we did not know, the plan of operations as it was prepared beforehand. The full plot is given in the bulletin from the flag-ship New York, issued on the day before the landing, which the newspapers have already frequently printed. Some of its most important orders were as follows :

NORTH ATLANTIC STATION, U. S. FLAG-SHIP NEW YORK (1st Rate),

Off Santiago de Cuba, June 21, 1898.

ORDER OF BATTLE.

1.—The Army Corps will land to-morrow morning, the entire force landing at Baiquiri. The landing will begin at daylight, or as soon thereafter as practicable. General Castillo, with a thousand men coming from the eastward of Baiquiri, will assist in clearing the way for an unopposed landing, by flanking out the Spanish forces at that point.

2.—Simultaneously with the shelling of the beach and blockhouses at Baiquiri, the Ensenada de los Altares, and Aguadores, both to the eastward of Santiago, and the small Bay of Cabañas, about two and one-half miles to the westward of Santiago, will be shelled by the ships stationed there for that purpose.

3.—A feint in force of landing at Cabañas will be made, about ten of the transports, the last to disembark their forces at Baiquiri, remaining during the day, or greater part of the day, about two miles to the southward of Cabañas, lowering boats and making apparent preparations for disembarking a large body of troops; at the same time General Rabi with 500 Cuban troops will make a demonstration on the west side of Cabañas.

4.—The following vessels are assigned to bombard the four points mentioned above :

At Cabañas, the Scorpion, Vixen, and Texas.

At Aguadores, the Eagle and Gloucester.

At Ensenada de los Altares, the Hornet, Helena, and Bancroft.

At Baiquiri, the Detroit, Castine, Wasp, and New Orleans, the Detroit and Castine on the westward flank, the Wasp and New Orleans on the eastern flank. All the vessels named will be in their position at daylight.

. . . . . .

6.—The Texas and Brooklyn will exchange blockading stations, the Texas going inside to be near Cabañas. The Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Oregon will retain their blockading positions, and will keep a vigilant watch on the harbor mouth. The Indiana will take the New Orleans's position in the blockading line east of Santiago, and between the flagship New York and the shore. This is only a temporary assignment for the Indiana, to strengthen the blockading line during the landing, and avoid any possibility of the enemy's breaking through should he attempt to get out of the port.

7.—The Suwanee, Osceola, and Wompatuck will be prepared to tow boats. Each will be provided with two five or six inch lines, one on each quarter; each long enough to take in tow a dozen or more boats.

8.—These vessels will report at the New York at 3.30 A.M. on June 22d, prepared to take in tow the ships' boats which are to assist in the landing of troops and convey them to Baiquiri.

9.—The Texas, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Iowa, Oregon, New York, and Indiana will send all their steam-cutters and all their pulling boats, with the exception of one retained on board each ship, to assist in the landing. These boats will report at the New York at 3.00 A.M.

10.—Each boat, whaleboat, and cutter will have three men; each launch five men, and each steam-cutter its full crew and an officer for their own management. In addition to these men, each boat will carry five men, including one capable of acting as coxswain to manage and direct the transports' boats. Each steam-launch will be in charge of an officer, who will report to Captain Goodrich. Care will be taken in the selection of boat-keepers and coxswains, to take no men who are gun-pointers or who occupy positions of special importance at the battery.

. . . . . .

14.—The attention of Commanding Officers of all vessels engaged in blockading Santiago de Cuba is earnestly called to the necessity of the utmost vigilance from this time forward—both as to maintaining stations and readiness for action, and as to keeping a close watch upon the harbor mouth. If the Spanish Admiral ever intends to attempt to escape, that attempt will be made soon.

WILLIAM T. SAMPSON,
Rear Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Force, North Atlantic Station.

At Baiquiri are the machine-shops and ore-dock of the Spanish-American Iron Company. The ore-dock runs parallel with the coast-line, and back of it are the machine-shop and the company's corrugated zinc-shacks and rows of native huts thatched with palm-leaves. Behind these rise the mountains, and on a steep and lofty spur is a little Spanish block-house with a flag-pole beside it. As the sun rose and showed this to the waiting fleet it is probable that every one of the thousands of impatient soldiers had the same

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thought, that the American flag must wave over that block-house before the sun sank again.

The morning broke cool and clear. There was no sign of life in the village, and, except that the machine-shop and one of a long row of ore-cars on the ore-pier were on fire and blazing briskly, we would have thought that the place was deserted. Until nine o'clock nothing happened, and then from Siboney came the first sounds of bombardment. It is probable that to ninety per cent. of the soldiers it was the first shot they had ever heard fired in anger. There was another long wait while the launches sped from ship to ship with shore-boats rocking in tow on cable behind them, and in time they were filled, but not without much mirth and a few accidents.

It was delightful to see the fine scorn of the coxswains as the "doughboys" fell and jumped and tumbled from the gangway ladder into the heaving boats, that dropped from beneath them like a descending elevator or rose suddenly and threw them on their knees. It was much more dangerous than anyone imagined, for later in the day when two men of the Twenty-fifth Regiment were upset at the pier, the weight of the heavy cartridge-belt and haversack and blanket-roll carried them to the bottom. Soon the sea was dotted with rows of white boats filled with men bound about with white blanket-rolls and with muskets at all angles, and as they rose and fell on the water and the newspaper yachts and transports crept in closer and closer, the scene was strangely suggestive of a boat-race, and one almost waited for the starting gun.

It came at last, though in a different spirit, from the New Orleans, and in an instant the Detroit, the Castine, and the little Wasp were enveloped in smoke. The valleys sent back the reports of the guns in long thundering echoes that reverberated again and again, and the mountain-side began at once to spurt up geysers of earth and branches of broken bushes, as though someone had stabbed it with a knife and the blood had spurted from the wound. But there were no answering shots, and under the cover of the smoke the long-boats and launches began to scurry toward the shore. Meanwhile, the war-ships kept up their fierce search for hidden batteries, tearing off the tin roofs of the huts, dismantling the block-houses, and sending the thatched shacks into bonfires of flame. The men in the boats pulled harder at the oars, the steam-launches rolled and pitched, tugging at the weight behind them, and the first convoy of five hundred men were soon bunched together, racing bow by bow for the shore. A launch turned suddenly and steered for a long pier under the ore-docks, and the waves lifted it to the level of the pier, and a half-dozen men leaped through the air and landed on the pier-head, waving their muskets above them. At the same moment two of the other boats were driven through the surf to the beach itself, and the men tumbled out and scrambled to their feet upon the shore of Cuba. In an instant a cheer rose faintly from the shore, and more loudly from the war-ships. It was caught up by every ship in the transport fleet, and was carried for miles over the ocean. Men waved their hats, and jumped up and down, and shrieked as though they themselves had been the first to land, and the combined cheering seemed as though it must surely reach to the walls of Santiago and tell the enemy that the end was near. But the cheers were whispers to what came later, when, outlined against the sky, we saw four tiny figures scaling the sheer face of the mountain up the narrow trail to the highest block-house—they were bunched together there for a moment at the side of the Spanish fort, and then thousands of feet above the shore the American flag was thrown out against the sky, and the sailors on the men-of-war, the Cubans, and our own soldiers in the village, the soldiers in the long-boats, and those still hanging to the sides and ratlines of the troop-ships, shouted and cheered again, and every steam-whistle on the ocean for miles about shrieked and tooted and roared in a pandemonium of delight and pride and triumph.

BAIQUIRI, June 23, 1898.

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GORMLEY'S SCOOP

By E. A. Walcott

I

"GORMLEY!"

The voice of the city editor rang sharp and decided from the inner sanctum, with an explosive suddenness which startled the flies droning in the afternoon sunlight that streamed into the local room, deserted now save for one figure bending over a well-littered desk.

The figure started up, with the drowsy air of the close, warm room pictured in every movement, and sleepily replied, "Here."

"What are you working on?" asked the city editor.

"Half a column on the danger of smallpox from over-ripe sewers."

"Well, let that go. The sewers will keep. Just step into the news-room. Mr. Peters wants you."

Gormley bundled together the scattered sheets of his "sensation," put them where he would be sure to forget them, and stepped briskly into the news-room.

The news editor was waiting for him.

"I want you to start for the Legislature on the next train. You can just catch it. There is a big sensation, exposé, or something of the kind on hand, and Thompson has wired for help. He'll tell you all about it when you get there. Have you got money enough for expenses? No? Well, here's an order on the business office. It's too late to get a pass. There'll be enough to see you through."

"I'll catch the five o'clock," said Gormley.

"D—n the Legislature," he thought to himself as he closed the door. "I wish it was Patagonia instead." Gormley had "done the Legislature" at the previous session, and knew the detail for what it was.

But, Patagonia or the Legislature, an order was enough. Gormley was a reasonably loyal member of a profession that calls for the same prompt obedience that must be given by the soldier and the commercial "drummer." He cashed the order and caught the train.

II

It lacked twenty minutes to nine and the office was again almost deserted. Upstairs the printers were busy, and the click of metal as the "afternoon copy" was being put into type suggested some curious machine. But down in the editorial-rooms there was hardly a sound to be heard but the whir of a dynamo in the basement and the passing sounds of traffic on the street.

The city editor had just come in and was looking over the detail-book, wondering if that Dobson scandal was a "scoop." The copy-reader was savagely slashing the last pages of the afternoon's "copy." The local room held but two men writing up their belated work.

Suddenly a messenger-boy thrust the door open, hurried through the local room with a scared, hunted glance behind him, and flung a packet on the city editor's desk.

The city editor glanced up and over the boy's shoulder, noted that a figure passed the door, silently and softly, and walked on to Gormley's desk. The back was toward him. But the back was indubitably the back of George Gormley, who had left the office four hours ago.

The packet was the long office envelope with the office address printed across its face. Under the address was written "rush," the mark of important news.

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"I—I found it," stammered the boy. "That's—I mean—I dunno—I mean I finds it in me hand, and a gent—or least I thought it was a gent or a something—says ter run with it here. He was a reg'lar queer un—*mighty* queer," and the boy looked over his shoulder in a half scared way.

"He must have been a queer one to set you to running in here the way you did." The city editor condescended to make the statutory joke on the messenger-boy as he tore open the envelope.

The manuscript was in Gormley's hand.

The city editor read a few lines and then drew a long whistle.

"Gormley!" he called.

There was no response.

The city editor got up and looked out into the local room.

Gormley's chair was vacant.

"Jones," he asked, sharply, "where did Mr. Gormley go?"

Jones looked up from his writing in surprise.

"Gormley hasn't been here since five o'clock, sir," he said, "I met him then. Said he was going to catch a train!"

"Well, he's back. I saw him come in here not two minutes ago."

Jones looked astonished.

"Nobody's been through here but the boy," he said.

It was beneath the city editor's dignity to dispute over a simple matter of fact with a reporter.

Gormley had come, for he had seen him. He must have gone to the news editor's room. At all events, here was something for the news editor's eye.

"Stay here a minute," he said to the boy waiting to have his tag stamped, and he bustled into the news editor's room.

"It's lucky you sent Gormley up this afternoon," he said. "Here's a big story. Train wrecked at Greendale. Thirty people killed. Cars on fire. Sickening details. Gormley's the best man in the shop for a fire or an accident."

The news editor glanced over the sheets.

"First rate, first rate," he muttered, admiringly. "But, see here," he exclaimed, suddenly. "What time is it?"

"A quarter to nine."

"Well, according to this account the wreck occurred at 8.25. How the mischief is Gormley going to write four columns and get it from Greendale in twenty minutes? It takes the best part of four hours to get there."

The city editor's face fell. The sensation was knocked into a hoax.

"Wait a minute," said the news editor, turning to the speaking-tube that led to the telegraph-room. "He might have made a bull on the hour, or the place."

The telegraph-room's answer to his questions were short and sharp. No, there was no news of a railroad wreck anywhere in the country.

The city editor was a picturesquely profane man, and he swore.

"That's the first time Gormley ever played a trick on the office," growled the city editor between oaths. "As he's hanging round the building somewhere, he might as well come and explain himself."

"What! Is he here?"

"Yes, he followed the boy who brought that stuff. I thought he came in here to square himself with you. By the way, I mustn't forget to charge him up with the messenger."

"But, great Scott! Thompson's story," said the news editor, recalling the neglected "sensation" in the Legislature. He was profane only under provocation, but the occasion seemed to justify all the remarks that he could make. And he made them.

Decidedly, Gormley owed the office an explanation.

But no Gormley was to be found. He was not in any of the rooms, and no one but the city editor had seen him.

The messenger who brought the packet was called in.

"Where did you get this envelope?" asked the news editor.

The boy looked over his shoulder nervously, as though he had an impression that someone was behind him.

"I—it was—I—found it in me hand," he said at last. "I can't tell yer how it got there. A gent says to me, 'Rush that to the office'—leastways, I thought it was a gent. And it didn't seem like he'd spoke, neither."

"Didn't you see him?"

"It was darker'n cats just where he

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gives it to me, and when I turns to ask him where to go, he wasn't there. Then I goes to the next lamp and sees it's for here, and I brings it. See? But I gits the idea that the gent's a follerin' me to see that I come straight. Yer bet I did come straight, too."

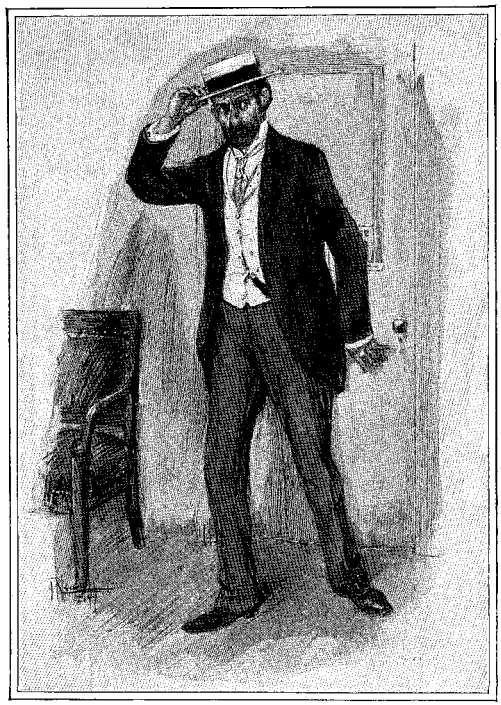
"Was it the man who followed you in?" asked the city editor.

"Naw. There didn't no one foller me in."

"But the man who wrote this came into the office just behind you."

The boy looked over his shoulder with the same nervous fear in his face.

"Naw, he didn't. Leastways, there weren't no one there. I kinder felt as though he was a-follerin', and I looks round—so," and he glanced behind him again. "And there weren't no one there."



"I wish it was Patagonia instead."—Page 187.

That was all that was to be got out of the boy. His card was stamped, and he was allowed to go.

The news editor and the city editor looked at each other a full minute without speaking.

"Well, this beats me," said the news editor. "I'll wire Greendale, and see what can be made out of it at that end of the line."

"It goes beyond anything in my time," said the city editor, as the news editor wrote the dispatch of inquiry, and handed it to the office-boy. "I saw Gormley come in that door as plainly as I see you sitting there."

"Rather elaborate hoax," said the news editor, running over the sheets and thrilling with professional appreciation of a good thing as he noted the manner of its doing. "Clever, too. Gaudy story. Complete with all the gory details, names of the killed and wounded, and everything in order. It ought to have happened, if it didn't."

"Gormley never faked on us yet," said the city editor, with the tone of one who was half inclined to throw aside the evidence and the probabilities and accept the story.

"Well!" said the news editor, drawing a surprised whistle. "What do you think of this item?"

And he held up the last sheet, and pointed to the final paragraph. It read:

"Among the killed was George Gormley, a newspaper correspondent, on his way to X——. His body was frightfully mangled, and death was instantaneous."

"I never knew a man that was killed to write copy like that," said the news editor, grimly. "And if Gormley came to the office less than fifteen minutes ago, he didn't go on the train, for that will be getting into X—— in about half an hour. If he didn't go he couldn't have been in the accident, if it took place. If he had gone and was killed, he couldn't have written anything at all. If he had gone through an accident, he could not have written this copy under three or four hours, and if he had had it already written, it couldn't possibly have got from Greendale for two hours yet, even if it had come on a special."

"Clear case of fake, then," said the city editor. "Dump it into the waste-basket."

"It's a bang-up story," said the news editor, regretfully. "I wish we could use it."

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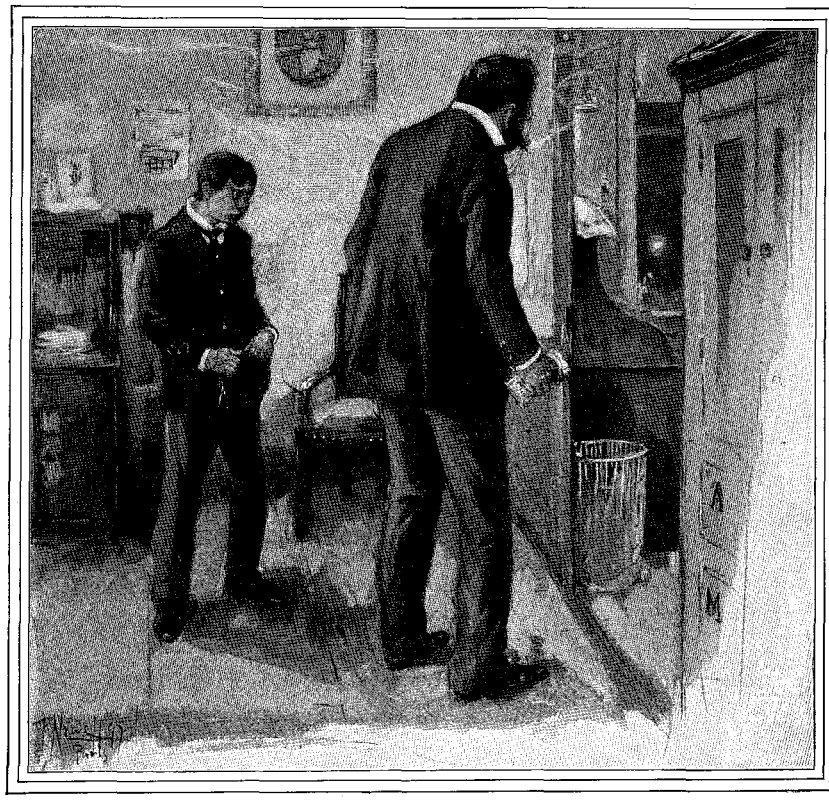

The city editor got up and looked out into the local room.—Page 188.

He held it over the waste-basket. Then he hesitated, glanced over his shoulder as though he expected to see someone behind him, and put the copy back on his desk. He looked a bit foolish as he did so. Before he could explain his motive, if he wished to do it, the telegraph editor burst into the room in much excitement.

"Here's your wreck," he said; "got a despatch from X—— just this minute. There's been a big smash-up on the road. The five o'clock express went through the bridge at Greendale about an hour ago. Wreck caught fire. Hundred people killed and injured. Wrecking train just started from X—— No particulars."

The doubt and perplexity cleared from the news editor's face. Here was something on which to act.

"Wire Thompson to let his story go over. Tell him to turn the Legislature over to Wilkins, take Curtis, get a special, strike for Greendale and get everything." Then he turned to the city editor. "Give me two men from here, and I'll send them to help or relieve Thompson. Get the local story from the railroad men. Keep everything else down to bedrock."

The city editor stopped at the door. There was a curious look on his face, as he pointed with his thumb to the Gormley packet on the desk and asked:

"Where did that come from?"

But the news editor did not seem to hear him. and he went out.

III

MIDNIGHT had come and the news editor was gloomily taking account of stock.

"It's a bad wreck," the city editor reported. "The railroad men cannot be got to talk, and that's a sure sign. No special to be had for love or money. They won't even give out the name of a passenger. We've got about fifty names of men who went on the train, pictures of Greendale, photos of about a dozen of the big passengers, and about a column of stuff.

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Railroad is getting acres of despatches, but not a word is to be squeezed out of them."

The telegraph editor had hardly a more satisfactory story.

Thompson, being refused a special engine, had caught the doctor's train and had smuggled himself to Greendale as a surgeon. The wreck was a bad one. Forty or fifty killed, and more wounded. With this much information Thompson's despatches had been cut off the wire, and not a word could be got to or from him.

"Been wiring him for an hour and can't get a line," concluded the telegraph editor.

"Just as I expected," said the news editor. "The railroad has got the wires. The operator at Greendale is the railroad agent too, and we won't get a word if they can help it. If they could shut out the newspapers their bill for damages wouldn't be very heavy.

"Pretty situation," grumbled the telegraph editor. "Biggest sensation of the year, and only one column of double-leaded padding, and a column of local to go with it. I've built up half a column of scare heads. That's a fine kind of a showing for a live paper printed within a hundred miles of the scene."

The news editor glanced at the city editor, and picked up the manuscript in Gormley's hand.

"I'm going to use it," he said, hesitatingly. "I've compared the names of the killed and wounded with the passenger list we get from this end. Names are all correct, so far as the local list goes. It's a full account, and—and—well, I'll risk it. Send it up, double-leaded." And he handed it to the telegraph editor, who ran over it hastily.

"Good—good. This is prime. Where did you get it? Is it a fake?"

"The Lord knows. Get it in and we'll tell you the story later."

"A gent says to me, 'Rush that to the office'—leastways, I thought it was a gent."—Page 188.

IV

THE news editor still sat at his desk, though it was long after his usual hour to leave. The upper floors of the building were deserted and gloomy. The last form had been sent down, and the presses were roaring in the basement grinding out the grist of newspapers, and carriers and mail-wagons were noisy below his windows.

Yet the news editor sat there staring with vacant eye, thinking, doubting.

At midnight it had seemed real, and he was ready to take the heavy responsibility. But the morning was already changing from black to gray. The electric lamps seemed to grow dim.

And in the gray light of the coming day it was all so fantastic, absurd, impossible. It was the act of a lunatic to use the story that had come so strangely.

He rose to order the press stopped, the edition called in, and a new page made up.

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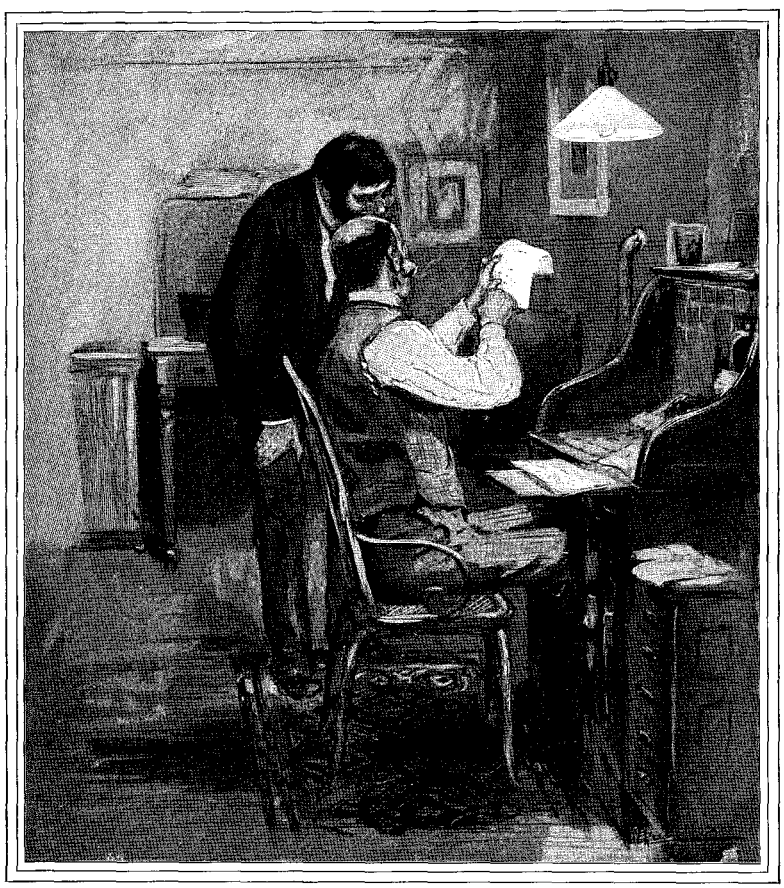
But as he turned from his chair, there came upon him an impression that George Gormley stood before him—an impression so clear and distinct that he sat down with a nervous terror upon him that unmanned him for an instant, though his eyes showed him no companion in his room.

Then he walked out of the office into the cool morning air, wondering, doubting, but shutting his mind to the impulse to try to recall his step. And he walked the streets in the growing light while the newsboys' cry rose on the air and informed the early riser that he could get all the particulars of a bloody accident for five cents.

It was a scoop. The other papers, to be sure, had the little driblets of news that had come by wire and the items that could be gathered from the local field. But here were the full details of the bloodiest wreck in the history of the State. The presses were rolling off the papers, far into the morning, hardly able to keep up with the demand from the business office. The news editor came back to the office to compare with pride, tempered by misgivings, the completeness of his description with the meagre showing made by the rival sheets.

But the misgivings turned to exultation as the hours wore on. The delayed despatches from Thompson were in the office before noon. An "extra" was projected and abandoned. Item by item the published account was confirmed. All that was to be added was the stories of the survivors and the description of scenes about the wreck as the work of search and rescue went on.

Late in the afternoon the news editor handed the city editor a despatch:



"Well!" said the news editor, drawing a surprised whistle. "What do you think of this item?"—Page 189.

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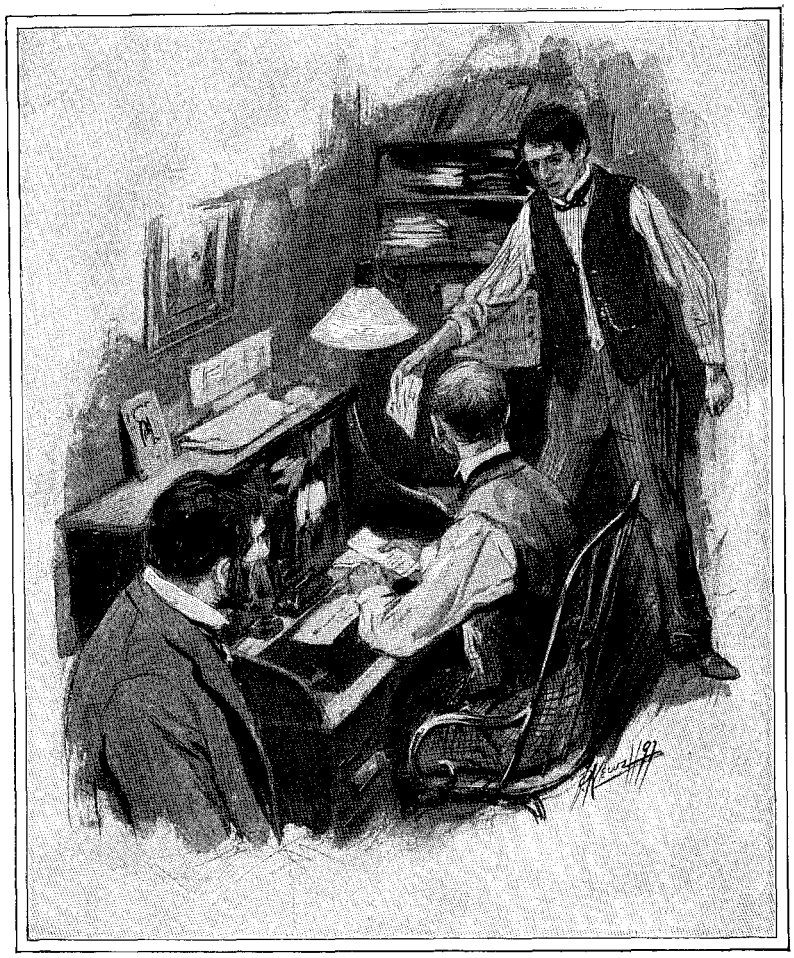

The telegraph editor burst into the room in much excitement. "Here's your wreck," he said.—Page 190.

"The twenty-third body recovered was that of George Gormley, a newspaper correspondent. The body was considerably mutilated. The left hand grasped a mass of charred brown paper, on which the writing was illegible."

"What was it?" said the city editor, looking rather uncomfortable.

The news editor had no reply to make, so he made none.

V

GORMLEY was buried at the expense of the office.

But they never speak of his "scoop." There were few who knew of it, and these have an unpleasant feeling when they think of it. It was an impossible thing, and no good can come from probing into certain mysteries in this world or another.

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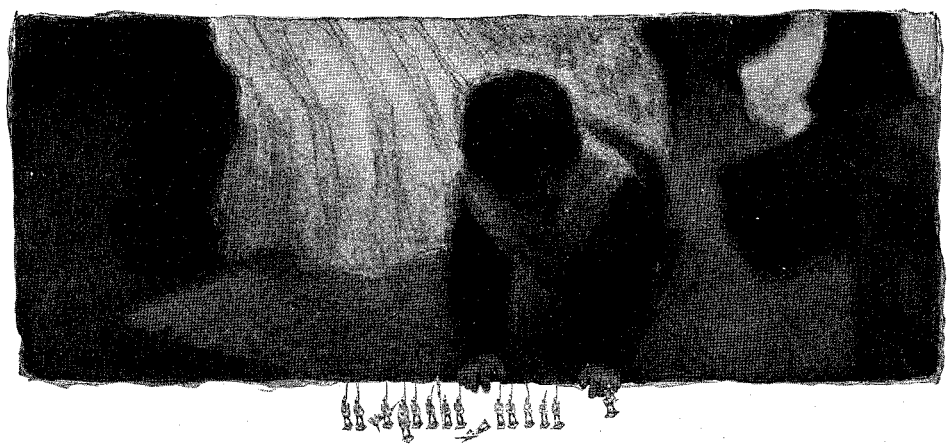

A SAGA OF THE SEAS

By Kenneth Grahame

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

IT happened one day that some ladies came to call, who were not at all the sort I was used to. They suffered from a grievance, so far as I could gather, and the burden of their plaint was Man—Men in general and Man in particular. (Though the words were but spoken, I could clearly discern the capital M in their acid utterance.)

Of course I was not present officially, so to speak. Down below, in my sub-world of chairlegs and hearthrugs and the undersides of sofas, I was working out my own floor-problems, while they babbled on far above my head, considering me as but a chairleg, or even something lower in the scale. Yet I was listening hard all the time, with that respectful consideration one gives to all grown-up people's remarks, so long as one knows no better.

It seemed a serious indictment enough, as they rolled it out. In tact, considerateness, and right appreciation, as well as in taste and æsthetic sensibilities—we failed at every point, we breeched and bearded prentice-jobs of Nature; and I began to feel like collapsing on the carpet from sheer spiritual anæmia. But when one of them, with a swing of her skirt, prostrated a whole regiment of my brave tin soldiers, and never apologized nor even offered her aid toward revivifying the battle-line, I could not help feeling that in tactfulness and consideration for others she was still a little to seek. And I said as much, with some directness of language.

That was the end of me, from a society point of view. Rudeness to visitors was the unpardonable sin, and in two seconds I had my marching orders, and was sullenly wending my way to the St. Helena of the nursery. As I climbed the stair, my thoughts reverted somehow to a game we had been playing that very morning. It was the good old game of Rafts—a game that will be played till all the oceans are dry and all the trees in the world are felled—and after. And we were all crowded together on the precarious little platform, and Selina occupied every bit as much room as I did, and Charlotte's legs didn't dangle over any more than Harold's. The pitiless sun overhead beat on us all with tropic impartiality, and the hungry sharks, whose fins scored the limitless Pacific stretching out on every side, were impelled by an appetite that made no exceptions as to sex. When we shared the ultimate biscuit and circulated the last water-keg, the girls got an absolute fourth apiece, and neither more nor less; and the only partiality shown was entirely in favor of Charlotte, who was allowed to perceive and to hail the saviour-sail on the horizon. And

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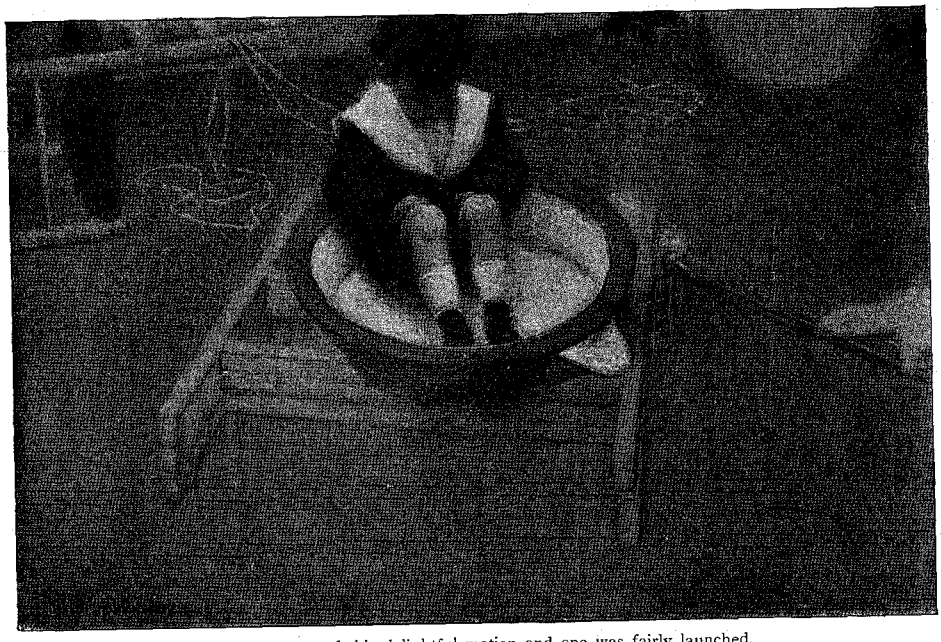
this was only because it was her turn to do so, not because she happened to be this or that. Surely, the rules of the raft were the rules of life, and in what, then, did these visitor-ladies' grievance consist?

Puzzled and a little sulky, I pushed open the door of the deserted nursery, where the raft that had rocked beneath so many hopes and fears still occupied the ocean-floor. To the dull eye, that merely tarries upon the outsides of things, it might have appeared unromantic and even unraftlike, consisting only as it did of a round sponge-bath on a bald deal towel-horse placed flat on the floor. Even to myself much of the recent raft-glamour seemed to have departed as I half-mechanically stepped inside and curled myself up in it for a solitary voyage. Once I was in, however, the old magic and mystery returned in full flood, when I discovered that the inequalities of the towel-horse caused the bath to rock, slightly, indeed, but easily and incessantly. A few minutes of this delightful motion, and one was fairly launched. So those women below didn't want us? Well, there were other women, and other places, that did. And this was going to be no scrambling raft-affair, but a full-blooded voyage of the Man, equipped and purposeful, in search of what was his rightful own.

Whither should I shape my course, and what sort of vessel should I charter for the voyage? The shipping of all England was mine to pick from, and the far corners of the globe were my rightful inheritance. A frigate, of course, seemed the natural vehicle for a boy of spirit to set out in. And yet there was something rather "uppish" in commanding a frigate at the very first set-off, and little spread was left for the ambition. Frigates, too, could always be acquired later by sheer adventure; and your real hero generally saved up a square-rigged ship for the final achievement and the rapt return. No, it was a schooner that I was aboard of—a schooner whose masts raked devilishly as the leaping seas hissed along her low black gunwale. Many hairbrained youths started out on a mere cutter; but I was prudent, and besides I had some inkling of the serious affairs that were ahead.

I have said I was already aboard; and, indeed, on this occasion I was too hungry for adventure to linger over what would have been a special delight at a period of more leisure—the dangling about the harbor, the choosing your craft, selecting your shipmates, stowing your cargo, and fitting up your private cabin with everything you might want to put your hand no in any



A few minutes of this delightful motion and one was fairly launched.

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I have rarely enjoyed better shooting. . . .—Page 197.

emergency whatever. I could not wait for that. Out beyond soundings, the big seas were racing westward and calling me, albatrosses hovered motionless, expectant of a comrade, and a thousand islands held each of them a fresh adventure, stored up, hidden away, awaiting production, expressly saved for me. We were humming, close hauled, down the Channel, spray in the eyes, and the shrouds thrilling musically, in much less time than the average man would have taken to transfer his Gladstone bag and his rugs from the train to a sheltered place on the promenade-deck of the tame daily steamer.

So long as we were in pilotage I stuck manfully to the wheel. The undertaking was mine, and with it all its responsibilities, and there was some tricky steering to be done as we sped by headland and bay, ere we breasted the great seas outside and the land fell away behind us. But as soon as the Atlantic had opened out I began to feel that it would be rather nice to take tea by myself in my own cabin, and it therefore became necessary to invent a comrade or two, to take their turn at the wheel.

This was easy enough. A friend or two of my own age, from among the boys I knew; a friend or two from characters in the books I knew; and a friend or two from No-man's-land, where every fellow's a born sailor; and the crew was complete. I addressed them on the poop, divided them into watches, gave instructions I should be summoned on the first sign of pirates, whales, or Frenchmen, and retired below to a well-earned spell of relaxation.

That was the right sort of cabin that I stepped into, shutting the door behind me with a click. Of course, fire-arms were the first thing I looked for, and there they

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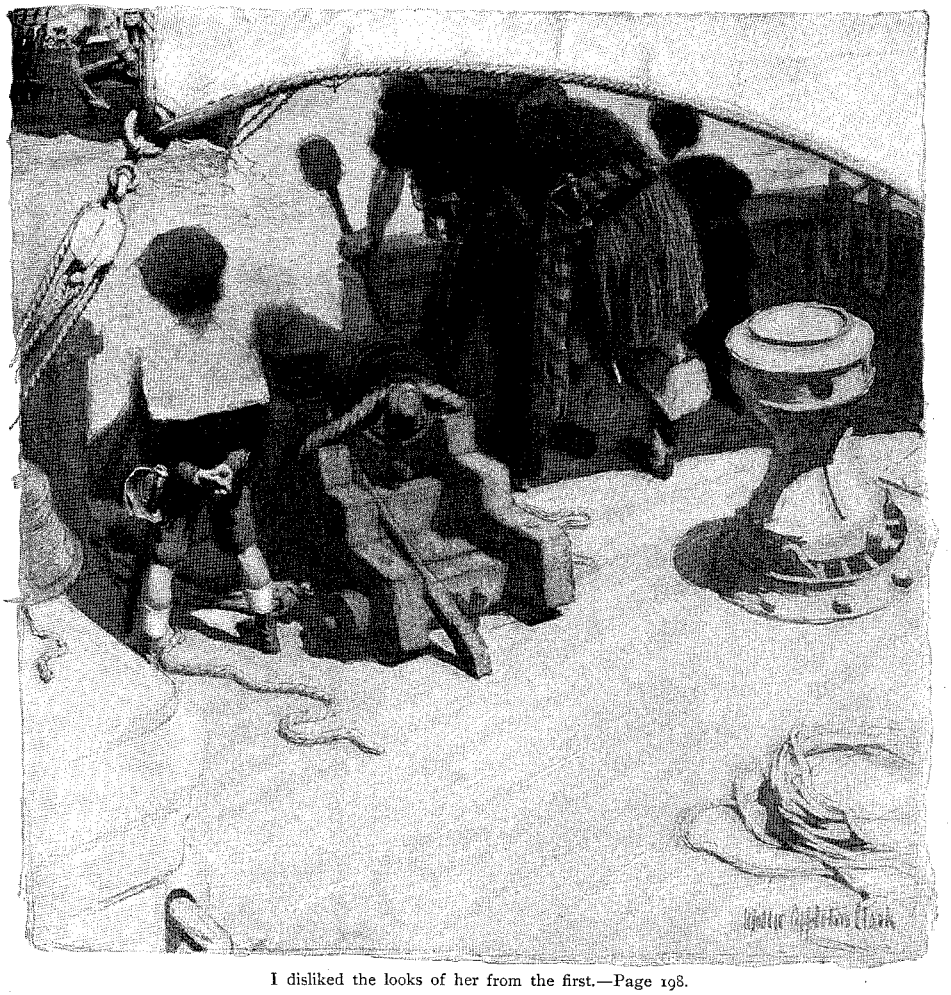
were, sure enough, in their racks, dozens of 'em—double-barrelled guns, and repeating-rifles, and long pistols, and shiny plated revolvers. I rang up the steward and ordered tea, with scones, and jam in its native pots—none of your finicking shallow glass dishes; and, when properly streaked with jam, and blown out with tea, I went through the armory, clicked the rifles and revolvers, tested the edges of the cutlasses with my thumb, and filled the cartridge-belts chock-full. Everything was there, and of the best quality, just as if I had spent a whole fortnight knocking about Plymouth and ordering things. Clearly, if this cruise came to grief, it would not be for want of equipment.

Just as I was beginning on the lockers and the drawers, the watch reported icebergs on both bows—and, what was more to the point, coveys of Polar bears on the icebergs. I grasped a rifle or two, and hastened on deck. The spectacle was indeed magnificent—it generally is, with icebergs on both bows, and these were exceptionally enormous icebergs. But I hadn't come there to paint Academy pictures, so the captain's gig was in the water and manned almost ere the boatswain's whistle had ceased sounding, and we were pulling hard for the Polar bears—myself and the rifles in the stern-sheets.

I have rarely enjoyed better shooting than I got during that afternoon's tramp over the icebergs. Perhaps I was in specially good form; perhaps the bears "rose" well. Anyhow, the bag was a portentous one. In later days, on read-



I disliked the looks of her from the first.—Page 198.

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ing of the growing scarcity of Polar bears, my conscience has pricked me; but that afternoon I experienced no compunction. Nevertheless, when the huge pile of skins had been hoisted on board, and a stiff grog had been served out to the crew of the captain's gig, I ordered the schooner's head to be set due south. For icebergs were played out, for the moment, and it was getting to be time for something more tropical.

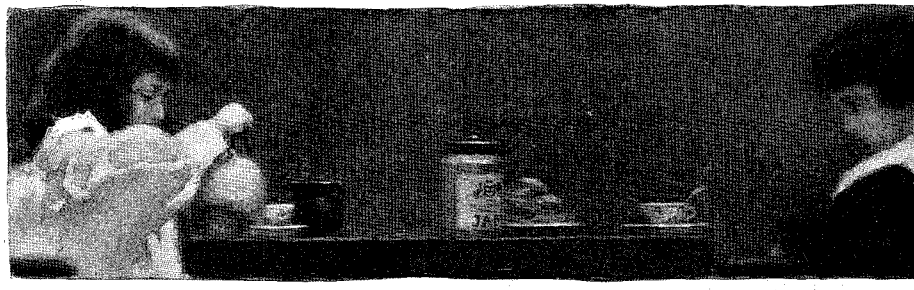
Tropical was a mild expression of what was to come, as was shortly proved. It was about three bells in the next day's forenoon watch when the look-out man first sighted the pirate brigantine. I disliked the looks of her from the first, and, after piping all hands to quarters, had the brass carronade on the fore-deck crammed with grape to the muzzle.

This proved a wise precaution. For the flagitious pirate craft, having crept up to us under the colors of the Swiss Republic, a state with which we were just then on the best possible terms, suddenly shook out the skull-and-cross-bones at her masthead, and let fly with round-shot at close quarters, knocking into pieces several of my crew, who could ill be spared. The sight of their disconnected limbs aroused my ire to its utmost height, and I let them have the contents of the brass carronade, with ghastly effect. Next moment the hulls of the two ships were grinding together, the cold steel flashed from its scabbard, and the death-grapple had begun.

In spite of the deadly work of my grape-gorged carronade, our foe still outnumbered us, I reckoned, by three to one. Honor forbade my fixing it at a lower figure—this was the minimum rate at which one dared to do business with pirates. They were stark veterans, too, every man seamed with ancient sabre-cuts, whereas my crew had many of them hardly attained the maturity which is the gift of ten long summers—and the whole thing was so sudden that I had no time to invent a reinforcement of riper years. It was not surprising, therefore, that my dauntless boarding-party, axe in hand and cutlass between teeth, fought their way to the pirates' deck only to be repulsed again and yet again, and that our planks were soon slippery with our own ungrudged and inexhaustible blood. At this critical point in the conflict, the bo'sun, grasping me by the arm, drew my attention to a magnificent British man-of-war, just hove to in the offing, while the signalman, his glass at his eye, reported that she was inquiring whether we wanted any assistance or preferred to go through with the little job ourselves.

This veiled attempt to share our laurels with us, courteously as it was worded, put me on my mettle. Wiping the blood out of my eyes, I ordered the signalman to reply instantly, with the half-dozen or so of flags that he had at his disposal, that much as we appreciated the valor of the regular service, and the delicacy of spirit that animated its commanders, still this was an orthodox case of the young gentleman-adventurer *versus* the unshaved pirate, and Her Majesty's Marine had nothing to do but to form the usual admiring and applauding background. Then, rallying round me the remnant of my faithful crew, I selected a fresh cutlass (I had worn out three already) and plunged once more into the pleasing carnage.

The result was not long doubtful. Indeed, I could not allow it to be, as I was



. . . And she was allowed to "pour out."—Page 201.

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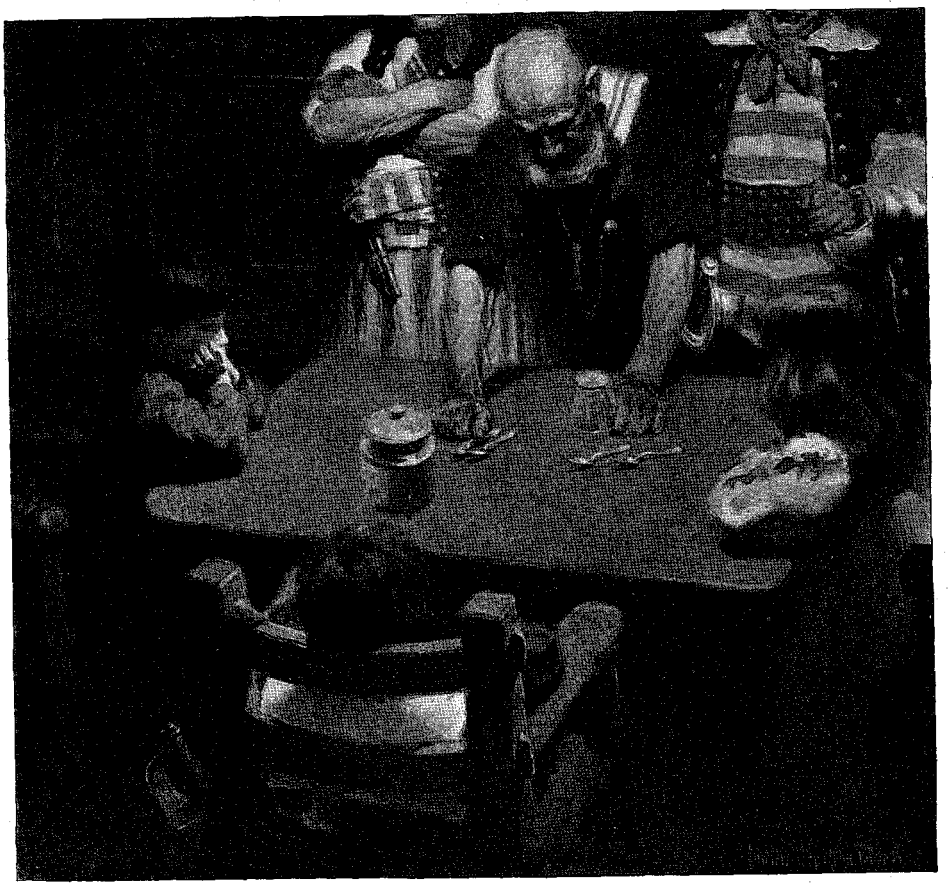

It was to be an affair of boats, he explained.—Page 201.

already getting somewhat bored with the pirate business, and was wanting to get on to something more southern and sensuous. All serious resistance came to an end as soon as I had reached the quarter-deck and cut down the pirate chief—a fine black-bearded fellow in his way, but hardly up to date in his parry-and-thrust business. Those whom our cutlasses had spared were marched out along their own plank, in the approved old fashion; and in time the scuppers relieved the decks of the blood that made traffic temporarily impossible. And all the time the British man-of-war admired and applauded in the offing.

As soon as we had got through with the necessary throat-cutting and swabbing-up, all hands set to work to discover treasure; and soon the deck shone bravely with ingots and Mexican dollars and church plate. There were ropes of pearls, too, and big stacks of *nougat;* and rubies, and gold watches, and Turkish Delight in tubs. But I left these trifles to my crew, and continued the search alone. For by this time I had determined that there should be a Princess on board, carried off to be sold in captivity to the bold bad Moors, and now with beating heart awaiting her rescue by me, the Perseus of her dreams.

I came upon her at last in the big state-cabin in the stern; and she wore a holland pinafore over her Princess-clothes, and she had brown wavy hair, hanging down her back, just like—well, never mind, she had brown wavy hair. When gentle-folk meet, courtesies pass; and I will not weary other people with relating all the compliments and counter-compliments that we exchanged, all in the most approved manner. Occasions like this, when tongues wagged smoothly and speech flowed free, were always especially pleasing to me, who am naturally inclined to be tongue-tied

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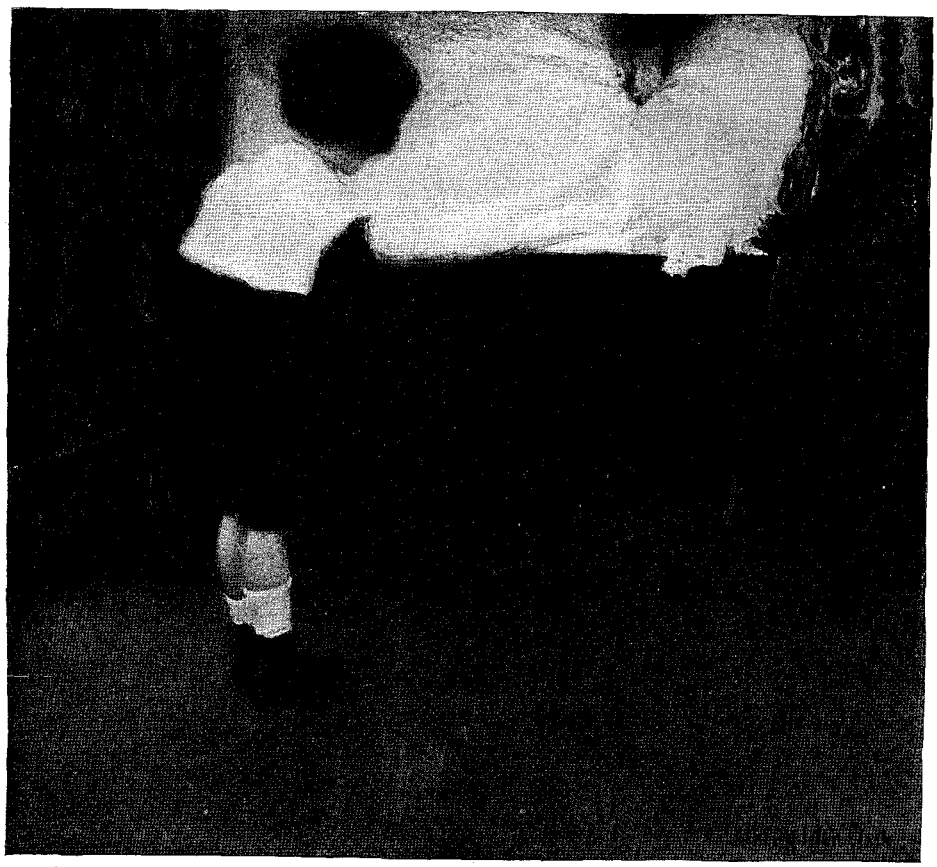
with women. But at last ceremony was over, and we sat on the table and swung our legs and agreed to be fast friends. And I showed her my latest knife—one-bladed, horn-handled, terrific, hung round my neck with string; and she showed me the chiefest treasures the ship contained, hidden away in a most private and particular locker—a musical box with a glass top that let you see the works, and a railway train with real lines and a real tunnel, and a tin ironclad that followed a magnet, and was ever so much handier in many respects than the real full-sized thing that still lay and applauded in the offing.

There was high feasting that night in my cabin. We invited the captain of the man-of-war—one could hardly do less, it seemed to me—and the Princess took one end of the table and I took the other, and the captain was very kind and nice, and told us fairy-stories, and asked us both to come and stay with him next Christmas, and promised we should have some hunting, on real ponies. When he left I gave him some ingots and things, and saw him into his boat; and then I went round the ship and addressed the crew in several set speeches, which moved them deeply, and with my own hands loaded up the carronade with grape-shot till it ran over at the mouth. This done, I retired into the cabin with the Princess, and locked the door. And first we made coffee in the cabin-stove: and then we ran the train round and round the room, and through and through the tunnel; and lastly we swam the tin ironclad in the bath, with the soap-dish for a pirate.

Next morning the air was rich with spices, porpoises rolled and gambolled round the bows, and the South Sea Islands lay full in view (they were the *real* South Sea Islands, of course—not the badly furnished journeymen-islands that are to be perceived on the map). As for the pirate



Naturally he was surprised and considerably alarmed, till I discharged one of my set speeches at him.—Page 202.

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brigantine and the man-of-war, I don't really know what became of them. They had played their part very well, for the time, but I wasn't going to bother to account for them, so I just let them evaporate quietly. The islands provided plenty of fresh occupation. For here were little bays of silvery sand, dotted with land-crabs; groves of palm-trees wherein monkeys frisked and pelted each other with cocoanuts; and caves, and sites for stockades, and hidden treasures significantly indicated by skulls, in riotous plenty; while birds and beasts of every color and all latitudes made pleasing noises which excited the sporting instinct.

The islands lay conveniently close together, which necessitated careful steering as we threaded the devious and intricate channels that separated them. Of course no one else could be trusted at the wheel, so it is not surprising that for some time I quite forgot that there was such a thing as a Princess on board. This is too much the masculine way, whenever there's any real business doing. However, I remembered her as soon as the anchor was dropped, and I went below and consoled her, and we had breakfast together, and she was allowed to "pour out," which quite made up for everything. When breakfast was over we ordered out the captain's gig, and rowed all about the islands, and paddled, and explored, and hunted bisons and beetles and butterflies, and found everything we wanted. And I gave her pink shells and tortoises and great milky pearls and little green lizards; and she gave me guinea-pigs, and coral to make into waistcoat-buttons, and tame sea-otters, and a real pirate's powder-horn. It was a prolific day and a long-lasting one, and weary were we with all our hunting and our getting and our gathering, when at last we clambered into the captain's gig and rowed back to a late tea.

The following day my conscience rose up and accused me. This was not what I had come out to do. These triflings with pearls and parrakeets, these *al fresco* luncheons off yams and bananas—there was no "making of history" about them. I resolved that without further dallying I would turn to and capture the French frigate, according to the original programme. So we upped anchor with the morning tide, and set all sail for San Salvador.

Of course I had no idea where San Salvador really was. I haven't now, for that matter. But it seemed a right-sounding sort of name for a place that was to have a bay that was to hold a French frigate that was to be cut out; so, as I said, we sailed for San Salvador, and made the bay about eight bells that evening, and saw the topmasts of the frigate over the headland that sheltered her. And forthwith there was summoned a Council of War.

It is a very serious matter, a Council of War. We had not held one hitherto, pirates and truck of that sort not calling for such solemn treatment. But in an affair that might almost be called international, it seemed well to proceed gravely and by regular steps. So we met in my cabin—the Princess, and the bo'sun, and a boy from the real-life lot, and a man from among the book-men, and a fellow from No-man's-land, and myself in the chair.

The bo'sun had taken part in so many cuttings-out during his past career that practically he did all the talking, and was the Council of War himself. It was to be an affair of boats, he explained. A boat's-crew would be told off to cut the cables, and two boats'-crews to climb stealthily on board and overpower the sleeping Frenchmen, and two more boats'-crews to haul the doomed vessel out of the bay. This made rather a demand on my limited resources as to crews; but I was prepared to stretch a point in a case like this, and I speedily brought my numbers up to the requisite efficiency.

The night was both moonless and starless—I had arranged all that—when the boats pushed off from the side of our vessel, and made their way toward the ship that, unfortunately for itself, had been singled out by Fate to carry me home in triumph. I was in excellent spirits, and, indeed, as I stepped over the side, a lawless idea crossed my mind, of discovering another Princess on board the frigate—a French one this time; I had heard that that sort was rather nice. But I abandoned the notion at once, recollecting that the heroes of all history had always been noted for their unswerving constancy.

The French captain was snug in bed when I clambered in through his cabin win-

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dow and held a naked cutlass to his throat. Naturally he was surprised and considerably alarmed, till I discharged one of my set speeches at him, pointing out that my men already had his crew under hatchways, that his vessel was even then being towed out of harbor, and that, on his accepting the situation with a good grace, his person and private property would be treated with all the respect due to the representative of a great nation for which I entertained feelings of the profoundest admiration and regard and all that sort of thing. It was a beautiful speech. The Frenchman at once presented me with his parole, in the usual way, and, in a reply of some power and pathos, only begged that I would retire a moment while he put on his trousers. This I gracefully consented to do, and the incident ended.

Two of my boats were sunk by the fire from the forts on the shore, and several brave fellows were severely wounded in the hand-to-hand struggle with the French crew for the possession of the frigate. But the bo'sun's admirable strategy, and my own hairbrained gallantry in securing the French captain at the outset, had the fortunate result of keeping down the death-rate. It was all for the sake of the Princess that I had arranged so comparatively tame a victory. For myself, I rather liked a fair amount of blood-letting, red-hot shot, and flying splinters. But when you have girls about the place, they have got to be considered to a certain extent.

There was another supper-party that night, in my cabin, as soon as we had got well out to sea; and the French captain, who was the guest of the evening, was in the greatest possible form. We became sworn friends, and exchanged invitations to come and stay at each other's homes, and really it was quite difficult to induce him to take his leave. But at last he and his crew were bundled into their boats; and after I had pressed some pirate bullion upon them—delicately, of course, but in a pleasant manner that admitted of no denial—the gallant fellows quite broke down, and we parted, our bosoms heaving with a full sense of each other's magnanimity and good-fellowship.

The next day, which was nearly all taken up with shifting our quarters into the new frigate, so honorably and easily acquired, was a very pleasant one, as everyone who has gone up in the world and moved into a larger house will readily understand. At last I had grim, black guns all along each side, instead of a rotten brass carronade; at last I had a square-rigged ship, with real yards, and a proper quarter-deck. In fact, now that I had soared as high as could be hoped in a single voyage, it seemed about time to go home and cut a dash and show off a bit. The worst of this ocean-theatre was, it held no proper audience. It was hard, of course, to relinquish all the adventures that still lay untouched in these Southern seas. Whaling, for instance, had not yet been entered upon; the joys of exploration, and strange inland cities innocent of the white man, still awaited me; and the book of wrecks and rescues was not yet even opened. But I had achieved a frigate and a Princess, and that was not so bad for a beginning, and more than enough to show off with before those dull unadventurous folk that continued on their mill-horse round at home.

The voyage home was a record one, so far as mere speed was concerned, and all adventures were scornfully left behind, as we rattled along, for other adventurers who had still their laurels to win. Hardly later than the noon of next day we dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound, and heard the intoxicating clamor of bells, the roar of artillery, and the hoarse cheers of an excited populace surging down to the quays, that told us we were being appreciated at something like our true merits. The Lord Mayor was waiting there to receive us, and with him several Admirals of the Fleet, as we walked down the lane of pushing, enthusiastic Devonians, the Princess and I, and our war-worn, weather-beaten, spoil-laden crew. Everybody was very nice about the French frigate, and the pirate booty, and the scars still fresh on our young limbs; yet I think what I liked best of all was, that they all pronounced the Princess to be a duck, and a peerless, brown-haired darling, and a true mate for a hero, and of the right Princess-breed.

The air was thick with invitations and with the smell of civic banquets in a forward stage; but I sternly waved all festivities aside. The coaches-and-four I had ordered immediately on arriving were blocking the whole of the High Street;

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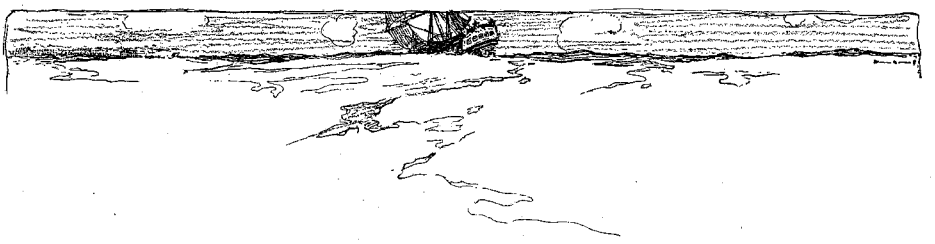
the champing of bits and the pawing of gravel summoned us to take our seats and be off, to where the real performance awaited us, compared with which all this was but an interlude. I placed the Princess in the most highly gilded coach of the lot, and mounted to my place at her side; and the rest of the crew scrambled on board of the others as best they might. The whips cracked and the crowd scattered and cheered as we broke into a gallop for home. The noisy bells burst into a farewell peal——

Yes, that was undoubtedly the usual bell for school-room tea. And high time too, I thought, as I tumbled out of the bath, which was beginning to feel very hard to the projecting portions of my frame-work. As I trotted downstairs, hungrier even than usual, I heard the opening of the front-door and the departing voices of our angular elderly visitors as they made their way down the walk. Man was still catching it, apparently—Man was getting it hot. And much Man cared! The seas were his, and their islands; he had his frigates for the taking, his pirates and their hoards for an unregarded cutlass-stroke or two; and there were Princesses in plenty waiting for him somewhere—Princesses of the right sort.



SENESCIMUS

By Arthur Colton

Tempora labuntur tacitisque senescimus annis.

"Time glides away and we grow old
By process of the silent years,"
More fain the busy hands to fold,
More quiet when a tale is told
Where death appears.

It is not that the feet would shrink
From that dark river, lapping, cold,
And hid with mists from brink to brink.
Only one likes to sit and think,
As one grows old.

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JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION

By Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.

SECOND PAPER

ON the 14th of August Jones's squadron sailed a second time from Groix Roads, for the cruise since so celebrated. Besides the five vessels under the American flag—the Bonhomme Richard, Alliance, Pallas, Vengeance, and Cerf—it was joined now by two French privateers. On the 23d, having taken two prizes on the way, it sighted Cape Clear and the southwest coast of Ireland. That afternoon, the Bonhomme Richard being close inshore and becalmed, with the flood tide setting her into a dangerous bay, the barge was sent ahead to tow her out; the ordinary boats being then in chase of a strange sail. Taking advantage of these conditions, the men in the barge cut the tow-rope and pulled to the shore. They were at once followed by another boat with an officer—the master—and four marines; but the chase leading far, and a fog setting in, both pursuers and pursued were lost to the ship, and landed in Ireland. Jones was thus deprived of two officers and twenty-four men; probably, from the circumstances, among the most enterprising and capable. The incident led to a stormy interview between Jones and Landais, in which the latter took occasion, not only to blame his superior, but to assert his own right to independence of action, as "the only American in the squadron." It seems a pity that Jones did not at once put him under arrest, and send his capable first lieutenant, Dale, to command the Alliance; but he was hampered by the "Concordat," short also of officers of mature years, and had besides just lost the master. Poor as she was, the Bonhomme Richard was the efficient backbone of the squadron, under his own sure control, and therefore not to be weakened; but the whole affair, from first to last, serves to illustrate the radical nature of the difficulties Jones had to contend against, and thereby to exhibit his personal ascendancy of character, which wrung success out of conditions that would not have been experienced by the commander of a more regular force.

On this occasion Landais showed also the petulant timidity of temperament, which probably was the real cause of his miserable conduct in the time of action. If they "continued in that station three days longer," he complained, "the squadron would be taken." This was not his responsibility, but that of Jones; and the latter intended to remain there for a week or ten days, because favorably placed for intercepting the enemy's trade. Nevertheless, two days later, on the evening of the 26th of August, a southwest gale coming on, he quitted the place and proceeded northward. In this, "I declare," he said in his official report, "that I did not follow my own judgment, but was led by the assertion of Captain Landais." "To his fears and remonstrances on the coast of Ireland," he wrote again, two months afterward, "is owing the escape of eight East India ships that arrived at Limerick three days after I had gratified him by leaving sight of the entrance of that harbor." In measure, however, Jones here condemns himself; and an admission of his a few weeks later, in reference to a particular project, not specified, reveals a strain of weakness in his motives. "Nothing prevented me from pursuing my designs but *the reproach that would have been cast upon my character* as a man of prudence, had the enterprise miscarried. It would have been said, 'Was he not forewarned by Captain Cottineau and others?'" The subordination of public enterprise to considerations of personal consequences, even to reputation, is a declension from the noblest standard in a public man. Not life only, but personal credit, is to be freely risked for the attainment of public ends.

At or about the time of the gale of the 26th, the two privateers and the Cerf

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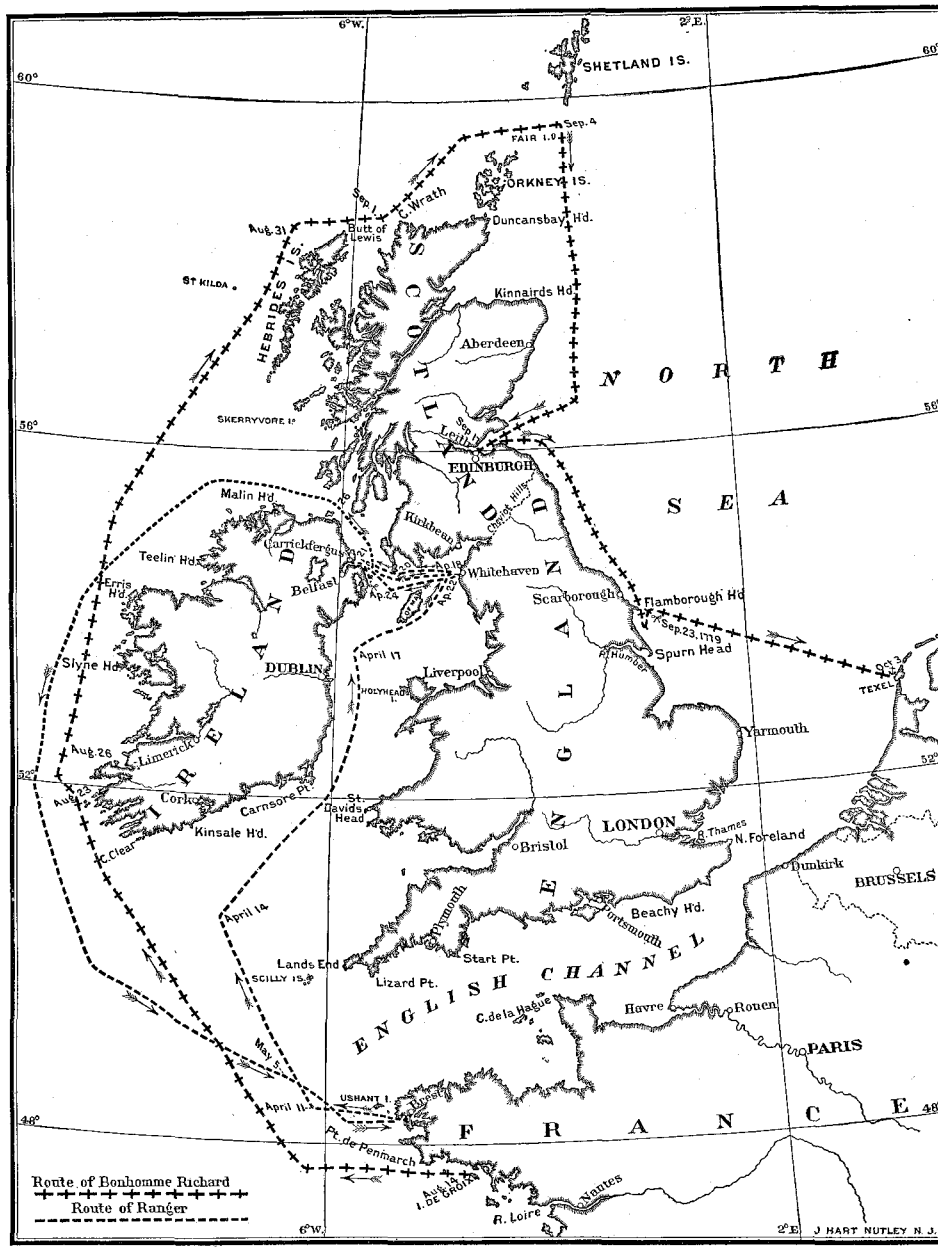

Courses of the Ranger and Bonhomme Richard on their Cruises about the British Isles.

parted company and never rejoined. The diminished squadron proceeded north on its appointed course, and for the appointed rendezvous. On the 4th of September it passed Fair Isle, between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, and entered the North Sea. Nothing of particular interest occurred, beyond the capture of prizes and renewed instances of insubordination by Landais, who, after disappearing once or twice, parted company on the night of September 6th, and did not rejoin until the morning of the 23d. On the 13th the Cheviot Hills, between Scotland and England, were sighted. Being now off the Firth of Forth, Jones projected entering it, to seize the

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shipping at Leith and lay the town under contribution. The wind being favorable, he would, if alone, have proceeded at once to do so; but having the Pallas and Vengeance in sight, he felt compelled to concentrate his force for the enterprise. Time was lost in recalling them, and more in council, "in pointed remarks and sage deliberation." "I do not think," Jones wrote to Lafayette, "that the desire of glory was the uppermost sentiment in the breast of any captain under my command, at the time we left L'Orient." Next day, the 15th, the wind came contrary. The three vessels nevertheless continued to beat in until the morning of the 17th, when, being nearly within cannon-shot of the town, the wind increased to a gale, and forced them out. The attempt was then abandoned, and the squadron steered south.

Jones was now in a situation that intercepted the colliers between London and North Britain, upon which the capital depended for its coal supplies. Several of these were destroyed; and he was also favorably placed for menacing the Baltic trade. At the same time the position was one of great danger, for the alarm had been given, and it was not to be doubted that the Admiralty would speedily concentrate in that quarter a greatly superior force. It was now Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, who urged an instant departure, and Jones heard afterward that he had announced his intention of leaving the coast, if the Richard, which had dropped out of sight while repairing a topmast, did not join next day. It was Jones's good fortune that the opportunity of his life was already hastening across the North Sea, and now close at hand; it was his merit that he seized it, and immortalized his name.

On the 21st of September the three vessels were off Flamborough Head, a bold promontory and natural landmark, jutting far into the sea from the eastern coast of England, which here trends north-northwest and south-southeast. As such a projecting point necessarily forces coasters off their direct course, they always tend to pass close to it, and it is therefore a specially good position for a commerce-destroyer. Immediately south of the Head is Bridlington Bay, and thirty miles farther on Spurn Head, at the mouth of the Humber. Twenty miles to the northward of Flamborough Head lies the town of Scarborough, also on the coast. An extract here from Jones's report of his proceedings will convey an idea of the injury threatened to British trade. Having "taken and sunk a brigantine collier belonging to Scarborough, a fleet appeared to the southward; it was so late that day that I could not come up with the fleet before night; at length, however, I got so near one of them as to force her to run ashore, between Flamborough Head and the Spurn. Soon after I took another, a brigantine from Holland, belonging to Sunderland; and at daylight next morning (September 22d), seeing a fleet steering toward me from the Spurn, I imagined them to be a convoy, bound from London for Leith, which had been for some time expected. They had not, however, courage to come on, but kept back, except one which seemed to be armed, and that one also kept to windward [the wind was southwest] very near the land, and on the edge of dangerous shoals which I could not with safety approach." This fleet put back, notwithstanding that Jones hoisted a British private signal, obtained from a pilot who had taken the Richard for a British ship. He then steered north to rejoin the Pallas, which had been cruising in that quarter, and at 3 A.M. of the 23d found her, in company with the long missing Alliance.

At dawn the business of overhauling passing vessels was resumed, but the day was to close upon a more stirring scene. Having just chased a brigantine to windward [southwest], a large ship was seen, about noon, rounding Flamborough Head from the north. Jones then sent a boat in pursuit of the brigantine, and turned the Richard's bows toward the new-comer. While standing this way a fleet of forty-one sail appeared off the Head, bearing north-northeast from the Richard, which therefore evidently was close in shore. The single ship had now anchored in Bridlington Bay; but Jones forsook this smaller prey for the larger, and, making signal for a general chase, stood toward the fleet.

The latter was a body of merchantmen from the Baltic, under convoy of the Serapis, 44-gun ship, Captain Richard Pearson, and of the Countess of Scarborough, a vessel of twenty guns. At four o'clock that morning, being then close in with

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Scarborough, Pearson had been informed by a boat from shore that a hostile squadron was on the coast. He immediately signalled the convoy to bear down under his lee—that is, to get north of him, the wind being south-southwest—and allow him to be between them and the enemy; but they, "behaving," to use Nelson's words about a Baltic convoy two years later, "shamefully ill, as all convoys that ever I saw did," replied by making all sail and standing on southeast, to double the Head. At noon, however, they got sight of the American vessels. "They then tacked," wrote Pearson, "and made the best of their way under the shore for Scarborough, etc., letting fly their topgallant-sheets, and firing guns," in token of danger. The Serapis continued southeast until 4 P.M., when she had Jones's ships in plain sight from the deck. Being now far enough to windward to be sure of covering his charge, Pearson hove-to (stopped) to allow the Scarborough to come up from the northward, while Jones continued to approach from the south. At 5.30 P.M. the Scarborough had joined, and at six o'clock the Serapis went about and steered west, on the wind on the port tack, "in order to keep our ground better between the enemy's ships and the convoy." She was on this course when the action opened, the Scarborough following at a little distance in her wake. As the United States ships kept their bows "end-on" toward him, Pearson was unable to count their guns, or to estimate their force accurately.

The detailed description of the Bonhomme Richard has been deferred to this point, in order to present her in close connection with her adversary and her battle. As before said, she was an old Indiaman, with exceedingly high poop. Her principal battery was composed of twenty-eight 12-pounders on a single deck, fourteen on each side. On the deck above these were eight 9-pounders. This was her proper force, and actually that with which she fought; but to increase it, as far as he could, Jones had cut three ports aft, on each side, near the water-line, on the deck below the principal battery. In these ports were mounted six 18-pounders. The ship had therefore in all 42 guns, 21 on a side, which discharged a total weight of 258 pounds.

The Serapis was classed as a 44-gun ship on two decks; that is, on two *covered* decks. On the lower gun-deck she had twenty 18-pounders; on the deck above it, the upper gun-deck, twenty 9-pounders; and on the uncovered deck above that, ten 6-pounders. Total, 50 guns, 25 on a side, throwing together 300 pounds. The mere total weight of a single broadside is not the only factor to be considered; the penetration power of 18-pounder guns being singly much greater than that of 12-pounders.

Jones had ordered his vessels to form line, for mutual support; but Landais, whose post was astern of the Richard, stood on disregardfully with his greater speed, until he could make out the force of the stranger. Then he hauled up, out of gunshot to windward, and so remained until after the battle began. He had already hailed Captain Cottineau of the Pallas, saying that if the enemy had a ship of more than fifty guns there was nothing to do but to run away; the particular demerit of which remark is not so much in the opinion itself, as in the fretful, unofficerlike insubordination, which alone could have induced a junior to utter such an opinion in the hearing of two ships' companies.* The question of running was not for his decision, but for Jones.

Although steering nearly before the wind, the Richard was so slow that she did not come within range until 7 P.M., when, it being already after dark, she rounded-to—*i.e.*, turned her side to the wind, parallel to her opponent—on the port bow † of the Serapis, within pistol-shot (see Plan on page 208, 1). Pearson's delay to fire during the critical last moments of approach may probably have been due to a lingering doubt as to the stranger's character. He now hailed: "What ship is that?" The answer was understood by him to be: "The Princess Royal;" but a shot soon following, the antagonists exchanged broadsides, and the battle began. Two of the three 18-pounders on that side of the Richard burst at the first volley, killing and wounding most of their people, and blowing up the deck

[* Contrast Marryat's fine expression, speaking of a moment of peril: "I saw by his countenance that the first lieutenant did not agree with the captain; but he was too good an officer to say so at such an instant."]

† The bow is the forward end of a ship, which strictly has of course but one bow; but at sea it is customary to speak of an object which in a general way is ahead, but somewhat to one side, as being on the starboard or port bow. For a similar position astern the phrase is, on the starboard, or port, quarter.

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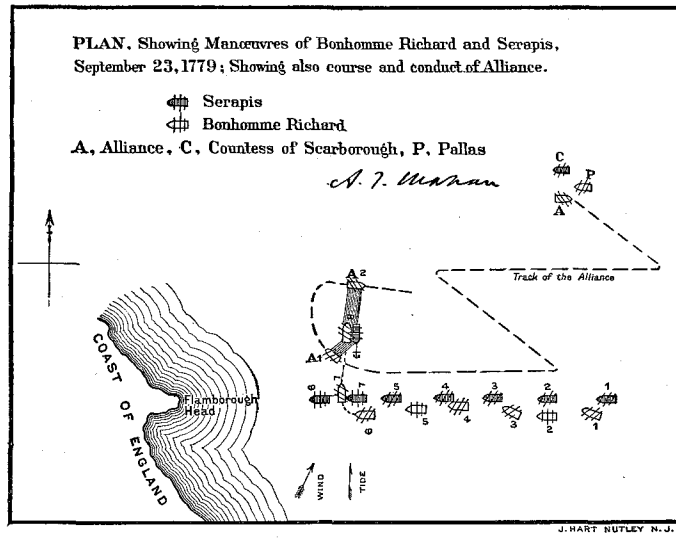
above. Only eight 18-pound shot were fired by her during the engagement. After each ship had discharged two or three times the guns of the batteries engaged—the port, or left hand one of the Serapis, and the starboard of the Richard—Jones threw his sails aback, that the Richard might drop slowly astern. (2) As the Serapis was advancing, this caused the American ship to pass along the side of her opponent, at a distance of eighty to a hundred feet, both firing continuously. Jones's object was to get a little in the rear of the Serapis, so that, by filling his sails again, he could come up on her, and by using the helm run alongside, rush his men on her decks, and carry her by a charge. Being of inferior battery force, but with an unusual number of soldiers, close fighting, hand to hand if possible, was imperative. The same attempt could have been made from his first position, by crossing the bows of the Serapis, but was less certain. Accordingly, when he found himself a little astern, he again went ahead, (3) and ran on board "upon the Serapis's weather-quarter"—to use Pearson's words; or, as the American lieutenant, Dale, says, ran her bows into the stern of the Serapis. (4) The attempt to board from such a position was too disadvantageous, and was easily checked by the British. To board successfully, numbers being still nearly equal, the attacking ship should either be alongside, able thereby to throw her men in force on one part of the long line the enemy has to defend; or else, lying across her opponent's bows, where the raking fire of her guns, and the other's powerlessness to reply, support her boarders. After a ship has been well whipped, she can be boarded with less caution.

Jones ascribed this failure, and others to which he alludes, to the unmanageable-



ness of the Richard, cumbersome at best, and now with rigging shot away. Her sails being again backed, she dropped clear, (5) filled once more, and stood ahead, still for the port side of the enemy. Pearson on his part, fearing to be raked from astern, now threw his sails aback, to come once more abreast of the Richard. Thus, one moving slowly forward and the other backward, (6) the American ship drew again ahead. As she did so, her helm was put over, and the Richard crossed the bow of the Serapis, from left to right (6, 7). Jones's intention, to use his own words, was "to lay the Bonhomme Richard athwart the enemy's bow;" that is, to place her in such wise that, when the collision occurred, the bow of the Serapis would be at the middle of the Richard's length, the two perpendicular to each other. In this case the American guns would fire from end to end of the British ship, which could not then reply. Here again he was partially foiled, because the Richard, owing to her braces being shot away, did not work promptly; and partly, perhaps, because he did not

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clearly perceive that the Serapis was going astern. Instead, therefore, of touching at mid-length near the mainmast, the Richard, as she fell on board the Serapis, caught the jib-boom of the latter in her own mizzen-rigging. (7) Then the wind, pressing on the sails of the Serapis as she was held fast forward, turned her stern round to the right, and the vessels swung alongside, the bow of the Serapis abreast the stern of the Richard, the starboard sides of the two touching nearly throughout their length.

As Jones wished such close action, he at once busied himself lashing the ships together. Pearson, on the contrary, having much the heavier guns, wanted to get away, to regain that great advantage. He therefore let go an anchor from the port side—opposite from the Richard—trusting that, the Serapis being thereby held fast, the American vessel would be wrenched away before realizing the situation. Here, however, he was the one deceived. The two vessels, riding to the one anchor, swung together to the tide, an indication of the slackness of the wind. (8) As the tidal current was then setting to the northward, toward Scarborough, the bow of the Serapis and the stern of the Richard pointed to the southward; a condition necessary to be noted, to comprehend the subsequent movements of the Alliance.*

It was now eight o'clock. Henceforward—to use Nelson's words about his own most desperate action—"there was no manœuvring, there was only downright fighting;" and great as was Jones's unquestionable merit as a handler of ships, it was downright fighting endurance, of the most extreme and individual character, that won this battle. When thus in contact, the superiority of the British eighteens over the American twelves, though less than at a distance, was still great; but a far heavier disparity lay in the fabrics of the two enemies. The Richard was a very old ship, rotten, never meant for naval use; the Serapis was new, on her first commission. The fight hitherto having engaged the port guns of the latter, the starboard lower gun-ports were still closed, and from the ships' touching could not be opened. They were therefore blown off, and the fight went on. "A novelty in naval combats was now presented to many witnesses, but to few admirers," quaintly wrote Lieutenant Dale, who was in the midst of the scene below decks. "The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load;" that is, the staves of the rammers of one ship entered the ports of the other as the guns were being loaded. "We became so close fore and aft," reported Pearson, "that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides;" and even so, by the testimony of the lieutenant on the lower gun-deck of the Serapis, her guns could not be fully run out, owing to the nearness of the vessels.

The gradual process of demolition on board the Richard has not been traced, but the total result has been recorded. "With respect to the situation of the Bonhomme Richard," says Jones's report, "the rudder was cut entirely off the stern frame, and the transoms were almost entirely cut away. The timbers by the lower deck especially, from the mainmast to the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description." "On my going on board the Bonhomme Richard," wrote Pearson, "I found her to be in the greatest distress; her counters and quarters entirely drove in, and the whole of her lower-deck guns dismounted; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold." In short, the two sides of the Richard, from the mainmast aft, were practically gone. She had also several shot-holes below water, and Jones states that toward the end of

* The account given of the manœuvres of the combat, before the ships were lashed together, agrees in the main with that of Captain Mackenzie, rejecting Cooper's version where the two vary. A discussion at length of the points in dispute is out of place here; but as the writer, in believing that the Serapis never was on the port side of the Richard, differs both from Mackenzie and Cooper, his reasons will be stated. First, Article 19, of the charges against Landais, says, "As the most dangerous shots which the Bonhomme Richard received under water were under the larboard (port) bow and quarter, they must have come from the Alliance; *for the Serapis was on the other side.*" As Landais's honor, if not his life, was at stake in these charges, it is not to be supposed that six officers (besides two French Marine officers), four of whom were specially well situated for seeing, would have made this statement, if the Serapis had at any time been in position to fire those shots. Again, the fact that the Serapis had to blow off her lower ports, when her starboard battery came into action, is corroborative, though not alone conclusive, that she had not been on the Richard's port side, to use her own starboard guns, while both were heading in the same general direction. It is to be added that Nathaniel Fanning, midshipman of the main-top, stated afterward that the Serapis raked the Richard several times. Jones implies the same in his report, which unfortunately lacks fulness. Pearson, on the contrary, who is extremely explicit, makes no such claim, though it would have been to his credit. If this actually happened, it would not necessarily follow that the Serapis got on the Richard's port side. Fanning's narrative labors under the disadvantage of being published twenty-seven years after the event (in 1806); whereas he signed Article 19 only a month after it.

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the battle the shot of the Serapis ranged over her lower decks, and passed to the sea beyond, meeting no side to resist them.

The decisive factor in this really tremendous exhibition of human energy and fury, was that the Richard, hopelessly overpowered in the battery, had superior force above decks and aloft—in the tops. This reproduced essentially the conditions of the famous duel between the Victory and the Redoutable, in which Nelson fell. Jones states expressly that "the battery of 12-pounders, on which I placed my main dependence, was entirely silenced; not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action." It seems difficult to reconcile this with the tenor of Dale's account, but the latter is not absolutely explicit on the point. It is clear, however, that the Serapis's gunners must in great measure have kept those of the Richard under, and the fact accounts for their unremitting fire. Her lower guns, by the evidence of their officer, fired two shot at each discharge. "I had only two pieces, 9-pounders," continues Jones, "on the quarter-deck, that were not silenced." The officer in charge of them being desperately wounded, Jones had to take his place. One deck officer had been lost off Ireland; and the one sent away that morning had, to his discredit, failed to return. One lieutenant, one sailing-master, and a lot of raw midshipmen, constituted Jones's sea-officers on this occasion, which again illustrates his personal force. One more 9-pounder was with difficulty brought over from the other side of the deck, and these three guns maintained the fight; mightily seconded, however, by the musketry from the tops. One of the three was aimed continuously, with double-headed shot, against the mainmast of the Serapis, which broke short off at the deck, and fell, just as that ship struck. The other two were directed to clearing the enemy's deck, in which was the one remaining chance of victory. "The enemy were unable to stand the deck," reported Jones, "but the fire of their cannon was incessant;" and the British on the gun-decks probably did not realize at all any possibility of defeat from their silent opponent.

Under these conditions the fight went on. The Richard was already leaking heavily when the ships came together, and one of the pumps also had been shot away. The carpenter, finding the water gaining, expressed the fear, somewhere between nine and ten o'clock, that the ship would sink; and one of the under-officers, a gunner, becoming frightened, ran to the flagstaff to haul down the colors. Fortunately, the staff had already been shot away, so that he was reduced to shouting for quarter. This cry Pearson heard, and called to know whether his opponent had struck. Receiving no answer, for Jones had hurled his boarding-pistols at the clamorer's head, breaking his skull and silencing his yells, he ordered his men to board; but as they attempted to do so, they found a superior force gathered to oppose them, and retired. By this time, indeed, Jones had established his predominance above decks; the British seamen having been so driven out of their own tops that the Americans went back and forth to them by means of the entangled yards and rigging. Here, however, a new trouble arose. In the midst of the confusion, the panic of the gunner and the carpenter reached the master-at-arms, in charge of the British prisoners on board, between two hundred and three hundred in number. The Richard was on fire also in various places, "a scene dreadful beyond the reach of language," says Jones; and Dale notes that he had continually to take men from the guns to extinguish the flames, at times close to the magazine. Supposing the ship doomed to speedy destruction, by fire or water, or both, the master-at-arms released the prisoners, who came swarming on deck; an act of treachery, Jones thought, but this does not necessarily follow, and the man, though put in irons next day for this fault, was afterward employed again by Jones in the same capacity. It is a prescribed duty of a master-at-arms to release prisoners in a moment of emergency, though to do so on so large a scale, without express orders, on a doubtful rumor, certainly shows lack of head. Fortunately, the prisoners also were badly frightened, wholly disorganized, of course, and in utter ignorance of the state of things. Dale consequently, with much presence of mind, put them to pumping, where they worked for dear life, taking no time to think of aught else. The Richard's men at the pumps were thus enabled to join the fight. One prisoner, however, a ship captain, took a

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cooler look, and, it is said, passed over to the Serapis to tell Pearson that the Richard was beaten, if he only held on.

But Pearson also had his difficulties. "From eight to ten," * he reports, "from the great quantity and variety of combustible matters which they threw upon our decks, chains, and in short, into every part of the ship, we were on fire no less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion at times that we were able to get it extinguished." The first lieutenant of the Serapis testified that the starboard side, the one engaged, was all in a blaze, including parts of the rigging. The silencing of the British above-deck fire left the topmen of the Richard a comparative impunity in throwing grenades, which resulted at last in an incident that definitely turned the fight. A quantity of cartridges had been permitted to accumulate on the Serapis's lower decks, and upon one of these a hand grenade fell. A terrific explosion followed, running from cartridge to cartridge, from the mainmast aft, blowing up all the men and officers there stationed, and rendering useless the five after guns. A number of men jumped overboard, probably because their clothes were on fire; among them being the lieutenant of the lower deck, who was badly scorched.

Pearson, who was a gallant fellow, continued to fight for nearly an hour longer; but a crew that has suffered thus from an internal catastrophe experiences a loss of confidence, of moral force, far greater than those who, like the Richard's men, had undergone only the punishment naturally to be expected from the external enemy. The bursting of the 18-pounders, was, it is true, of a like character, but narrowly localized; it paralyzed efficiency at the particular point, but through the rest of the ship the spirit of Jones and of Dale yet reigned unabated. Under the conditions, the next important incident, although it bore more heavily upon the Richard, which was also in far worse material condition than the Serapis, affected the British, through their commander, more than it did the Americans, and decided their submission. This was the final appearance of the Alliance upon the scene.

By a weight of testimony, which cannot be gainsaid, it appears that shortly after the two chief contestants grappled, the Alliance passed athwart the line on which they were lying anchored, and fired cross-bar and grape-shot; raking them at such a distance that the inevitable scattering of the projectiles threw a large proportion into the Richard. Two men were killed, and many ran from their quarters, crying, "The Alliance is manned with Englishmen, and firing upon us." She then sailed away, and stood down to the Countess of Scarborough and the Pallas, which were lying some distance to leeward—north or northeast—of the Richard and Serapis; the Scarborough having struck to her superior opponent, after an hour's engagement (Plan, C, P, A). Landais spoke the Pallas, and then returned toward the other vessels. To do this he had to make some tacks, both wind and tide being contrary. At about ten o'clock he passed to windward—southward—of the two; crossing first the bow of the Serapis, which lay to seaward, and then the stern of the Richard. As he drew upon the port—inshore—quarter of the latter, he fired a broadside, part of which the Serapis may have got, but most of it entered the Richard (A^1). As she was approaching, Jones had had the private signals shown on the port side of his ship; but it was, besides, bright moonlight,* the moon being at full, and passing the meridian at about eleven, therefore shining from behind the Alliance toward the combatants, in the most favorable position to distinguish the latter, which differed in form and color. Despite all these circumstances, Landais, after running along the Richard's port side at some distance, kept away, with the wind well on the quarter, passed north of the two vessels, across the Richard's bow, again at a great distance (A^2), and again fired a broadside, which struck both ships.

It is not, perhaps, very material to the

* The report says 8.30 to 10.30; but the Serapis's time was a half hour fast of the Richard's, which has been followed.

[*The following facts, computed from the lunar data of the day for the author, by the kindness of the United States Hydrographic Office, may be interesting. "To an observer off Flamborough Head," at the average height of a ship's deck, "the time of visible rising of the moon's upper limb on September 23, 1779, was 5.55 P. M." (local time). "Assuming the normal tidal conditions of the present time, the tidal stream was setting north by east (magnetic) between 8 and 9 P.M., and north-northwest (magnetic) between 9 and 10."]

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sufferer in such a case, whether the guilty party is treacherous or merely incapable; the result is the same. Jones and his officers doubtless believed the worst of Landais's motives; and it may be assumed that almost any person who had undergone such an experience would have thought the same, especially in view of his previous record of talk and action. As he held an American commission only, it was impracticable, with the few officers of rank then in Europe, to bring him to a court-martial; and the matter therefore was never thoroughly sifted by sworn evidence and cross-examination on both sides. In default of such decision, Jones, by the advice of Benjamin Franklin, caused a paper to be drawn up, embodying, under twenty-five heads, the instances of insubordination and incapacity shown by the captain of the Alliance during this cruise. Each particular was attested by a number of officers of the squadron, including, in several cases, some of Landais's compatriots. It was thus placed beyond all reasonable doubt that the man was not only unfit by temper and professional ability to command a ship, but that he was also of that excessive timidity which grows petulant, fractious, and querulous in the face of danger, under the strain of apprehension.

To account for his action during the battle, one is forced to the alternatives of cowardice or treachery. Franklin, who was now American Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris, and who studied the evidence, wrote a year later to the officers of the Alliance, as follows: "Although I have declined any judgment of his manœuvres in the fight, I have given it as my opinion (to Congress), after examining the affair, that it was not at all likely, either that he would have given orders to fire into the Bonhomme Richard, or that his officers would have obeyed such an order had it been given them. Thus I have taken what care I could of your honor in that particular." To Landais himself, who was recalled to Paris to give an account of his course, Franklin wrote: "I consider you so imprudent, so litigious, and quarrelsome a man, even with your best friends, that peace and good order, and consequently the quiet and regular subordination so necessary to success, are, where you preside, impossible; these are within my observation and apprehension; your military operations I leave to more capable judges. If I had twenty ships of war in my disposition, I should not give one of them to Captain Landais. The same temper which excluded him from the French marine would weigh equally with me."

Landais's firing into the Bonhomme Richard, in short, was not due primarily, if at all, to a purpose to hurt her, but to timidity—personal or professional, or both. This kept him out of action for a disgraceful length of time, not even engaging the weak Countess of Scarborough; and finally, when driven by very shame to do something, this prevented his closing with the Serapis, so that he could fire surely into her without endangering his consort ship. He admitted afterward that he knew that the grapeshot he used must scatter; that, indeed, a novice at sea would know. That some of each broadside struck the Serapis as well is certain, for Pearson in his report says: "She kept sailing round us the whole action, and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed and wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks." In this there certainly is exaggeration, which, in a man smarting under defeat by a foe otherwise greatly inferior, is pardonable, or at least accordant with the usual self-excuses of worsted warriors; but it places beyond doubt the fact of the Alliance having done some damage to the Serapis. It must be added that Pearson's report confirms inferentially the statement of Jones and his officers that the Alliance made two separate onslaughts; one early in the fight, one much later, not over three-quarters of an hour before the Serapis struck.

It is to her last broadside that Pearson attributes his surrender. He did not know the character of Landais, nor understand the fatal weakness he was showing; neither did he appreciate the condition of the Richard. He saw only the terrible state to which his own ship was reduced, and now a fresh enemy coming upon the scene. "After 10 P.M., the frigate coming across our stern, and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and indeed impracticable from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success. I therefore struck. (Our mainmast at the same time

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went by the board.)" Pearson's reasons, while they do no dishonor to himself as a man of courage, who was proved that day fully equal to, if not greater than, the average man, reveal the essential difference between himself and his antagonist—the exceptional man, of rare and extraordinary heroism. Bad as was the case of the Serapis, that of the Richard was far worse; nor can the discouragement attendant upon the appearance of the Alliance be considered greater than the combination of disasters, through which Paul Jones endured to the end. To use the words of Captain A. S. Mackenzie, of the United States Navy, which the writer willingly adopts as his own: "The achievement of the victory was wholly and solely due to the immovable courage of Paul Jones. The Richard was beaten more than once; but the spirit of Jones could not be overcome. . . . Pearson was a brave man; but, had he been equally indomitable, the Richard, if not boarded from below, would have gone down at last, with her colors still flying in proud defiance." The four forward 18-pounders of the Serapis were still being fired when she struck.

The share taken by the Alliance, flimsy as it was, was used by the British Government of the day to give to this affair a color not reconcilable with the facts. That an 18-pounder two-decked ship should have struck to a 12-pounder vessel, whose only claim to a second deck was the abortive battery of six eighteens, carried barely above the water-line, was a circumstance not to be admitted, if it could be otherwise represented. Pearson had spoken of the Richard as a two-decker, and he promoted the Alliance to 40 guns. She was rated a 32, but carried 36 guns; as the Serapis, nominally a 44, carried 50. Thus the court-martial and the government considered that Pearson had for three hours resisted a vastly superior force; and to emphasize his merit he was knighted. As a recognition of his unquestionable courage and conduct—for he had saved the convoy in his charge*—this was not amiss; but it is open to doubt whether it is good policy to ignore failure or, under such circumstances, to reward defeat.

It was 10.30 when the Serapis struck. Lieutenant Dale swung himself on board, and was followed by a party of men under a midshipman. The latter was immediately run through the thigh by a boarding-pike in the hands of a British seaman, ignorant that the ship had surrendered. Such incidents are inevitable in the confused moments of transition from strife to submission. As Dale accosted Pearson, requiring him to go on board the Richard, a British lieutenant also came up from below, and asked whether the enemy had struck. Dale took up the reply, and said, "No, on the contrary, you have struck to us." The officer, however, naturally repeated this as a question to his captain, who answered, "Yes, I have." The lieutenant rejoined, "I have nothing more to say," and turned to go down again; but Dale directed him to accompany the captain to the Richard. "If you will permit me to go below," he said, "I will silence the firing of the lower-deck guns," which still continued. This Dale refused; whether because he was unwilling to allow him to exercise authority on board a ship now become American, or whether, conscious of the desperate condition of the Richard, he feared a renewal of the strife, does not appear. The firing was soon after stopped, and the battle was over. Jones put Dale in command of the Serapis, the lashings were cut, and the Richard dropped clear. Dale attempted to manœuvre the prize, but to his astonishment found that she would obey neither sails nor helm. The master of the ship then approached him and said, "From your orders, I suppose you are not aware she has an anchor down." It was the first Dale knew of it.

While the battle itself was won, Jones, to use his own expressive words, "had yet two enemies to encounter far more formidable than the Britons—I mean fire and water. The Serapis was attacked only by the first, but the Bonhomme Richard was assailed by both." Although the weather was moderate, "the three pumps that remained could, with difficulty, only keep the water from gaining"—did not diminish it. "The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown over-

* This, of course, and not unfairly, gave him the support of the mercantile interest.

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board at the last extremity, and it was ten o'clock the next day, the 24th, before the fire was wholly extinguished." The question of keeping the ship afloat still remained. A careful survey was made by competent officers from the squadron, and the conclusion reached was that she could not be carried into the nearest friendly port if the wind increased. Jones, nevertheless, stuck to his purpose to take her in, if possible. The wounded were removed, and a party of pumpers kept on board, with boats sufficient for escape, if necessity arose. That night it blew harder, the water gained, and hope had to be abandoned. At 9 A.M. of the 25th all left her, with her colors flying, to await her fate. The water had then risen to the lower deck, and a little after 10 she went down head foremost. No lives were lost in her.

Jones now took command of the Serapis, intending to make the French port of Dunkirk; but, according to his own account, the other captains persisted in going to the Texel, and he felt compelled to do the same. On October 3d, the squadron anchored off the harbor, and soon after entered it. Here new difficulties in abundance awaited him. Holland was neutral in the war, and the British minister to the Hague at once addressed a remonstrance to the government against harboring "a rebel and pirate," who had attacked two British ships of war without being provided with a commission from a Sovereign State, which would enable him to carry on legal warfare. The United Provinces strove to temporize, being under pressure on the one side from France, the ally, and on the other from Great Britain, the enemy, of the United States, whose independence Holland had not yet acknowledged. Great Britain, however, was the more persistent, and her naval power the more to be feared. The French Court and Minister of Marine, moreover, were unwilling to go to further expense in refitting the squadron under the American flag. The final solution of the matter was that the French Government declared the expedition at an end, and all the vessels again became French, except the Alliance. Even the two prizes, the Serapis and Scarborough, were, by agreement with Franklin, given over to France, and Jones was obliged to transfer himself to the Alliance, which Landais had now quitted. It was proposed by the French minister to secure Jones's personal safety, in case of subsequent capture, by offering him a French letter-of-marque* commission; but he refused with indignation such a subterfuge for a Captain of the United States Navy. "I hope," wrote he to Franklin, "that my letter to the Duc de la Vauguyon will meet your approbation; for I am pursuaded it could never be your intention that the commission of America should be overlaid by the dirty piece of parchment which I have this day rejected."

Disappointment also met Jones in the matter of his prisoners as well as of his prizes. A leading motive of his expedition, as stated by himself, was to capture seamen, to be exchanged against Americans then confined in England. "Had not the plea of humanity in favor of the unfortunate Americans in English dungeons suspended all consideration of self, I would not have proceeded from Groix under such circumstances." The difficulties thrown in the way of a direct exchange by Great Britain were so great, that, by the wish of the King of France, Jones's prisoners were exchanged for Frenchmen, and subsequently France redeemed the Americans by Englishmen in her own hands.

In the Alliance Jones continued to be pursued by the importunity of the Dutch authorities, urged unremittingly by the British minister. A number of British ships of war were cruising outside the Texel, to capture him when forced out. He finally sailed thence on the 27th of December; and when once clear of the entrance, with sea-room in plenty, he took his course defiantly, trusting to the famous speed of the ship and to his own seamanship. Attempting no evasion by going round the north of Scotland, he pushed boldly through the English Channel, and on the 16th of January, 1780, reached Coruña, in Spain. There he remained but a few days, put again to sea, and on February 10th arrived at Groix, where he proceeded at once to repair the Alliance, preparatory to taking her to America.

Here the old difficulties about money again arose. Franklin told him that nothing could be hoped from the French Court, and that he himself was so pressed by calls

* Merchant ship authorized to engage in hostilities.

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from different quarters that the closest economy must be observed. By hook and by crook, Jones got the ship into good condition by the middle of April. She was to carry back 15,000 stand of arms, and a quantity of cloth, for equipping and clothing the American army. It was fully expected, and intended, that Jones should command her; but the needs of his crew —"almost naked, and I had no money to administer to their wants"—impelled him to go to Paris, to get some allowance upon the prize-money of the late cruise, if only upon the Serapis and the Scarborough, which were now in French ports—the Serapis at Brest, and the Scarborough at Dunkirk. He was received with enthusiasm at the capital, where his exploits had for months been the talk of the town; and he received from the government the promise of a twenty-gun ship, the Ariel, to assist in carrying to the United States the equipments, all of which the Alliance could not take on board.

While he was thus enjoying his ovation, however, Landais, whom Franklin had supplied with money to return to America for trial, went down to L'Orient, and laid claim to the command of the Alliance, on the ground of his commission from Congress. It would appear that in this he was supported by the officers of the ship, disaffected by the accusations made against her conduct in the battle with the Serapis. The crew, also, naked and unpaid, were mutinous, and demanded that their "legal captain" should be returned to them. The case was submitted for an opinion by Jones to Mr. Arthur Lee, who had been a Commissioner, and was now about to return in the ship as a passenger. He, with a certain weight of authority, decided that Landais was the rightful captain, because he had been commissioned *to the ship* by resolution of Congress, whereas Jones was acting only by virtue of his general commission, as a captain in the navy; and there was in Europe no power, Lee held, to set aside the act of Congress. Considering all the preceding circumstances, and that at least four months would be needed to hear from Congress, strict construction could scarcely be carried farther. Jones yielded, however, rather than insist at the cost of possible bloodshed, and the ship sailed under Landais. It may be added here that on the passage he was deprived of the command by his subordinates, and after arrival dismissed from the navy.

When the Ariel was ready, Jones sailed in her. Before his departure, however, he was officially notified by M. de Sartine, the Minister of Marine, that the King of France had directed a gold sword to be presented to him, in recognition of his gallantry and services, and also the Cross of the Order of Military Merit; the latter subject, of course, to the consent of the United States Government. On October 8th, the Ariel put to sea; but the following night she had to cut away her masts, to avoid being driven ashore in a very heavy gale, and was obliged to return. On December 18th, she again sailed, and after a somewhat adventurous voyage arrived at Philadelphia, February 18, 1781. Jones had been absent from America three years, three months, and eighteen days.

Great dissatisfaction had been felt at the delay of the much-needed stores embarked in the Ariel and the Alliance, and this had very probably been increased by the accounts of Jones's fashionable career in Paris—which could easily be construed as dilatory—and by the reports of those unfriendly to him in the Alliance. The Board of Admiralty, acting under direction of Congress, proceeded to investigate his course while abroad, and to that end drew up forty-seven questions, to which he was required to give answers. This he did, *seriatim*, in a paper dated March 21, 1781. On the 28th of the month the Board submitted its report to Congress, and on April 14th the following resolution was adopted:

"That the thanks of the United States in Congress assembled, be given to Captain John Paul Jones, for the zeal, prudence, and intrepidity with which he has supported the honor of the American flag; for his bold and successful enterprise to redeem from captivity the citizens of these states who had fallen under the power of the enemy; and, in general, for the good conduct and eminent services by which he has added lustre to his character, and to the American arms."

There was one man in America by whom beyond all others the burden of the delayed equipments would be felt most heavily; one also whose word of commendation,

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then as now, outweighed the resolutions of legislatures and the praises of courts. To Washington Jones apparently wrote, and from him received the following letter, dated May 19, 1781:

"Had I any particular reasons to have suspected you of being accessory to that delay, which I assure you has not been the case, my suspicion would have been removed by the very full and satisfactory answers which you have, to the best of my judgment, made to the questions proposed to you by the Board of Admiralty, and upon which that Board have, in their report to Congress, testified the high sense which they entertain of your merit and services.

"Whether our naval affairs have in general been well or ill conducted, would be presumptuous in me to determine. Instances of bravery and good conduct in several of our officers, have not, however, been wanting: delicacy forbids me to mention that particular one which has attracted the admiration of all the world, and which has influenced the most illustrious monarch to confer a mark of his favor, which can only be obtained by a long and honorable service, or by the performance of some brilliant action.

"That you may long enjoy the reputation you have so justly acquired is the sincere wish of,

"Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Very soon after this, on the 26th of June, Congress, by a unanimous ballot, elected Jones to command a 74-gun ship, the America, then building at Portsmouth, N. H. Several of that class had been ordered by a resolution of November 20, 1776; but this one alone was in any state of forwardness, and she was still far from completion. He was employed superintending her construction until September, 1782. Upon the 3d of that month, a resolution was passed giving her to the King of France, to replace the Magnifique, of the same force, which had lately been lost by accident in the harbor of Boston. By this act Congress sought to testify to his Majesty the sense it entertained of his generous exertions in behalf of the United States.

Jones was thus left without a ship; but the matter was of little importance to his naval career, for the war, especially so far as America was concerned, was now languishing to its end. Nearly a year had already elapsed since the surrender of Cornwallis. Impatient, nevertheless, of inaction, he obtained permission to join the French fleet then in Boston, under the command of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the successor of DeGrasse, who with five ships-of-the-line had been captured by the British, in Rodney's celebrated battle of April 12, 1782. That action had frustrated, temporarily, the attempt of the French and Spanish against Jamaica, but they intended to renew it in the following spring. Jones's former local experience in the English merchant service would here be of use; "for of all appointed to serve in this expedition, no one knew the island of Jamaica as well as myself." De Vaudreuil received him with distinction, and his anticipations of increased renown, and of greater professional acquirement, waxed high. The naval part alone of the expedition was to be raised to seventy ships-of-the-line, by reinforcements from Europe under the command of D'Estaing. "I had the flattering hope of finding myself in the first military school in the world, in which I should be able to render myself useful, and to acquire knowledg every important for conducting great military operations."

To this expression of his undiminished earnestness for professional improvement may be added an allusion to the evidences of the diligent use of this opportunity, which are found in a letter, addressed soon after his return to the American Minister of Marine. Quotation would lead too far for our present space, but, taken together, they afford striking indications of that comprehensive professional intelligence which, when combined with the daring in enterprise, and the endurance in action, shown by Jones, gives the best antecedent tokens of the great general-officer that might have been.

The French fleet sailed from Boston, December 24, 1782, but the expedition against Jamaica came to nought: the news of the preliminaries of peace being received in the West Indies, in April, 1783. "The most brilliant success and the most instructive experience in the art of war could not

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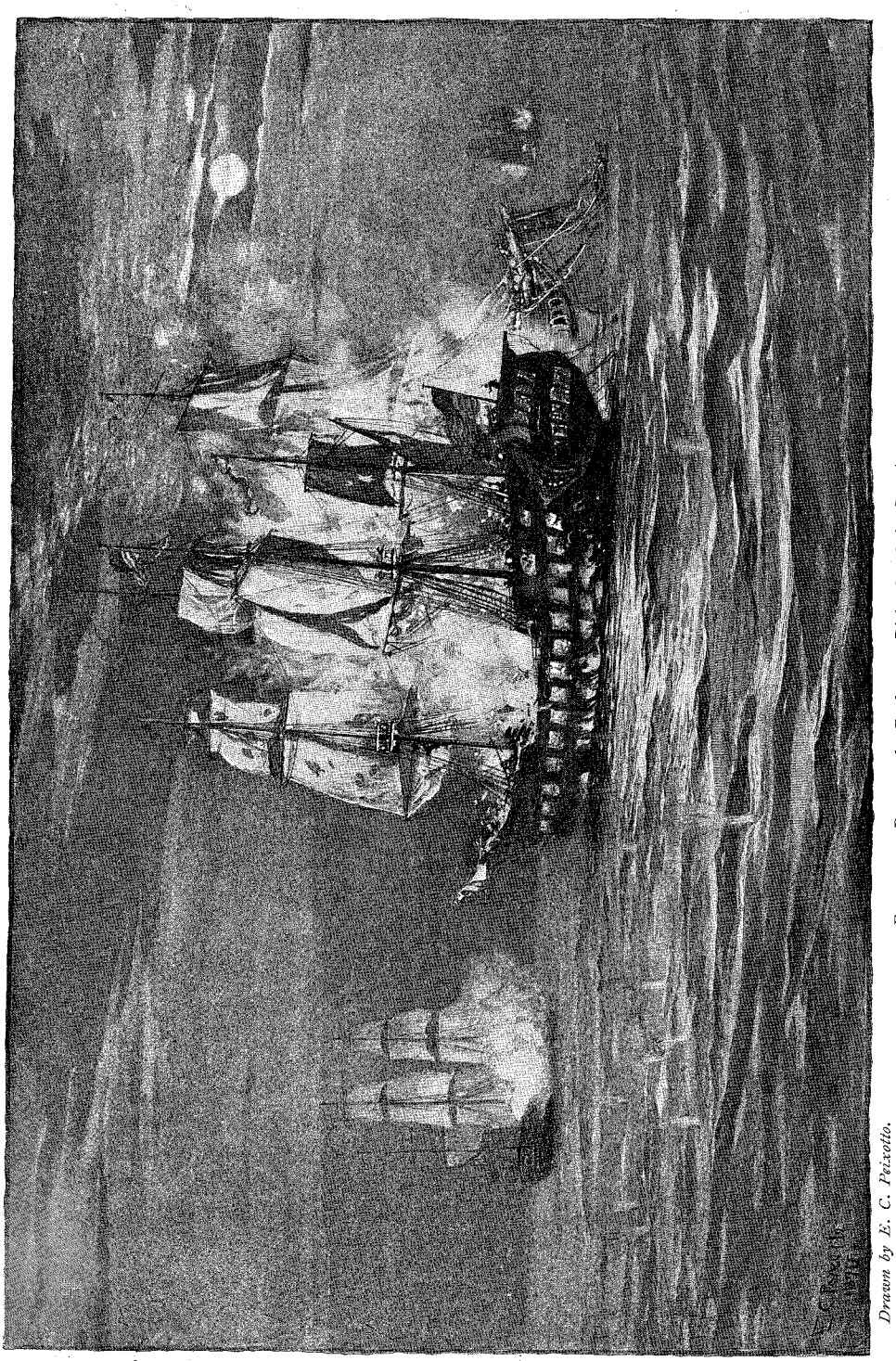

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto. Engagement Between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis.

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have given me a pleasure comparable to that which I received, when I learned that Great Britain, after so long a contest, had been forced to acknowledge the independence and sovereignty of the United States of America."

With this ardent expression of feelings, worthy of both the citizen of the world and the American patriot, the career of John Paul Jones in the Revolution fitly concludes. The subsequent events of his life may be briefly sketched. Returning from the West Indies to the United States in the summer of 1783, he obtained authority from Congress to go to Paris, as agent for recovering and receiving the prize-money due for the cruise of the Bonhomme Richard, which had not yet been paid. The troublesome negotiations connected with this, arising from conflicting claims, delayed him in France till 1786. He then paid a brief visit to the United States, in the course of which Congress, by a unanimous resolution, passed October 16, 1787, voted him a gold medal, in commemoration of "his valor and brilliant services, in the command of a squadron of American and French ships, under the flag and commission of the United States, off the coast of Great Britain in the late war." At the same time a letter to the King of France was given him, in which, after testifying the esteem felt by Congress, and the bestowal of the medal in token thereof, the request was made that he should be permitted to embark in the French fleet of evolution.

Jones then again crossed the ocean, toward the end of 1787; but he never availed himself of this letter, though obtained by his own solicitude. He went almost immediately to Denmark, to seek compensation for three of the prizes taken in 1779, which had been sent by Landais to a Danish port, and had by the Danes been surrendered to the demands of Great Britain. While at Copenhagen, the Empress Catherine of Russia, then at war with the Turks, and soon after with the Swedes also, offered him a commission of Rear-Admiral in her Navy. This was eagerly accepted, without waiting for permission from the United States. He was, indeed, no longer an officer, for the Navy of the Revolution had been disbanded; but that he hesitated at all shows that, despite his wandering life, he felt himself above all an American. "I must rely upon your friendship," he writes to Jefferson, then minister to France, "to justify to the United States the important step I now take, conformable to your advice. I have not forsaken a country that has had many disinterested and difficult proofs of my steady affection. But America is now independent, is in perfect peace, has no employment for my military talents; . . . and when, a few months ago, I left America to return to Europe, I was made the bearer of a letter to His Most Christian Majesty, requesting me to be permitted to embark in the fleets of evolution. Why did Congress pass those acts? To facilitate my improvement in the art of conducting fleets and military operations. I am, then, conforming to the views of Congress; but the roll allotted me is infinitely more high and difficult than Congress intended. Instead of receiving lessons, from able masters, in the theory of war, I am called to immediate practice, where I must command in chief, conduct the most difficult operations, be my own preceptor, and instruct others. Congress will allow me some merit in daring to encounter such multiplied difficulties."

So the Citizen of the World passed into the service of the Autocrat of all the Russias. There were then many British naval officers in the same employment. These sent in their resignations, rather than serve under him; and he was consequently sent to the Black Sea against the Turks, instead of to the Baltic against the Swedes. Into the details of his career in Russia this narrative does not propose to go. He saw fighting in the Black Sea during the operations against Oczakov, but had difficulty with Russian officers—above all, Potemkin—fell out of favor, and at the end of 1788 was recalled to St. Petersburg. In the summer of 1789 he left Russia on leave of absence, and never returned. Though not formally disgraced, he felt this leave to be an intentional slur and humiliation. "I confess," he wrote to the Empress, "that I was extremely afflicted, and even offended, at having received a parole for two years in time of war." Among the assets specified by himself in his will, were "arrearages of my pay from the Empress of Russia."

The remainder of Jones's life was spent

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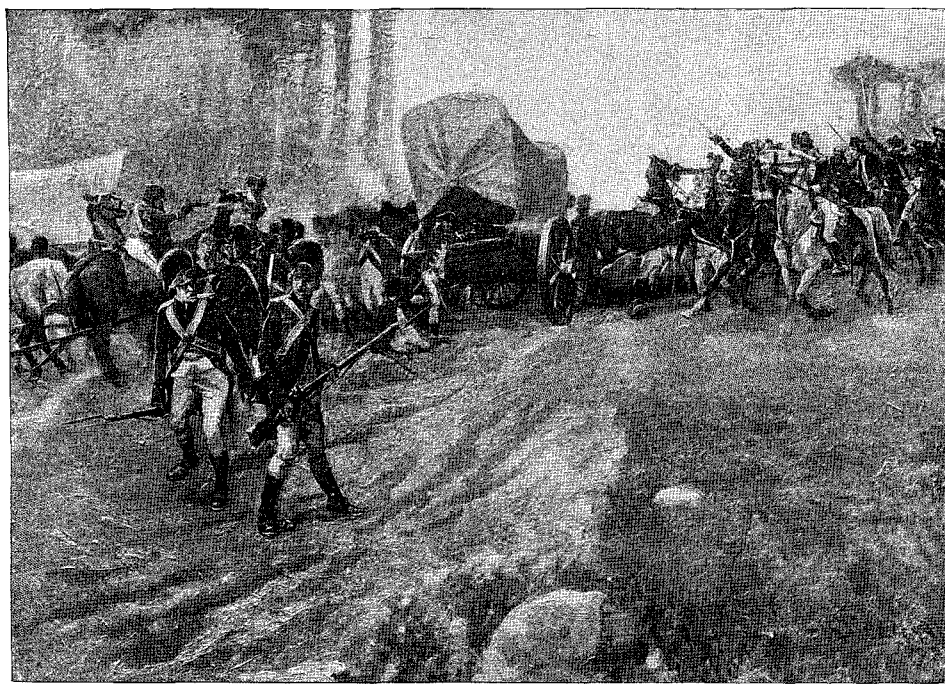
chiefly in Holland and in France. He died at Paris July 18, 1792, aged forty-five. "It is somewhat singular," wrote Gouverneur Morris, then United States Minister to France, who saw him intimately, "that he, who detested the French Revolution and all those concerned in it, should have been followed to the grave by a deputation from the National Assembly." Not till two years after his death did the United States begin the building of the new navy, which was to take the place of that of the Revolution, in which Jones served.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE



A British Wagon-train Surprised by Marion.

THE SOUTH RISES IN DEFENCE

THREE weeks after the fall of Charleston, Sir Henry Clinton wrote home to the Ministry: "I may venture to assert that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us." The assertion was not extravagant, for the State seemed to lie prostrate at the foot of its conqueror. Yet, although the native loyalists were numerous and active, the submission of the mass of the people was more apparent than real. Many of them, stunned by the surrender of the capital, and well aware that the only American army in the State had ceased to

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Battle of King's Mountain.

"The British rallied and drove their foes with the bayonet in one place only to meet them in another, and each time the wave of backwoodsmen came a little higher."

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exist, were ready to yield and accept British rule in silence. If they had been properly and judiciouly dealt with, they could have easily been kept quiet, and if not loyal, they would at least have been neutral. But the policy of the British commanders made this impossible. To the people of South Carolina, brave, high-spirited and proud, they offered only the choice between death, confiscation, and ruin on the one side, and active service in the British army on the other. Thus forced to the wall, the South Carolinian who was not a convinced loyalist quickly determined that, if he must fight for his life, in any event he would do his fighting on the side of his country. Major James, for example, went into Georgetown to offer, in behalf of himself and his neighbors, to remain neutral. The usual choice was brutally offered him by the captain in command. James replied that he could not accept such conditions, and the gallant captain thereupon said that James was a "damned rebel," and he would have him hanged. Then James knocked the representative of Great Britain down with a chair, left him senseless, and went off with his four brothers to take up arms against England and fight her to the death. In one form or another, barring perhaps the little incident of the chair, James and his brothers were typical. The people began to rise in all directions, take their arms and withdraw to the woods and swamps, thence to wage a relentless, if desultory, warfare against their invaders.

All that was needed to direct the popular force thus roused to life and make it as effective as a guerilla war could be, was proper leadership, and that was found at once. Among the few who were neither prisoners nor in arms with the British, and to whom Sir Henry Clinton so carelessly referred, was Francis Marion, soon to become very well known to the British, and called by them, both in hatred and in fear, the "Swamp Fox." He was of Huguenot descent, had served in the old French war, taken arms early against England, fought at Charleston and Savannah, and had been saved from surrender with Lincoln by a broken ankle, which had forced him to leave the city before it was surrounded. Others of the "few" mentioned by Clinton were Davie, Pickens, and Davidson, all familiar with partisan warfare, all brave and able to rally men around them. The most important, however, in the Clintonian exception, was Thomas Sumter, a Virginian by birth, like Marion of a soldier of the old French war, and of the Revolution from the beginning. He was Colonel of a Continental regiment, and in recognition of this fact the British turned his wife out of doors and burned his house. It was not an exceptional performance at all, but quite characteristic of the war which Tarleton opened by the slaughter of the surrendered Virginians at the Waxhaw, which was inflamed by the bitterness between loyalist and patriot, both active in arms, and which was marked by fire and sword among the peaceful villages as well as in the soldiers' camps. Yet even if a common incident, it was one well calculated to edge the blade of a bold fighter like Sumter when he saw his wife a wanderer and his home in ruins. Rallying a few followers about him, men like the user of the chair, all with wrongs to avenge, he organized and armed them as best he could and prepared to strike. Opportunity soon came. July 12, 1780, Captain Huck was out on a patrol with twenty mounted infantry and sixty loyalists. He reached the village of Crossroads, near Fishing Creek, and was preparing for the usual work of destruction, listening impatiently meantime to the women, who were begging him to spare them and their children, their lives and homes. Suddenly, while Captain Huck, no doubt somewhat bored, was hearing these vain appeals, there was a loud shout, and from each end of the lane Sumter and his men charged in upon him. The Americans were inferior in number but they were unexpected, they were desperate, and they had the advantage of a complete surprise, for it was understood that the country was conquered, and the spirit of the people broken. All was soon over. Huck was killed with most of his men, and his party was destroyed. It was the first slight change in the long run of defeat. Many heavy reverses were still to come, but a beginning on the right side at least had been made. The great fact made evident in this skirmish was that the people of the South were up in arms in earnest.

The victory at the Crossroads too, al-

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though small in itself, was nevertheless potent in its results. Cornwallis had undertaken to hold the State by taking possession of scattered posts, and so long as the people were submissive this answered very well, but when the country rose around him every outlying garrison was in danger. The fight at Fishing Creek also had an immediate effect upon the public mind. Men ceased to think of yielding to the British as the only resource, and many who had given way in the first panic returned to the patriots' cause. A large detachment under Colonel Lisle, who had been forced into the British army in this way, left the English colors and joined Sumter, who, thus strengthened, attacked the British at Rocky Mount. He did not take the post, but a week later he surprised the British at Hanging Rock, routed the loyalist regiment, sacked their camp, and inflicted severe losses on the regiment of the Prince of Wales. He then drew off to the Catawba settlements, and recruits began to come in to him rapidly. The war was spreading, the people were taking up arms, and Cornwallis, instead of being able to invade North Carolina, confident in the possession of South Carolina and Georgia, found that as he advanced the country behind him broke out in revolt, and that he really held only the ground which he could occupy.

On the other hand, the full effects of the disaster at Charleston, where Lincoln had cooped himself up, only to surrender, became more than ever apparent. Sumter and Marion and Pickens, it is true, had stemmed the tide setting toward submission. They had roused the people, and forced the British to fight for everything they held, but they could do no more than carry on a partisan war of post attacks and skirmishes. They had only the men they could collect themselves, under the rudest discipline, and so poorly armed that they were obliged to depend in large measure upon victory over their enemies for the guns, powder, and small arms, which were only to be procured as the prize of a successful battle. The crying need was an organized disciplined force, no matter how small, which would form a centre of resistance and to which men could rally. This Lincoln ought to have preserved, and this force it was now sought to supply once more from the North.

Washington, before the fall of Charleston, ever ready to take risks himself in order to help against invasion elsewhere, now, as in the case of Burgoyne, detached from his small army DeKalb with the Maryland division, and the Delaware regiment, amounting to 2,000 men in all, and sent them South. They moved slowly, for transportation was difficult, and DeKalb was unfamiliar with the country. To the call for aid Virginia responded generously, authorizing a levy of 2,500 men, and the small force of the State already in arms, some three to four hundred strong, joined the Continental forces. Still it was June 20th before DeKalb reached North Carolina, to find there when he arrived no magazines, no preparation, and a militia anything but subordinate. Nevertheless, here at least was the beginning of an army for the South, a good body of well-disciplined troops from the Continental army quite sufficient to form a rallying point. All that was required to develop it was a competent General. For this difficult work Washington had picked out Greene—undoubtedly the best selection that could have been made—but Congress thought otherwise, and chose their favorite Gates to take command in the Southern department with an entirely independent authority. They honestly believed no doubt that Gates would clear the South, as he had in their opinion vanquished Burgoyne, but even if the victory at Saratoga had been in any way due to him, which it was not, he now had before him a widely different task. Here, in the Carolinas, he succeeded to no Schuyler, who had hampered the invaders and checked their march by skilfully prepared obstructions, nor did he come to an army flushed with success, and growing every day by the arrival of well-armed recruits. In the South there was no American army; the British, instead of being concentrated in a single united force, held all the posts in two States, and were able to go where they pleased, and draw supplies from the coast instead of being cut off from all communication as Burgoyne had been. The people, stunned by the disasters which had fallen so rapidly upon them, were only just rousing themselves

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to fight, and in that sparsely settled region were singularly destitute of arms and equipments, which with their seaports in British hands could only be obtained after long delays from the North. It was a situation which demanded not only great military capacity, but patience, endurance, and the ability to avoid a decisive action until there had been time to rally the people to the nucleus of regulars and make an army able to march and fight, to win victories and sustain defeat.

Such were the difficult but imperative conditions of success in the South, and Gates disregarded every one of them. As soon as he arrived in DeKalb's camp he made up his mind to at once march on Camden, a most important point, which he apparently expected to take without trouble. On July 27th, having sent Marion out to watch the enemy, almost the only intelligent step taken at this time, Gates started for Camden along a line which led him through a poor and barren country, where his army was hard pressed for subsistence.

On August 3d he was joined at the crossing of the Pedee by Colonel Porterfield with a small but excellent body of Virginians. Thence he moved on against the advice of some of his best officers, and formed a junction with Caswell and the North Carolina militia, who were so ill-organized and badly disciplined that Colonel Williams, of Maryland, actually rode through their lines without being challenged. With these dangerous reinforcements Gates marched on cheerfully toward the British, who under the command of Lord Rawdon, an active and enterprising officer, had called in their outlying parties and taken up a strong position on Lynch's Creek. Instead of marching up the creek, turning Lord Rawdon's flank and then moving on Camden's, which under these conditions would probably have fallen an easy prey, Gates lingered about for two days, doing no one knows what, and then bending to the right, took the road from Charlotte and advanced to Clermont, where he was joined on August 14th by Colonel Stevens with seven hundred Virginia militia. The same day Sumter came into camp with four hundred men, and asked for as many more that he might cut off the British baggage train and convoy. It seems almost beyond belief, but Gates granted this request, and deliberately allowed the best fighters in the South to leave his army with eight hundred men when he was on the eve of battle, in the presence of a strong, well-disciplined, well-commanded enemy, and when his own forces were largely composed of raw militia, who, unlike Sumter's men, had never been under fire. Even more incredible than the fact is the explanation. Gates actually did not know how many men he had under his command. He thought he had seven thousand, and finding that he had but three thousand and fifty-two, he coolly said, "that will be enough for our purpose." The English spies, who seemed to have had the run of his camp, no doubt made a more accurate and earlier count than that of the American General.

While Gates was thus weakening himself in the face of the enemy, Cornwallis arrived in the British camp and determined to surprise the Americans. With this purpose he started on the morning of August 15th, and Gates, who had set forth at the same hour, blundered into the arms of the advancing British, not having apparently the slightest idea where his enemies were, or what they were doing. Colonel Armand, a French officer, was in front with a small body of cavalry, and gave way before the British advance. Gates, on learning that he was in the presence of the enemy, determined, after a hasty conference with his officers, to fight. His position was a bad one, for although his flanks were protected by a marsh, this narrowed his front and gave advantage to the smaller but compact, well-led, and well-disciplined force of the British. When it was seen that the enemy was forming to advance, Stevens was ordered to charge with the Virginia militia, utterly raw troops, who had only joined the army the day before. Cornwallis, to meet them immediately, threw forward his right wing, consisting of his best troops under Webster. The Virginians gave way at once without firing, dropped their guns and fled in a wild panic. The next line, consisting of the equally raw North Carolina militia, followed the example of the Virginians without a moment's hesitation, except for one regiment, which fired a few

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rounds. This left only the Continental troops, the regular soldiers of the Maryland and Delaware line, under DeKalb, to meet the whole British army. These men stood their ground so stubbornly and successfully that DeKalb, not realizing fully the utter disaster on the left wing, ordered a charge, and drove the British back. No men could have fought better than these soldiers of Washington's army in the face of disaster. Eight hundred of them fell on the field, and DeKalb, wounded eleven times, died a prisoner in the hands of the British. But they were fighting against hopeless odds; they were outnumbered and outflanked, and after rallying twice gallantly in the midst of their enemies, they finally broke and retreated.

To defeat these Continental soldiers cost Cornwallis nearly four hundred men, a severe loss to an army no larger than his, and one he could ill afford. The American army, however, was utterly broken and dispersed. Colonel Williams said that De Kalb's fate was "probably avoided by the other generals only by an opportune retreat," which was an euphemistic way of stating that Gates went off with the militia and that very night reached Charlotte, sixty miles away, which was a highly creditable feat of hard riding. He was closely followed by Caswell, the North Carolina commander, and others, and the next day, still restless apparently, he betook himself to Hillsborough, where the North Carolina Legislature was in session, for he always seems to have been more at home with congresses and legislatures than with armies. Either an abounding charity or a love of paradox has tempted some recent writers to say that Gates has been too harshly judged, but it is difficult to discover any error he could have committed which he did not commit. He came down to form an army where none existed around a nucleus of regular troops, not to take command of one already organized. He should not have fought until he had made his army, disciplined it, marched and manœuvred with it, and tested it in some small actions. Instead of this he took the Continentals and marched straight for the main British army, picking up reinforcements of untried, undisciplined militia on the way. Arriving within striking distance of the enemy, he actually did not know how many men he had, and sent off eight hundred of his best troops, the only militia apparently who had seen fighting. When he stumbled upon the enemy he put his poorest troops in front, first of all the militia who had been with him only twenty-four hours. Colonel Stevens of Virginia, a brave man, said that the rout was due to the "damned cowardly behavior of the militia," and as he commanded one division of them he knew what he was saying. But to lay the fault on the militia is begging the question. The unsteadiness of perfectly green troops in the open field is well known, and these men ought not to have been brought into action against regulars at all at that moment, least of all should they have been put in the van to resist the onset of seasoned veterans without instructions or apparent support. The defeat of Camden was due to bad generalship, and resulted in the complete dispersion of the militia, and the sacrifice and slaughter of the hard-fighting Continentals. Sumter even was carried down in the wreck. He had cut off the convoy and baggage with perfect success, but the victory at Camden set the British free to pursue him. He eluded Cornwallis, but encumbered and delayed by his prize, he was overtaken and surprised by Tarleton. Half his force was killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The rest were scattered, and it is said that Sumter, a few days later, rode into Charlotte alone, without a saddle and hatless, to begin all over again the work of forming a regiment, which he performed as usual with great energy and success.

Cornwallis did not follow up his victory very energetically, but there was really little need to do so. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution in the South, which now lay well-nigh helpless and quite open to the enemy. A second army had been swept away, and again no organized American force held the field. The three Southern Colonies were, for the time at least, conquered, if not subdued, and the way seemed clear for the British march upon Virginia, the great State which was one of the pillars of the American cause. Yet it was just at this gloomy time that the first grievous disaster came to the British arms, from a quarter where no danger was expected and where it seemed as if armed men sprang up from the earth.

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Before moving on Virginia it was deemed desirable to trample out the last embers of rebellion still smouldering in the interior of the conquered States. For this purpose Cruger and a detachment of loyalists went after the Americans under Clarke, who was attacking Augusta. Clarke was defeated, driven off, and forced to take to the mountains, while the victorious loyalists hung some thirteen prisoners, a practice in which the British and their allies were just then fond of indulging. With the same general object, another and larger force, composed chiefly of loyalists but with some regular troops, was sent to sweep along the borders of the Carolinas and complete the absolute reduction of the country. This division was under the command of Patrick Ferguson, a son of Lord Pitfour, a soldier of twenty years' experience in Europe and America, a gallant and accomplished officer, and one of Cornwallis's most trusted lieutenants. He was the very model of a brilliant and dashing partisan leader, and by his winning manners was especially successful in encouraging the loyalists, and in drawing them out to enlist under his standard, which they did in large numbers. He was less merciless than Tarleton, for he did not massacre prisoners nor permit women to be outraged after the manner of that distinguished officer, but he did a good deal of burning and pillaging and hung rebels occasionally. He was a brave, effective, formidable fighter, and the pacification of the borders could not have been intrusted to better hands.

Ferguson, in the performance of his task, advanced to the foot of the mountains and sent word by a prisoner that he would penetrate the hills and destroy the villages there if the people sent aid to their brethren of the plain and sea-coast. It was an ill-timed message and had results very different from those expected by the sender. Beyond the mountains which Ferguson was skirting with his army lay the frontier settlements of Franklin and Holston, destined to develop one day into the State of Tennessee. The inhabitants were pioneers and backwoodsmen of the same type as those who followed Boone and Logan and Clarke in Kentucky. They had cleared their farms in the wilderness, and while they drove the plough, or swung the axe, the rifle was never out of reach. Like the men of Kentucky, they had been doing stubborn battle with the Indians stirred up against them by the British, and they had taken but little part in the general movement of the seaboard colonies. Isaac Shelby, indeed, had crossed the mountains with two hundred men in answer to an appeal for help from the Carolinas, but with this exception the men of the West had had no share in the Revolution other than the desperate work by which they had held their own against the savages. Now they heard that Ferguson was on the edge of their settlements threatening them with fire, sword, and halter. This brought the war, in very grim fashion, to their own doors, and they were neither a timid nor a peace-loving race. They did not wait for the enemy to come, but set out to meet him. Shelby heard the news first, and rode in hot haste to the home of Sevier, the other county lieutenant, to carry the tidings. At Sevier's settlement there was a barbecue, a horse-race, and much feasting going on, but when Shelby gave his message the merrymakers all promised to turn out. Thence Shelby rode back to raise his own men, and sent a messenger to the Holston Virginians, who had already been out in one campaign, and were even now organized to go down and fight Cornwallis. At first they refused to change their plans, but on a second and more urgent summons they agreed to join their brethren of the mountains.

They all assembled at the Sycamore Shoals, on the Watauga, on September 25th. Four hundred of the Virginians came under William Campbell, 500 from the more southern settlement under Shelby and Sevier, and 160 refugees under McDowell, of North Carolina. The next day they started, after a stern old Presbyterian minister had prayed and asked a blessing upon them. They gathered in an open grove, and leaning on their rifles, these backwoodsmen and wild Indian fighters bowed their heads and listened in silence to the preacher who blessed them and called upon them to do battle and smite the foe with the sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Then they set out, a strange-looking army, clad in buckskin shirts and fringed leggings, without a tent, a bayonet or any baggage, and with hardly a sword among

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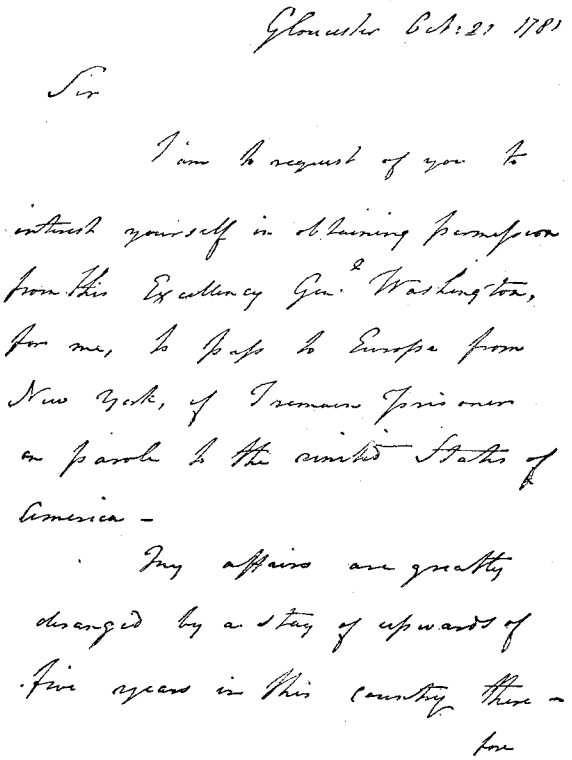
the officers. But every man had a rifle, a knife, and a tomahawk, and they were all mounted on wiry horses. Discipline in the usual military sense was unknown, and yet they were no ordinary militia. Every man was a fighter, bred in Indian wars, who had passed his life with horse and rifle, encompassed by perils. They were a formidable body of men, hardy, bold to recklessness, and swift of movement. They pushed on rapidly over the high table-land covered with snow and then down the ravines and gorges — rough riding, where there was hardly a trail — until, on the 29th, they reached the pleasant open lowlands near the North Forks of the Catawba. Here they were joined by more than three hundred North Carolina militia, led by Colonel Cleaveland, a hunter and Indian fighter, quite the equal in prowess and experience of any who had crossed the mountains, and with a long list of private wrongs to avenge, for he had been in the thick of the civil war and partisan fighting which, since the fall of Charleston, had desolated the Southern States. On October 1st the forces, thus increased, passed Pilot Mountain and camped near the head of Cane and Silver Creeks. Thus far they had proceeded, as they had gathered together each band under the command of its own chief, but such an arrangement involved too much disorder even for so unorganized an army as this, and the next day, dropping all local differences and personal jealousies, they agreed that Colonel William Campbell should take command of the entire expedition. On October 3d they started again, after Shelby had addressed them. He first told any man to go who desired to do so, and not one stirred. Then he bade them remember that each man must be his own officer, fight for his own hand, draw off if need be, but never leave the field, and when they met the British, "give them Indian play." Thus reorganized and instructed they set forth. As they marched they picked up small bands of refugees, and heard of a large body of four hundred militia crossing the country from Flint Hill to join them. They were near Gilbertown on the 4th, with their numbers raised now to nearly fifteen hundred men.



Gloucester Oct: 21 1781

Sir

I am to request of you to intreat yourself in obtaining permission from his Excellency Gn.l Washington, for me, to pass to Europe from New York, of Prisoner on parole to the united States of America —

My affairs are greatly deranged by a stay of upwards of five years in this country there-fore

A Letter of Tarleton—In the Dreer

Here they had expected to come up with Ferguson, but the English leader, who had good eyes and ears and was well informed, had moved rapidly away, doubling and turning, and meanwhile sending diligently in all directions for reinforcements and urging the loyalists everywhere to rally to his support. He marched so rapidly and with so much cunning that he would easily have baffled any regular army, no matter how quick in motion or how lightly equipped. But his pursuers were no ordinary soldiers. They had passed their lives in tracking game and in following or eluding savages, wilder and more artful than any beast of prey that roamed their for-

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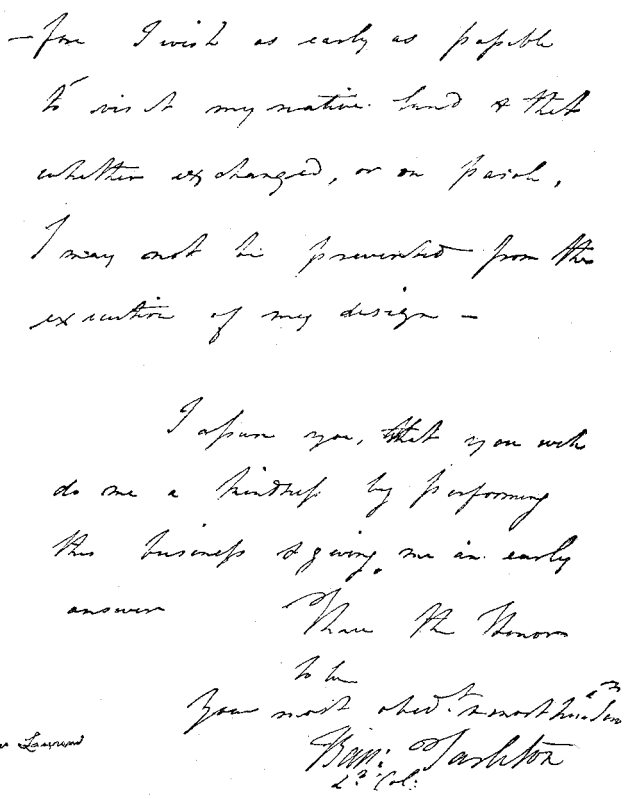
ests. Now they pursued Ferguson as they would have hunted an Indian war-band. They rode in loose order, but followed the trail with the keen fidelity of hounds upon a burning scent. They had no bayonets and no tents, but they could go for many hours without sleep or food, and minded bad weather as little as the animals they stalked and killed. These "Backwater men," who had sprung up so suddenly from the wooded hills, were tireless and determined, and they meant to fight.



Collection, Pennsylvania Historical Society.

When they found that Ferguson was no longer near Gilbertown, that many of their horses were worn out, and that some of the militia who had joined them on foot were weary with marching, they did not stop for rest and refreshment, but picked out the strongest horses and the best men to the number of seven hundred and fifty and pressed on. To their minds the fact that Ferguson was retreating meant simply that he was afraid, and they did not intend to let him escape. So, with half their number, the strongest and best mounted, they hurried on. They rode hard all day, and it was growing dark when they reached the Cowpens, and were there joined by the bands of militia from Flint Hill. On the way they had heard of bodies of loyalists, some very large, going to Ferguson's assistance, but they were not turned aside to win an easy victory and lose that which they had crossed the mountains to gain. They were a simple-minded, rough folk, and hence they were disposed to have one idea at a time, and cling to it—a very unfortunate propensity for their enemies at this precise moment. So they heeded not the loyalists making for the British camp, but made their last preparations, for they were near at last to the object of their pursuit.

Ferguson had gradually drawn away from the mountains, but he was unwilling to leave the Western loyalists wholly undefended. So he moved slowly, gathering such help as he could, until he was as near to Cornwallis at Charlotte as he was to the mountaineers. Here he established himself in a very strong position on October 6th on a spur of King's Mountain, just south of the North Carolina boundary. He fixed his camp on a rocky ridge some seven hundred yards long, with steep wooded sides, and about sixty feet above the valley level. The heavy baggage train was massed on the northeastern end of the ridge, and the soldiers camped between that and the southern declivities. So confident did Ferguson feel in the strength of his position that he did not move on the morning of the 7th, and was probably quite willing to receive an attack.

The "Backwater men," as the British leader had called his enemies, started on the evening of the 6th, and, through the darkness and rain, marched slowly on.

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The next morning the rain was still falling, but they kept on, indifferent to weather, merely wrapping their blankets about the gunlocks. From two captured tories they learned just where Ferguson was, from a Whig friend, what his dispositions were, and how he was dressed, which last little bit of information was the death-warrant of the gallant Scotchman when he faced those deadly rifles. Nearer they came and nearer, and when within a mile of the mountain, the rain having ceased, they dismounted, tied their horses, and prepared for an assault on foot. The colonels made their last arrangements; Campbell's and Shelby's men were to hold the centre and to attack in front. The left wing was under Cleaveland, and was formed of his men and the Flint Hill militia. The right wing was led by Sevier, and threw out a detachment which swung far around, and by desperate riding got to the rear, and thus cut off the only avenue of escape before the battle was over. The countersign was "Buford," the name of the leader whose troops had been massacred by Tarleton after surrendering at the Waxhaw. The riflemen were again ordered to follow their officers, to fight each for himself, to retreat if necessary, but never to run away, and once more to let the foe have "Indian play." The word of command was given, and on and up they went. The backwoodsmen were nearly as numerous as their enemy, but the British forces had all the advantage of position; they were chiefly loyalists, with some regulars, but were all well disciplined, thoroughly drilled, and equipped with bayonets. Ferguson was alert and well informed, and yet so swift and silent were the movements of these backwoodsmen that he was surrounded and found himself attacked almost unawares. Suddenly the steep sides of the mountain seemed to start to life with armed men, and the flash of the rifle flared out from behind the trees, silent and dark but a moment before. Ferguson, however, was never unprepared. Short as the warning was, he got his men in line and blowing his silver whistle, with which he directed the charges, flung his column upon Campbell's men. The riflemen gave way before the bayonet and slipped back down the hill. But when Ferguson turned there were Shelby's men swarming up the other side. Again the silver whistle blew, again the column formed and charged down, and again the mountaineers gave way. But even while he flung back Shelby, Campbell's men were again coming up, gliding from tree to tree, picking off their foes with deadly certainty, and constantly getting nearer the top. Ferguson rode from point to point rallying his men. The silver whistle would blow, the compact of well-disciplined soldiers would charge, repel their assailants, and return to meet another attack. The moment the red line paused in the charge and prepared to repulse an assault from another quarter, the riflemen would turn and follow them up the slope. So the fight raged fiercely, the British rallying and driving their foes with the bayonet in one place only to meet them in another, and each time the wave of backwoodsmen came a little higher. At last, as Sevier's men were nearing the crest, they caught full sight of the gallant figure they had so long been looking for. The rifles rang out, and Ferguson, pierced by half a dozen bullets, fell dead from his horse. De Peyster, the next in command, bravely rallied the men, but the end was near. The deadly aim of the rifles had done its work. Half the British regulars were killed, and the rest were broken and dispersed. The loyalists and riflemen fought hand to hand along the crest of the ridge, brother with brother, kinsman against kinsman. Then the loyalists broke and fled to the baggage wagons, only to find that they were completely surrounded. Further resistance was hopeless, and De Peyster raised the white flag and surrendered. The hard-fought fight was over. The British had lost all told, in killed and disabled, between three and four hundred, and the Americans about one hundred and twenty. The resistance which sacrificed nearly forty per cent. of its force was desperate, but the British overshot, while the hunters and Indian fighters made all their shots tell. The victory was complete. Ferguson was killed, and his whole force either left on the field or captured. The Americans departed at once with their prisoners, and their great spoil of arms and equipment. They sullied their victory a few days later by hanging nine of their prisoners in revenge for the many hangings by the men of Tarleton and

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Ferguson, and especially for the thirteen just hanged by Cruger. The officers interfered and checked any further executions, thirty having been condemned to death. Then, leaving their prisoners with the lowland militia, the men of the Western waters shouldered their rifles, took their spoils, crossed the mountains, and in due time celebrated their victory with much feasting, shooting, racing, and eating of whole roast oxen at their block-houses and log-cabins beyond the Alleghenies.

Cornwallis, appalled by this sudden disaster, very naturally feared that after their great victory the backwoodsmen would pour down and assail him on flank and rear. His alarm was needless. The riflemen burst out of the wilderness to hunt down the man who threatened their dearly bought and hardly defended homes. They caught their enemy, killed him, captured his army, and then the thing they came for done, they disappeared among the Western forests as suddenly as they had come. They swept down from their hills like a Highland clan, won a complete and striking victory and withdrew. They were incapable of doing the work or carrying on the patient labors and steady fighting of a disciplined army, by which alone campaigns are won. But they were perfect for the particular feat they actually performed of swiftly pursuing a hostile force, surrounding it, and then without strategy or tactics, by sheer hard fighting and straight shooting, win a victory from which hardly a single enemy escaped. It was only by superior fighting that they won, for they were slightly inferior in numbers, very much at a disadvantage in position, and without military discipline or proper equipment. Yet it so happened that the battle of King's Mountain—won without any plan or object beyond the immediate destruction of an invader whom the backwoodsmen dealt with as they would have done with a large Indian war-party, if they could have penned it up in the same fashion—proved one of the decisive battles of the Revolution. It turned the tide of war in the Southern States. From that time, with ups and downs of course, the British fortunes declined. The spirits of the Southern people rose at a bound. The back country was freed, for Ferguson and his men constituted the force upon which Cornwallis counted to subdue the interior and crush out all local risings. That force and its very brave and efficient commander were wiped out of existence. The British General had lost one of the most important parts of his army, and his campaign for the future was permanently crippled in consequence. The immediate effect was to check his movement northward, and the first advance through North Carolina to Virginia failed. On October 14th he began his retreat from Charlotte, and after a hard march of fifteen days, through rain and mud and with scant food, he reached Winnsborough, near Camden. All the way his men had been attacked and shot down by the militia, something quite impossible before King's Mountain. Encouraged in the same way, Marion had again taken the field and began to cut off outlying British posts. Tarleton went after him, burning and ravaging as he rode, but Marion eluded him, and then he was forced to turn back, for Sumter had broken out near Camden and was intercepting supplies, beating loyalist militia, and generally making the life of the commanding General uncomfortable. The interior country, in fact, was slipping from the British control, and even the position of their main army was menaced. So Tarleton went after his old enemy with his usual zeal. He came up with Sumter at the Black stock plantation, did not stop to consider either Sumter's position or numbers, and dashed at him with two hundred and fifty men. This time Sumter was neither surprised nor encumbered with baggage, and fought on ground of his own choosing. He repulsed Tarleton's charge, and then drove back the infantry with such severe loss that Tarleton was forced to retreat rapidly, leaving his wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The year closed cheerfully for the Americans. Cornwallis had been forced to abandon his Northern march and retreat. The country was up in arms, and Sumter and Marion threatened British posts and communications in all directions, while the victory at King's Mountain had destroyed an important part of the British force. But at the same time the riflemen had disappeared silently and swiftly as they had come, and the only Ameri-

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can forces were, as before, scattered bands. It is true the spirit of the people had revived, but there was still no army, and without a regular army the British could not be driven from the South. Twice had the central government tried to supply the great defect, and one army had been captured at Charleston and another flung away at Camden. Now a third attempt was to be made, and on it the fate of the war in the Carolinas would turn. This time Congress allowed Washington to choose a commander, and he selected Greene, as he had done in the first instance. He said that he sent a General without an army, for, generous as he was, he could now spare only three hundred and fifty men from the regular line. But he felt that the commander was really the main thing, since experience had shown that there was abundance of material for soldiers, and he knew that in this instance he sent a man who not only could make an army, but who would not fight until his army was made.

Greene, thus chosen to command, at once went to Philadelphia, where he delivered Washington's letter and made his report to Congress. Then he examined all papers relating to his new department, and in two days made another report to Congress, setting forth his needs. It appeared that he wanted pretty much everything, money, men, stores, arms, and ample authority. Congress had never liked Greene overmuch, but since the wreck of their favorite, Gates, they were in a chastened frame of mind, and with extraordinary promptness they proceeded to comply with their new General's demands. They assigned Steuben to the Southern department; they gave Greene every possible power and authority, and letters of recommendation and appeal to all the State legislatures. In the more important material things they could give less, for they had little to give. Fifteen hundred stand of arms was about the measure of their contribution, for money, men, and clothing they had not. Greene, the indefatigable, reached out in all directions trying to beg or borrow everywhere, money, clothing, medicine, or anything else. Pennsylvania, through Reed, helped him to some wagons to replace those lost by Gates, but he got little else. Then Greene, believing that he could use cavalry in the South, persuaded Congress to give him Henry Lee, "Lighthorse Harry," commission him as a Lieutenant-Colonel and authorize him to raise a regiment. All these things done, or at least vigorously agitated, Greene set forth to his command. As he went he steadily kept up the work he had begun in Philadelphia, demanding, urging, praying for men, money, and supplies to be sent with him or after him. He went with his story and his requests before the legislatures of Delaware and Maryland, and presented the letters of Washington and of the Congress. He roused both States, and obtained pledges which were later to bear fruit. Thence he pressed on to Richmond, where he met Jefferson, then Governor, and the legislature. The spirit, the disposition of all were excellent, but everything was in confusion; clothing could not be had, recruits were coming in slowly, a body of the enemy had landed in the southeast, and there was an infinity of work to be done before the great State on which he would chiefly have to rely could be brought to a condition where its resources would be available. Greene gave them Steuben to take charge of their military affairs, set other matters in such train as was possible, wrote urgent letters to Congress and to Washington, and then set forward again. Now he began to get reports from the scene toward which he was going, vague, contradictory, fluctuating reports which troubled him much, and seemed to presage a very troublesome and chaotic situation to be met and overcome. Finally, on December 2d, he reached Charlotte. Almost his first act was to answer Cornwallis's complaint of the hanging of prisoners at King's Mountain, by sending a list of fifty prisoners hung by order of the British commanders, and at the same time declaring that he did not intend to wage war in that fashion. But it was the work of army-making which chiefly concerned him, not verbal controversies with Cornwallis. Unlike Gates, he at once counted his army instead of waiting until the eve of battle for that information. The result was not inspiriting. He found that he had 2,300 men, who had been gathered together by Gates since his defeat. They were poorly equipped and badly disciplined. The militia were in the habit of

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going home when the humor took them, but Greene, in his prompt fashion and with a painful disregard for local customs declared this to be desertion, shot the first offender, and demonstrated that a new commander had really come. While he was organizing the army he also examined and surveyed the rivers, found where the fords were, and then, instead of plunging headlong at the enemy, withdrew to the fertile meadows of the Pedee and there formed a camp and proceeded to drill his troops and prepare them for work. He acted quickly, quietly, and without much conversation. "I call no councils of war," he wrote to Hamilton on December 20th. Yet bad as was the condition of the weak and broken army, Greene was extremely fortunate in his officers. Harry Lee, the most brilliant cavalry officer of the Revolution, in which cavalry was but little used, had come with him. On the spot he had found John Eager Howard and Colonel Otho Williams, of Maryland, and William Washington, of Virginia. These were all brave, experienced, dashing officers, just the men who would prove invaluable to Greene. There was also another officer higher in rank than any of these, who had come to Charlotte as soon as he heard of the rout at Camden. This was Daniel Morgan, of Virginia, an abler soldier than any whom Greene found at Charlotte, and far more suggestive of the deeper meanings of the American Revolution. Lee and Howard and the rest represented the rich landholders, the well-established aristocracy of the Colonies. They had wealth, position, and education as a birthright, in addition to their own courage and capacity. At them could not be flung the constant sneer and gibe of the loyalist satirist, and pamphleteer that the American officers were men of lowly birth, fishers and choppers and ploughmen. Yet that at which the loyalist and the Tory sneered was one of the great signs of the time, a portent of the democratic movement, a new source of strength in war and peace. The custom of the world then was to give military power and command by favor, to treat them as plunder to be shared among a limited class. Rank, birth, political service, the bar sinister if it crossed a coat of arms sufficiently illustrious, were the best titles to high military command. England, forgetting whence she had taken Clive and Wolfe, had relapsed into the current system of favoritism and sent out Howes and Clintons and Burgoynes to command her armies in America. Many men of this class were physically brave, now and then one, like Cornwallis or Rawdon, was efficient, but as a rule they lacked brains, were self-indulgent, and sometimes cruel. They represented an old system now rotten and broken, and against them came a new system with the blood of youth in its veins. The democratic movement was to draw most of its leaders from the people, whence its real strength came. Twenty years later that which was a little-understood fact in the American war had been formulated into an aphorism in the mighty revolution sweeping over Europe, and men learned that the new order of things meant *la carrière ouverte aux talens*, and that every private soldier had perchance a marshal's bâton hidden in his knapsack.

Of this class, so preëminently children of their time, and of the great social forces then stirring into life, Daniel Morgan was a most typical example. Born in New Jersey, the son of a poor Welsh emigrant, he began life as a day-laborer. Drifting out to the frontier he became a wagoner, then a soldier in the Braddock expedition, was brutally flogged under the savage military code of the time for striking a companion, kept on in spite of this hideous wrong, and so distinguished himself in battle that he was promoted from the ranks and given a commission. Desperately wounded, he escaped from the Indians in a hot skirmish, clinging blindly to the neck of his frightened runaway horse. So he lived on the frontier, reckless, fighting, drinking, gaming, saved only from destruction by his gigantic strength and hard head. A fortunate marriage turned him from his wild life and brought his really fine and gentle nature uppermost. He settled down in Virginia, and although he fought in Pontiac's and Lord Dunmore's wars, he became a steady, hardworking planter. When the Revolution came only one side was possible to such a man—he was the friend of Washington, the way was open to ability, and his time had come. With his riflemen raised in Virginia he had dis-

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tinguished himself in almost every action from Boston to Monmouth, and had been taken prisoner in the desperate night assault at Quebec. He had been especially conspicuous in the Burgoyne campaign, playing a very large part in all the fighting which culminated in the surrender of Saratoga, where the British commander told him that he commanded "the finest regiment in the world." Congress did not, however, seem impressed in the same way. In the promotions so lavishly given to foreigners and favorites, Morgan was passed over, and at last withdrew in disgust to his home in Virginia. But when he heard of the defeat at Camden he at once said that this was no time for personal feelings or resentments, and went directly to Hillsborough to join the defeated Gates. Then at last Congress gave him his tardy promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, and when Greene arrived he found Morgan already at work. With excellent judgment Greene confirmed Morgan in his separate command, and the latter, threatening Cornwallis's flank, crossed the Catawba and, picking up some small additional bodies of militia, moved along the Pacolet River, where he cut off and defeated with heavy loss a large body of loyalists who were ravaging that country. His operations and his position alike threatened the British seriously, and Cornwallis could not advance into North Carolina or against Greene until he had disposed of Morgan's division. He therefore detached Tarleton with the light infantry, and eleven hundred men in all, to follow Morgan, while he moved in such a way himself as to cut Morgan off if he attempted to retreat to North Carolina.

Tarleton moved rapidly, and Morgan fell back before him, until, on January 16th, he reached the Cowpens, where cattle were rounded up and branded, a place about midway between Spartanburg and the Cherokee ford of the Broad River. Morgan, brought up in the school of Washington, and having a perfect understanding of the situation in the South, wished just then, as much as Greene, to avoid a decisive action. At the same time, as he wrote his chief, this course might not be always possible, and he knew that he was in a position at once difficult and dangerous. Well informed by his scouts, he was aware that he was between two armies, and when he reached the Cowpens he determined to stand his ground and fight, although some of his officers recommended otherwise. In the evening he walked about among the camp-fires talking to the militia, who were of the same class from which he himself had sprung. He told them that he was going to fight, took them into his confidence, assured them that "the old wagoner would crack his whip over Tarleton," and that if they gave three fires they would surely win. The next morning he had his men roused early so that they could breakfast well, and then he formed them for battle. His main line was composed of the Maryland Continental troops in the centre, with the Virginia riflemen on each flank. In front he placed the militia under Pickens, and in the rear, out of sight, Colonel Washington and the cavalry. Then Morgan rode up and down the line and told the militia to give the enemy two killing fires and fall back. He explained to the Continentals that the militia would retire after delivering these volleys that they must stand firm in the centre, and, placed as they were on rising ground, fire low. As soon as Tarleton came in sight of the American army thus posted and drawn up, he raced at them, hardly waiting to form his line or to allow his reserve to come up. It was Tarleton's way, and had proved very pleasant and successful on several occasions in dealing with raw militia. But here he was face to face with an experienced soldier, and with an army resting on a body of tried veterans in the centre. As he advanced, the militia, under Pickens, delivered two or three well-aimed and destructive volleys, and then gave ground and fell back, as they had been told, but without disorder, round the wings of Howard and the Marylanders, who held the centre. The main line in turn poured in such a heavy and well-sustained fire that the British hesitated, and Tarleton, calling for his reserves, flung himself upon Howard's men. Howard, seeing that his flank was being turned, ordered the right company to face-about. The order was misunderstood, and the whole line faced about and began to retreat. This blunder was turned into the stroke of victory by Morgan's quickness. Pickens and his militia had reformed, and were assailing the Brit-

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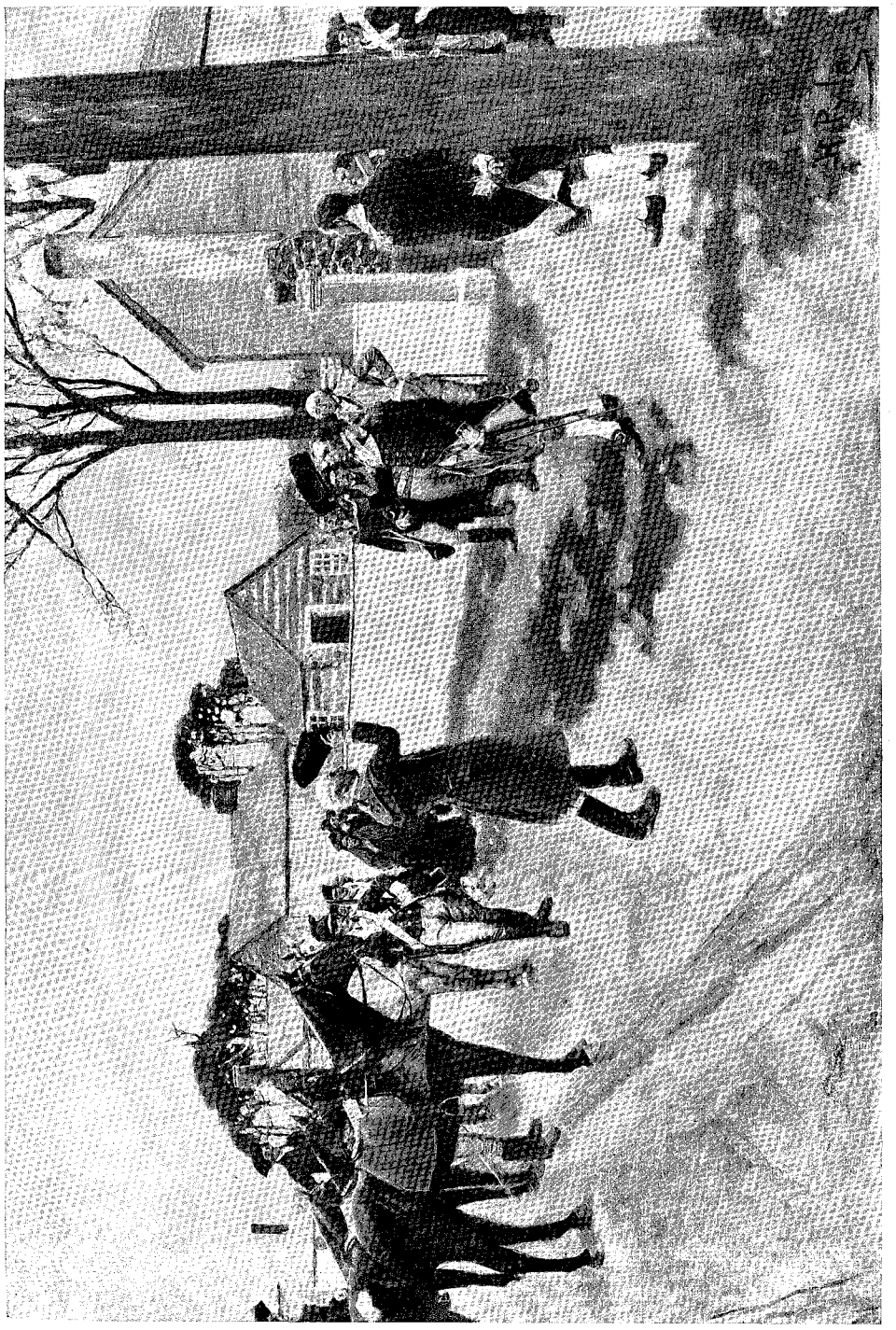

The Meeting of Greene and Gates at Charlotte, N. C., upon the Former's Assuming Command.
General Davidson in uniform, Kosciusko, and General Morgan in buckskins, are behind General Gates in the picture.

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Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

The Combat Between Colonels Washington and Tarleton at the Battle of the Cowpens.

It was through his bravery in this personal encounter that Tarleton was able to effect his escape after the battle.

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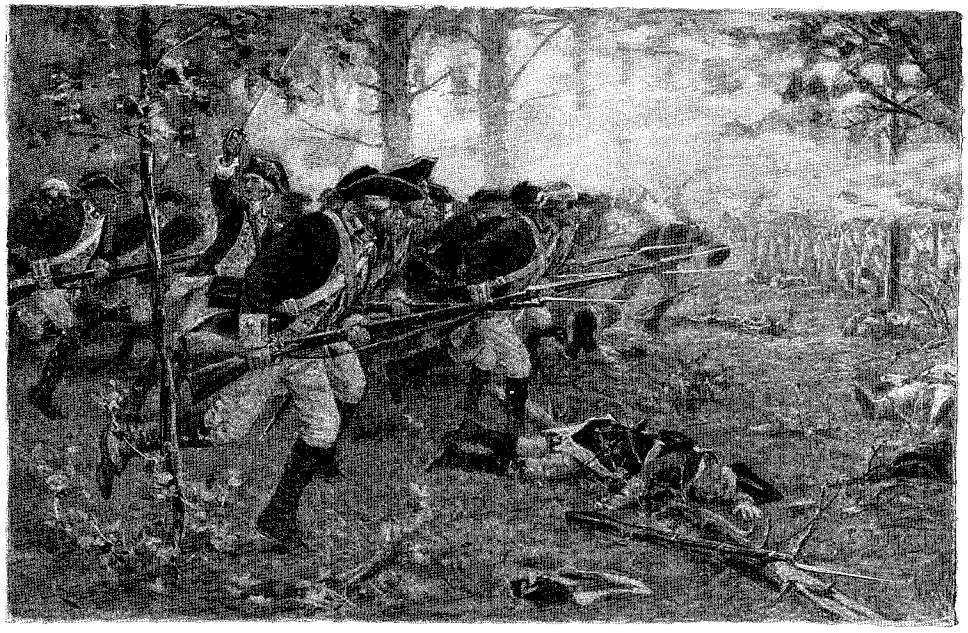
ish right wing, while Colonel Washington, charging suddenly and breaking the right wing, got to the rear of the enemy, and saw them rushing forward pell-mell after Howard's retreating line. "They are coming on like a mob," he sent word to Morgan. "Give them a fire and I will charge them." Suddenly at the command, the steady Continental troops halted, faced about, poured in a heavy and deadly fire, and followed it with a bayonet charge upon the disordered British line. At the same moment Washington dashed in upon them in the rear. All was now over in a few minutes. The rout was utter and complete, and the British infantry, outflanked and surrounded, threw away their arms and began to cry for the quarter which they had refused to Buford's men, but which was here accorded to them. Six hundred of Tarleton's eleven hundred were captured. Ten officers and over a hundred men were killed, showing the gallantry with which they fought until taken between two fires. Tarleton himself, by personal prowess and hard riding, barely escaped. All the cannon, arms, equipage, everything, fell into the hands of the Americans, who on their side lost only twelve killed and sixty wounded.

The numbers engaged at the Cowpens were small, only eight hundred Americans and about eleven hundred British, but it was one of the best-fought actions of the war. Morgan, no doubt, took a serious risk in fighting with the Broad River in his rear and with no protection to his flanks, but he knew his men, he did not intend that they should have any temptation to retreat, and he had confidence in them and in himself. Tarleton, no doubt, was rash in the extreme and blundered in his hasty advance, but he was one of the best of the British officers, and his error arose, as the British errors usually did, from contempt for his opponent. Yet, after all allowances for Tarleton's mistakes, the fact remains that Morgan's tactics were admirable, and he handled his men, who behaved with the utmost steadiness, so well that he turned a blunder in an important order into a decisive opportunity for immediate victory. How well he fought his battle is best shown by the fact that he not only defeated his enemy, but utterly destroyed him. Moreover, his coolness and judgment, so excellent before the fight and in the heat of action, were not affected by his victory. He crossed the Broad River that very night, and when Cornwallis, stung by the defeat of Tarleton, rushed after Morgan, actually burning his baggage that he might move



The Bayonet Charge by the Second Maryland Brigade at the Battle of Camden.

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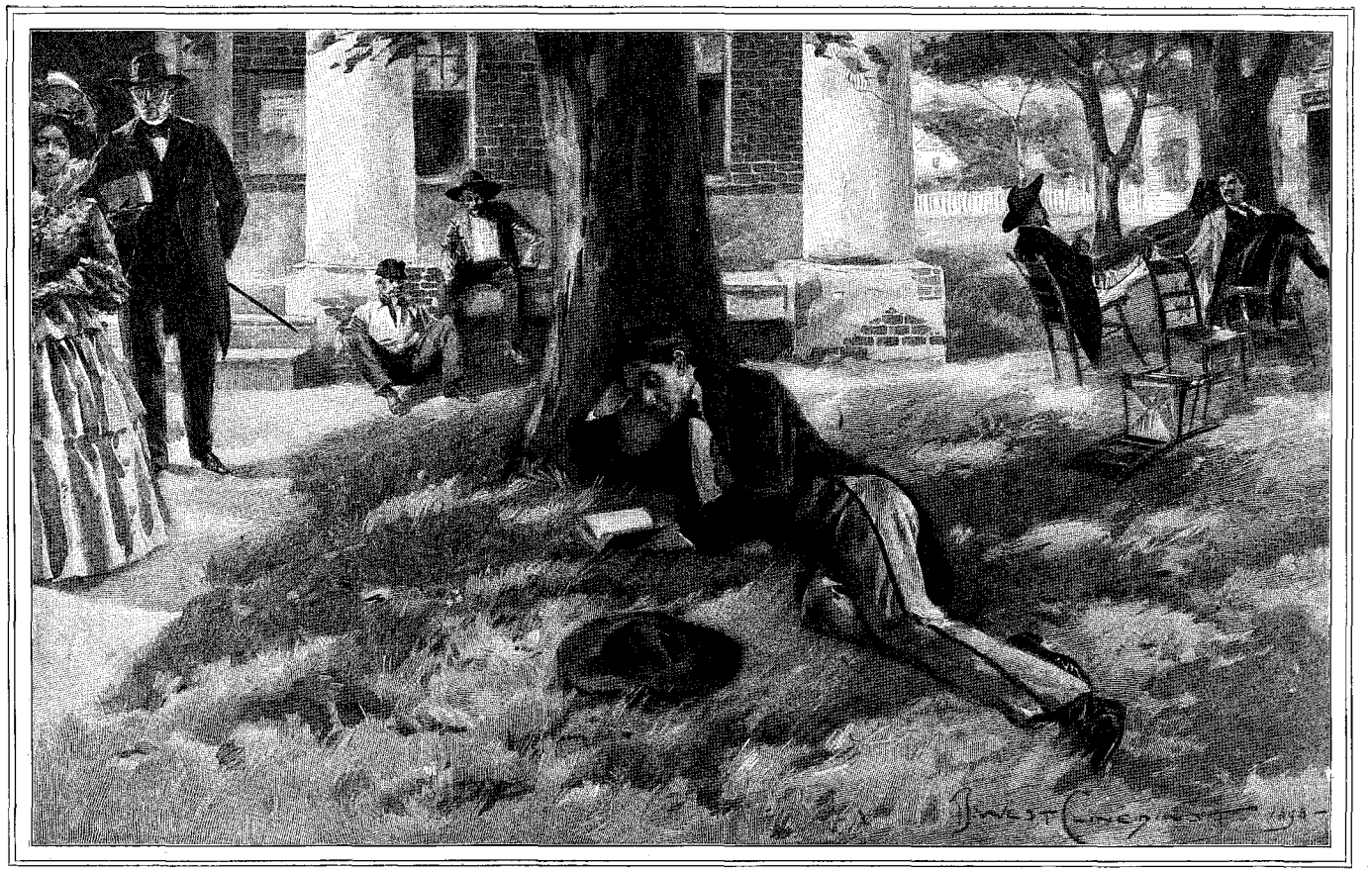

Steve stretched, and, picking up his book, dived once more into the "Idylls of the King."—Page 248.

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the faster, reached the Little Catawba it was only to learn that the victorious Americans had crossed with their prisoners two days before and were on the way to join Greene's army.

The victory at the Cowpens was a fit supplement to that at King's Mountain. The backwoodsmen had sprung out of their hills in defence of their homes and swept away the strong corps to which Cornwallis trusted for scouts, outpost work, and the conquest of the interior. A regular army, commanded by one of Washington's Generals, had utterly defeated a select body of British troops, and crushed out of existence the light infantry which Cornwallis had used so effectively, and which he was to need so much in the future. There was much hard fighting still to do, but the days of panic and submission were over. The question had ceased to be how much the British would overrun and conquer, and had become the very different one of how long they could hold their ground, and how soon the Americans, represented at last by a regular army and an able General, could drive them out. The first chapter in the British invasion of the South, England's last and most effective attempt to conquer her colonies, closed at Charleston with the loss of Lincoln's army and the utter prostration of the American cause in that region. The second chapter began with Camden and ended with King's Mountain and the Cowpens. After Morgan's victory a new campaign opened in the South.

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXX

THE difference in the attitude of their neighbors toward them was felt deeply by Major and Mrs. Welch. Even Dr. Cary's wonted cordiality had given place when he met Mrs. Welch to a grave and formal courtesy. Toward Major Welch the formality was less marked; while toward Ruth there was almost the same warmth and friendliness that had existed before Mrs. Welch's letters were seen. Ruth, however, was far too loyal to her own to accept such attentions; so far from accepting, she resented the overtures made her, and was not slow in letting it be understood. There was one or two exceptions to this general feeling on her part. Toward Blair Cary her liking deepened. Blair was sweeter than ever to her, and though Ruth felt that this was to make up to her for the coolness of others, there was a true sympathy in Blair, and a delicacy and charm about her manner of showing it that touched her, and Ruth was conscious that day by day she became drawn more and more closely to her young neighbor. Such friendships are rare. The friend with whom one does not have to make explanations is God-given.

With her other neighbors Ruth stood on her dignity, in armed guardfulness. She carried her head higher than she had ever done in her life and responded to their advances with a coldness that shortly gained her a reputation for as much pride as she could have desired, if not for a good deal of temper. Mrs. Dockett attempted a sympathetic matter with her, and if subsequent rumors were any indication, that redoubted champion did not come off wholly unscathed.

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"The little minx has got her mother's tongue," sniffed the offended lady. "Why, she actually snubbed me—*me!* Think of her daring to tell me, when I was giving her to understand that we knew she was not responsible for any of the insulting things that had been said about us, that she always agreed with her mother and father in everything! And away she marched, with her little mouth pursed up and her head held as high as Captain Allen's. She'll know when I try to be civil to her again! She's getting her head turned because Captain Allen said she had some pretension to good looks."

It must be said, though, on behalf of Mrs. Dockett, that after the first smart of the rebuff she had received was over, she liked Ruth none the less, and used to tell the story of her snubbing her with a very humorous take-off of Miss Welch's air and of her own confusion. And long afterward she admitted that the first time she really liked Ruth was when she resented her condescension.

"It takes a good woman—or man either—to stand up to me, you know!" she said, with a twinkle of pride and amusement in her bright eyes.

Mrs. Dockett was not the only one by any means to whom the young lady showed her resentment. Ruth felt her isolation keenly, and suddenly began to take a much deeper interest than ever before in her mother's philanthropical work, riding about and visiting the poor negroes, and extending her visits to the poorer whites as well.

It happened that more than once on these visitations Ruth fell in with Captain Allen. She treated him with marked coldness—Steve declared afterward, with actual savageness—but, it must be said, it appeared to have little apparent effect on that gentleman; it seemed simply to amuse him. He was "riding about on business," he explained to her, with smiling eyes. He seemed to have a great deal of business to ride about on of late. Ruth always declined, with much coolness, his request to be allowed to escort her; but her refusal did not seem to offend him; he would turn up unexpectedly the next time she rode out alone, cheerful and amused. (One singular thing was that she rarely saw him when she was accompanied by her father.) Still she did not stop riding. She did not see why she should give up her visits of philanthropy simply because Captain Allen also happened to have business to attend to. She began to be vaguely conscious that sometimes she even felt disappointed if on her ride she did not see him somewhere, and she hated herself for this, and took to disciplining herself for it, by riding on unfrequented roads. Yet, even here, now and then, Captain Allen passed her, and she began to feel as if he were in some sort following her. On one occasion, when he overtook her on a somewhat lonely road, he took her to task for riding so much alone. She was secretly pleased; but fired up at his manner.

"Why?" She looked him defiantly in the eyes.

He appeared confused.

"Why—because—Suppose you should lose your way, what would you do?" She saw that this was not his reason.

"I should ask someone," she answered, coolly.

"But whom would you ask? There is no one—except one old woman, my Mammy Peggy, who lives down in this direction—who lives anywhere between the old road that is now stopped up and the creek, and farther back is a through cut to the Bend, which you crossed, along which some of the worst characters in the county travel. They do not come this side of the creek, for they are afraid. But I assure you that it is not safe for you to be riding about through the woods this way, this time in the evening, by yourself."

"Why, I see this path; someone must travel it," she said. She knew that somewhere down in that direction was the old hospital-place, which the negroes said was haunted, and which was rumored to be the meeting-place of the Ku Klux. Steve looked a little confused.

"Yes——"

"And if no one is down here there cannot any harm come to me." She enjoyed her triumph.

"Yes, but you don't understand—people pass this way going backward and forward from—from the Bend, and elsewhere, and—" He broke off. "You must trust me and take my word for it," he said, firmly. "It is not right for you; it is not safe." He was so earnest that Ruth could not

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help feeling the force of what he said, and she was at heart secretly pleased; yet she resented his attitude.

"Whom should I be afraid of? Of the Ku Klux?" She was pleased to see him flush. But when he answered her he spoke seriously:

"Miss Ruth, there are no Ku Klux here—there never were any—except once for a little while, and there is not one in the county or in the South who would do you an injury, or with whom, if you were thrown, you would not be as safe as if you were guarded by a regiment."

Ruth felt that he was telling her the truth, and she was conscious of the effect he had on her. Yet she rebelled, and she could not resist firing a shot at him.

"Thank you," she said, mockingly. "I am relieved to know that they will not murder ladies." Steve flushed hotly, and before he could answer she pressed her advantage with delight.

"Could you not persuade them to extend their clemency to other poor defenceless creatures? Poor negroes, for example! You say there never were any Ku Klux in this county; how about that night when the State militia were raided and their arms taken from them, and when poor defenceless women were frightened to death? Were the men who did that really ghosts?"

She looked at Steve and was struck with a pang that she should have allowed herself to be carried so far. She had meant only to sting him and revenge herself, but she had struck deeper than she had intended. The look on Steve's face really awed her, and when he spoke, the tone in his voice was different from any she had ever heard in it.

"Miss Welch, I did not say there had never been any Ku Klux in this county—you misunderstood me. I said there had never been any but once. I myself organized a band of Ku Klux regulators—'a den,' as we called it in this county—and we made one raid—the raid you spoke of, when we took the arms from the negroes. I led that raid. I organized it and led it, because I deemed it absolutely necessary for our protection at the time—for our salvation. No one was seriously hurt, no women were frightened to death, as you say. It is true that some women were frightened, and no doubt frightened badly, at the pranks played that night. We meant to frighten the men. If necessary, we should have done more to them—the leaders—but never to frighten the women. Under the excitement of such an occasion, where there were hundreds of young men, some full of fun, some wild and reckless, some unauthorized acts were committed. It had been attempted to guard against them; but some men overstepped the bounds, and there were undoubtedly unjustifiable acts committed under cover of the disguise adopted. But no lives were taken and no great violence was done. The reports you have heard of it were untrue. I give you my word of honor as to this. That is the only time there has been a raid by Ku Klux in this county—and the only time there will be one. We accomplished our purpose, and we proved what we could do. The effect was salutary. But I found that blackguards and sneaks could take advantage of the disguise and, under its cover, wreak their private spite, and by common consent the den was disbanded shortly after that night. There have been ruffianly acts committed since that time by men disguised as Ku Klux; but not one of the men who were in that raid, so far as I know, were concerned in them or have ever worn their disguise since then. They have sworn solemnly not to do so. The place where they met is the old plantation down here on the river; this path leads to it, and at the top of the next hill I can show you the house. It is only a ruin, and was selected by me because the stories connected with it protected it from the curiosity of the negroes, and, in the case of invasion, the woods around, with their paths, furnished a ready means of escape.

"I have told you the whole story and told you the truth absolutely, and I hope you will do me the honor to believe me." His manner and voice were so grave and cold that Ruth had long lost all her resentment.

"I do," she said.

He bowed. They had reached the crest of the hill.

"There is the house." He held a bough aside and indicated a large rambling mansion below them, almost concealed on one side by the dense growth, while the other appeared to be simply a ruin. It lay in a cleft between two wooded hills, around the

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base of which ran the river, and seemed as desolate a place as Ruth had ever seen.

"My showing it to you is a proof that 'the den' is broken up. Now we will go back." He turned his horse.

"I did not need it," she said, earnestly. "And I will never tell anyone that I have ever seen it."

To this he made no response.

"I must see you back to the main road safely," he said, gravely.

Ruth felt that she had struck him deeply, and as they rode along she cast about in her mind for some way to lead up to an explanation. It did not come, however, and at the main road, when her gate was in sight, he pulled in his horse and lifted his hat.

"Good-evening."

"Good-evening. I will think of what you said," she began, meaning what he had said about her riding out alone.

"I would at least like you to think of me as a gentleman." He bowed gravely, and lifting his hat again, turned and rode slowly away.

Ruth rode home filled with conflicting emotions. Among them was anger, first with herself, and afterward with Captain Allen.

Miss Welch on her arrival at home that evening was as nearly at war with everyone as it is possible for a really sweet-tempered girl to be. Dr. Washington Still had called in her absence and proffered his professional services for any of her patients. She broke out against him, vehemently, and when her mother undertook to defend him, she attacked the whole Still family and connections, except Virgy, whom she admitted to be a poor, weak, little kind-hearted thing, and shocked her mother by warmly denouncing the stories of the Ku Klux outrages, and openly declaring that she did not believe there had ever been any Ku Klux in the county, except perhaps on the one occasion when they had disarmed the negro militia—and that she thought they did exactly right, and just what she would have had them do.

Mrs. Welch was too much shocked to do anything but gasp.

"Oh, Ruth! Ruth!" she groaned. "That ever my daughter should say such things!" But Miss Ruth was too excited for control just then. She launched out yet more warmly and shocked her mother by yet more heretical views, until suddenly moved by her mother's real pain, she flung herself into her arms in a passion of remorse and tears, and declared that she did not mean half of what she had said, but was a wicked, bad girl, who did not appreciate the best and kindest of mothers.

A few days afterward the man known as "the trick-doctor," but who called himself "Doctor Moses," came to Major Welch's and told them a pitiful story of an old woman's poverty. Mrs. Welch gave him some sugar, coffee, and other things for her, but he asked them to go and see her. She lived "all by herself mostly, and honed to see the good white folks."

"Ef his young Mistis would be so kind as to go and see her some evenin', he would show her de way," he said, with a look at Ruth, and that smile and uneasy look which always reminded her of a hyena in a cage.

They promised to go immediately, and he undertook to describe the road to them.

"It was too bad to drive a carriage over —you had to ride on horseback; but his young Mistis would fine it, she was such a fine rider."

Ruth could never bear the sight of the negro; he was the most repulsive creature to her that she had ever seen. Yet it happened that from his description of the place where the old woman lived and of the road that led there, she was sure she was the same old woman whom Captain Allen had mentioned to her that afternoon as having been his mammy, and as the one person who lived on the deserted plantation. And this or some other thought determined Ruth next day to go and see her. She had expected her father to accompany her, as he frequently did, but it happened that he was called away from home, and as her mother received another urgent call that morning to go and see a sick child, Ruth had either to postpone her visit or go alone. She chose the latter alternative, and as soon as the afternoon had cooled a little, she started off on horseback.

Ever since her interview with Captain Allen she had been chafing under the sense of obeying his urgency that she should not ride through the woods alone. As she recalled it, it was less a request than a command he had given her. She had not rid-

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den out alone since that evening—at least she had not ridden through the wood roads; she had stuck to the highways, and she felt a sense of resentment that she had done so. What right had he to issue orders to her? She would now show him that they had no effect on her.

She would not only go against his wishes, but would go to the very place he had especially cautioned her against. She would see this old woman who had once belonged to him, and perhaps she would some time tell him she had been there.

Ruth had no difficulty in finding her way. She knew the road well as far as the point where the old disused road led off from the highway, and she had a good idea of direction. There she turned into the track that took her down toward the abandoned plantation, and shortly crossed the zigzag path that she knew cut through the pines and led down to the Bend. She remembered Captain Allen pointing it out to her that afternoon, and as she approached it, she galloped her horse rapidly, conscious of a feeling of exhilaration as she passed it. A quarter of a mile farther on the thought occurred to her that it was cowardice to ride rapidly. Why should she do so? And, though a cloud was coming up in the west, she pulled down to a walk. The woods were beautiful and were filled with the odors of grape-blossoms; the path was gradually descending, and she was glad of it, as it assured her she was on the right track. A little farther on, as it had been described to her, it should cross a stream. So she was pleased to see below her, at the bottom of a little ravine, the thicket where the stream crossed. She rode down through a cut, washed long ago by rains, into the ravine, and to the stream. To her surprise the path appeared suddenly to stop at the water's edge. There was no outlet on the other side; simply a wall of bushes. It was very curious. Suddenly her horse threw up his head and started. At the same moment a slight noise behind her attracted her attention. She turned, and in the path behind her stood Moses.

The blood deserted Ruth's face. She had often met him before—had found him on the side of the road as she passed along, or had turned and seen him come out of the woods behind her, but she had never been when alone so close to him before. And now to find herself face to face with him in that lonely place, made her heart almost stop. Yet it was only his look. After regarding her for a moment silently, he began to move slowly forward, bowing and halting with that peculiar gait, that always reminded Ruth of a crawling worm. She would have fled, but she took it in an instant that there was no means of escape. The same idea must have passed through the negro's mind. A curious smirk was on his face.

"My Mistis," he said, with a grin that showed his yellow teeth and his horrid gums.

"The path seems to end here," said Ruth, with an effort commanding her voice.

"Yes, my Mistis; but I will show you de way. Old Moses will show you de way. He-he-he!" His voice had a singular feline quality.

"No, thank you, I can find it, I shall go back up here and look for it." She urged her horse back up the path to pass him. But the negro stepped before him and blocked the way.

"Nor'm, dat ain't de way. I'll show you de way. Jes let Doctor Moses show you." He gave his snicker again, moved closer and put his hand on her bridle.

The act changed her fear to anger.

"Let go my bridle, instantly!" Her voice rose suddenly. The tone of command took the negro by surprise, and he dropped his hand; the next moment, however, he caught her bridle again, so roughly that her horse reared and started back, and if Ruth had not been a good rider, she would have fallen from the saddle.

"I'm *gwine* to show you." It was now a snarl. He clung to the bridle of the frightened horse. His countenance had changed.

Raising her riding-whip, Ruth struck him with all her might across the face.

"Let go my bridle!" she cried.

He gave a howl of rage and sprang at her like a wild beast; but her horse whirled and slung him from his feet and he missed her, only tearing her skirt. It seemed to Ruth at that moment that she heard the sound of a horse galloping somewhere, and she gave a scream. It was answered in-

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stantly by a shout over the hill on the path down which she had come, and the next moment the swift rush of a horse on the muffled wood-path back in the woods was heard.

The negro caught the sound as he turned to seize her bridle again, stopped short and listened intently; then, suddenly wheeling, plunged into the bushes and went crashing away. The same instant the horseman dashed over the crest of the hill and came rushing down the path, his horse's feet scattering the stones before him. And the next second, before Ruth could take it in, Steve Allen, his face whiter than she had ever seen it, was at her side.

"What is it? Who was it?" he asked.

"Nothing. Oh! he frightened me so," she panted.

"Who?" His voice was imperious.

"That negro."

"What negro?"

"The one they call Moses—Doctor Moses."

The look that came into Steve's face was for a second almost terrifying. The next moment, with an effort, he controlled himself.

"Oh! it was nothing," he said, lightly. "He is an impudent dog, and must be taught manners. Don't be frightened. No one shall hurt you." His voice had suddenly grown gentle and soothing, and he led Ruth from the subject, talking lightly and calming her.

"I told you not to come here alone, you know," he said.

His manner reassured Ruth, and she almost smiled as she answered:

"I thought that was a woman's revenge."

"I did not mean it for revenge. But I want you to promise me now you will never do it again. Or if you will not promise me, I want you to promise yourself."

"I will promise you," said Ruth. She went on to explain why she came.

"The old woman you speak of wants nothing," he said, "and you have passed the path that leads to her house. That negro misled you—you did not take the right road to reach her place. You should have turned off some distance back. It was a mere chance—simply Providence—that I came this way and saw your track and followed you. If you wish to see my old Mammy I will show you the way. It is the nearest house, and the only one we could reach before that storm comes, and we shall have to hurry even to get there."

Ruth looked over her shoulder and was frightened at the blackness of the cloud that had gathered. There was suddenly a dense stillness. Almost at the moment she looked a streak of flame darted from the cloud, and a terrific peal of thunder following immediately showed that it was close on them.

"Come." And catching her bridle Captain Allen headed her horse up the hill. "Mind the bushes. Keep him well in hand; but put him out."

She urged the horse and gave him the rein, and they dashed up the hill, Steve close at her horse's flank. It was to be a close graze, even if they escaped at all; for the rising wind, coming in a strong blast, was beginning to rush through the woods, making the trees bend and creak. The bushes swept past her, and dragged her hat from her head.

"Keep on! I'll get it!" called Steve, and leaning from his saddle he picked it from the ground and in a moment was up with her again. The thunder was beginning to crash just above their heads, and, as they dashed along, the air was filled with flying leaves and small boughs, and big drops were beginning to spatter on them. She heard Steve's voice, but could not tell what he said. The next instant he was alongside her, his hand outstretched to steady her horse. She could not, in the roar of the wind, distinguish his words; but saw that he meant her to pull in, and she did so. The next moment they were at a path that led off at an angle from that they were on. Steve turned her horse into it, and an instant later appeared a small clearing, on the other side of which was an old cabin. That instant, however, the cloud burst upon them, and the rain came in a sheet that wet Ruth through. Before she could stop her horse at the door, Steve was on the ground and lifted her down as if she had been a child.

"Run in," he said, and it never occurred to her to oppose him. Holding both horses with one hand, he reached across, pushed open the door and put her inside. An old negro woman, the only occupant, was facing her, just as she had risen from her chair

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by the fire, her small black eyes wide with surprise at the unexpected entrance. The next moment she advanced toward her.

"Come in, Mistis. Is you wet?" she asked.

"Thank you—why, yes—I am rather—But——" Ruth turned to the door. She was thinking of her companion who was still out in the storm.

"Yes, to be sho' you is. I'll shet de do'." The old negress moved to push it closer to.

"No, don't!" cried Ruth. "He is out there."

"Who? Don't you go out dyah, Mistis."

She restrained Ruth, who was about to go out again. But the door was pushed open from the outside, and Steve, dripping wet, with a pile of broken pieces of old rails in his arms and Ruth's saddle in his hand, came in.

"Marse Steve! Fo' de Lawd!" exclaimed the old woman. "Ain't you mighty wet?" She had left Ruth and was feeling Steve's arms and back.

"Wet? No, I'm as dry as a bone," laughed Steve. "Here—make up a good fire." He threw the wood on the hearth and began to pile it on the fire, which had been almost extinguished by the rain that came down the big chimney. "Dry that young lady. I've got to go out." He turned to the door again.

"No—please! You must not go out!" cried Ruth, taking a step toward him.

"I have to go to see after the horses. I must fasten them."

"Please don't. They are all right. I don't want you to go!" She faced him boldly. "Please don't, for my sake," she pleaded.

He hesitated and looked about him.

"I shall be wretched if you go out." Her face and voice proved the truth of her words.

"I *must* go. I am already soaking wet; but I'll come back directly." His voice was cheerful, and before Ruth could beg him again, with a sign to the old woman he was gone, and had pulled the door close behind him.

"Heah, he say I is to dry you," said the old Mammy, and she set a chair before the fire and gently but firmly put Ruth into it, proceeding to feel her shoes and clothing. "Dat's my young master," she said with pride, in answer to Ruth's expostulations. "You're 'bliged to do what he say, you know. He'll be back torectly."

Ruth felt that the only way to get Captain Allen to come in out of the storm was to get dried as quickly as possible; so she set to work to help the old woman. Steve did not come back, however, for some time, not until Ruth sent him word that she was dry and he must come in or she would come out. Then he entered, laughing at the idea that such a rain meant anything at all to him.

"Why, I am an old soldier. I have slept in such a rain as that, night after night, and as soundly as a baby. I enjoy it." His face as he looked at Ruth sitting before the fire, showed that he enjoyed something. And as she sat there, her long hair down, her eyes filled with solicitude, and the bright firelight from the blazing resinous pine shining on her and lighting up the dingy little room, she made a picture to enjoy.

Old Peggy, bending over her and ministering to her with pleased officiousness, caught something of the feeling.

"Marse Steve, is dis your lady?" she asked, suddenly, with an admiring look at Ruth, whose cheeks flamed.

"No—not—" He did not finish the sentence. "What made you think so?"

"She so consarned about you. She certingly is pretty," she said, simply.

Ruth was blushing violently, and Steve said:

"I'm not good enough, Aunt Peggy, for any lady."

"Go 'way, Marse Steve! You know you good 'nough for anybody. Don't you b'lieve him, young Mistis. I helt him in dese arms when he wa'n't so big" (she measured a length hardly above a span), "and I knows."

Ruth thought so, too, just then, but she did not know what to say. Fortunately, Steve came to her rescue.

"Mammy, you're the only woman in the world that thinks so."

"I know better'n dat!" declared the old woman, emphatically. "You does, too, don't you, my Mistis?" At which Ruth stammered: "Why, yes—" and only blushed the more. She looked so really distressed that Steve said:

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"Come, Mammy, you mustn't embarrass your young Mistress."

"Nor, indeed, dat I won't. But you see dyah! you done call her *my* young Mistis!" laughed the old woman, enjoying hugely the confusion of both her visitors.

It was time to go, Steve said, as the rain had stopped, so they came out and he saddled Ruth's horse and handed her into the saddle. He turned back to the door and spoke a few words to the old woman in a low voice, to which she gave an affirmative, quick reply. As they rode off, the old woman called, "You mus' come again," which both of them promised, separately and faithfully, to do.

Steve bade Miss Welch good-by at her gate. He had scarcely gotten out of sight of her when he changed his easy canter for a long gallop, and a look of grim determination deepened on his face. At the first byway he turned off from the main road and made his way by bridle-paths back to the point where he had rescued Miss Welch. Here he tied his horse and began to examine the bushes carefully. He was able at first to follow the track that the negro had made in his flight; but after a little it became more difficult. The storm had obliterated the traces. So Steve returned to the point where he had left his horse, remounted and rode away. He visited Andy Stamper's and several other plantations, at all of which he stopped, but only for a few moments to speak a word or two to the men at each, and then galloped on to the next, his face still grim and his voice intense with determination.

That night a small band of horsemen rode through the Bend, visiting house after house. They asked for Moses the trick-doctor. But Moses was not there. He had left early the morning before, their informants said, and had not been back since. There was no doubt as to the truth of this. There was something about that body of horsemen, small though it was, riding in pairs, that impressed whoever they accosted, and it was evident that their informants meant to tell the truth. If, at their first summons at a door, the inmates peered out curious and loud-mouthed, they generally quieted down at the first glance at the silent riders outside.

"What you want with him?" asked one of the men, rather inquisitively. Instantly, two horsemen moved silently in behind him, and cut him out from the group behind.

"You know where he is? Come along." Their hands were on his collar.

"Nor, suh, b'fo' God! I don't, gent'mens," protested the negro, almost paralyzed with fright. "I didn't mean nuttin' in the worl', gent'mens."

At a sign from the leader he was released, and was glad to slip back into obscurity behind the rest of the awe-struck group, till the horsemen rode on.

It was, no doubt, well for the trick-doctor that his shrewdness had kept him from his accustomed haunts that night. He visited the Bend secretly a night or two later, but only for a short time, and before morning broke he was far away, following the woodland paths, moving at his swift, halting pace, which, hour by hour, was placing miles between him and the danger he had discovered.

Thus the county, for a time at least, was rid of his presence, and both whites and blacks breathed freer.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE bill in Jacquelin's suit against Still was not filed for some time after the notice was sent and the suit was instituted. Meanwhile, Steve Allen had met the Welch's several times, and, although there was a perceptible coolness in their manner to him, yet the civilities were kept up. As to Steve himself, he went on just as he had done before, ignoring the change and apparently perfectly oblivious of the chilliness with which he was received.

Steve appeared to have changed of late. His old cheerfulness and joviality seemed to have gone, and he was often in a state at times bordering on gloom. It was, however, a period in which most of those with whom this story deals were in a state of actual gloom, so Steve's condition was set down to the general cause. Occasionally, indeed, it occurred to Jacquelin that some trouble with Blair Cary might have a part in it. Steve did not go to Dr. Cary's as often as he used to go; and when he did go, on his return to the court-house, he was almost always in one of his fits of depression. Jacquelin set it down to another

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exhibition of Blair's habitual capriciousness. It was that Yankee Captain that stood in the way. And Jacquelin hardened his heart.

At length the bill in Jacquelin's suit was ready to be filed.

One evening the two young lawyers were seated in their office. It was at the end of a hard day's work, and the result of their labor lay on a desk before them in the shape of the completed bill in Jacquelin's and Rupert's suit. Jacquelin had put the finishing touches to it, and, as he completed it, he handed it across to Steve, who took it and read it all over. It was a bill to reopen, on the ground of fraud, the old suit in which Still had become the purchaser of Red Rock, and to set aside the conveyance to him and the subsequent conveyance of a part of his purchase to Major Welch. It charged Still with gross fraud in his accounts as well as in the possession of the bonds. It ended by making Major Welch a party as a subsequent purchaser, and charged constructive knowledge on his part of Still's fraud. Actual knowledge by him of Still's fraud was expressly disclaimed; but it was stated that he had knowledge of facts which should have put him on inquiry. It was alleged that a formal notice had been served on Major Welch before he became the purchaser, and it asked that an issue out of chancery, as the lawyers call it, might be awarded to try the question of fraud, and that both deeds be set aside and the property restored to Jacquelin and Rupert as the rightful owners.

When Steve was through reading the paper, he laid it on his desk and leant back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, in deep thought. Jacquelin did not disturb him, but watched him, in silence, as the expression on his face deepened into one of almost gloom. Presently Steve stirred.

"Well, is that all?" asked Jacquelin.

"Yes."

"You don't think it will hold?"

"I am not sure; I am sure we shall show fraud, on that rascal's part, at least so far as his accounts are concerned, and I am equally sure that his possession of the bonds was fraudulent; but, as you have said all along, I am not sure that we have been specific enough in our charges, and I am not sure that the bill will hold."

"Nor I; but, as you say, we'll get at something, and it is all we can do. I am willing to take the risk for Rupert, if not for myself. Will you sign as counsel? And I'll go over to the office and file it. Mr. Dockett said he'd wait for us."

Steve took the pen and dipped it in the ink; then again leant back in his chair, and, after a second's thought, sat up and signed the paper rapidly; and Jacquelin took it across the court green and left it with the old clerk.

"Well, the Rubicon is crossed," he said, gayly, as he re-entered the door of their office a few minutes later.

Steve did not answer. He was again leaning back in his chair, deep in thought, his face graver than before.

"Steve, don't bother about the thing any more. We've done the best we could, and if we fail we fail, that's all. 'Tis not in mortals to command success,' you know!" he quoted, lightly. But the other did not respond in the same vein.

"Yes; we've crossed the rubicon," he said, with something between a sigh and a yawn.

"Steve, what's the matter?"

"Oh! nothing."

"Yes, there is; tell me."

"Nothing; I assure you there's not."

"And I know better. Confound it! Can't I see something is going on that I don't understand? You couldn't be gloomier if you had broken with—with your sweetheart."

"Well, I have." Steve turned and looked out of the window to where the light in the clerk's office shone through the trees.

"What!" Jacquelin was on his feet in a second.

"Jack, I'm in love."

"I know that; but what do you mean by—by—that you have broken with——?"

"That I'm in love with Ruth Welch."

"What! What do you mean?" Jacquelin's voice faltered.

"What I say—that I've been in love with her ever since I met her." He was still looking out of the window.

"Steve!" Jacquelin's tone had changed and was full of deep reproach. As Steve was not looking at him and did not an-

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swer, he went on: "Steve, I don't understand. Does she know?" His throat was dry and his voice hard.

"I don't know."

"Steve Allen!" The tone was such that Steve turned to him.

"I thought you were a gentleman!"

"Jacquelin Gray!" Steve sprang to his feet, and the two young men stood facing each other, their faces white and their eyes blazing.

Jacquelin went on sternly: "As Blair Cary has no brother to protect her, I will do it. I never thought it would have to be against you."

"Blair Cary? Protect her? Against me? In God's name, what do you mean?"

"You know."

"I swear I do not." Jacquelin turned from him with a gesture of contempt, but Steve seized him, roughly.

Jacquelin shook him off, but faced him, his whole expression full of scorn:

"Haven't you been engaged to—engaged to—or as good as engaged to—or, at least, in love with Blair Cary for years?"

Steve gazed at him for a moment, with a puzzled look on his face which gave place the next instant to one of inexpressible amusement, and then, with a shove which sent Jacquelin spinning across the room, he flung himself into a chair and burst into a ringing laugh.

"You fool! You blamed fool!" he exclaimed. "But I'm a fool, too," he said, finally.

"I think you are," said Jacquelin.

"Why, Blair knows it."

"Knows what?"

"Knows that I'm in love with Ruth Welch; she divined it long ago and has been my confidante."

"What! Steve——"

"Steve——?" Jacquelin began again, in hopeless amazement, with a tone almost of entreaty, and stopped short.

"You double-dyed, blind idiot!" exclaimed Steve. "Don't you know that Blair Cary don't care a button for me, never has cared, and never will care for but one man?"

"Middleton!" Jacquelin turned away with a fierce gesture.

"No; you jealous fool!"

"Then, in Heaven's name, who is it?" Jacquelin turned and faced him.

"A blind idiot."

The effect was not what Steve anticipated. Jacquelin made a gesture of wild dissent, turned his back, and, walking to the window, put his forearm against the sash and leant his forehead on it.

"You don't know what you're talking about. She hates me. She has always done it since that cursed Middleton——"

"I don't say she hasn't. I simply say she——" He broke off. "She ought to have treated you badly. But before that, if you had gone about it in the right way, I know that you'd have won her." (Jacquelin groaned.) "Instead of that, you must put on your high-and-mighty airs, and try to bully and hector a spirited girl like Blair Cary." (A groan from the window.) "Why, if I were to treat my horse as you did her, he'd break my neck!"

Jacquelin faced him.

"Steve, I loved her so—I have loved her ever since I was a boy—ever since that day I made her jump off the barn. It was what sustained me in prison and kept me alive many a time when otherwise I'd have gone. And when I came home ready to go down on my knees to her—to die for her—to find her given to another, or, if not——" He stopped and turned away again.

"Then why didn't you tell her so, instead of—outraging her feelings?"

"Because—because I thought you loved her, and she loved you, and I would not——" He turned off and walked to the window.

Steve rose and walked slowly up to him.

"Jacquelin," he said, putting his hand on his shoulder and speaking with a new tenderness, "I never knew it—I never dreamed it. You have been blind, boy. And I have been worse. I was never really in love with her, and she knew it. She has known ever since Ruth Welch came here that I liked her, and now—that I have become a fool like the rest of you." He turned away.

Jacquelin stood for a moment looking at him, a light dawning on his face.

"Steve, I beg your pardon for what I said." The next second he rushed out of the door. In a moment he was back, the bill he had just filed in his hand. Steve rose as he entered.

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"What have you done?"

"I may be a fool—but——" He held up the bill and catching the last sheet began to tear it. Steve made a spring toward him, but was too late. Jacquelin had torn the signature from the paper. "I'm not such a selfish dog as to let you do it and bar your chance of happiness. I did not know."

Steve insisted that he would sign the bill; he had brought the suit and he would assume the responsibility for it. But Jacquelin was firm; he declared that if Steve still held to his decision he would not continue the suit at all. Steve urged Rupert's interest. Jacquelin said Rupert would still have six months after he came of age to save his rights. In this unexpected turn of the case, Steve was forced to give in, though it was late in the night before they came to an understanding. It was agreed as a compromise that the suit should be brought, but that Steve should not appear in it, and Jacquelin recopied the whole bill in his own hand and filed it the next morning. It was signed by Jacquelin and Rupert personally, and by General Legaie as counsel. It created a sensation in two households in the County, at least, though for different reasons.

When Still read the bill he almost dropped to the floor. It was based on the charge of fraud, and Major Welch had said the statute of limitations did not apply. After a conference, however, with Leech, who happened to be at home, he felt better. Leech assured him that the bill would not hold good against his possession of the bonds.

"They'll hold against all creation," said that counsellor, "if they weren't stolen and ain't been paid." This declaration did not at first seem to relieve Still much, but when Leech added:

"And they've got to prove both of 'em, and before Baily," Still plucked up more courage.

That evening they took a copy of the bill up to Major Welch. Mrs. Welch and Miss Ruth both were in a state of great excitement and indignation. The idea of fraud being charged against Major Welch was an outrage that they could not tolerate.

Major Welch alone was calm and unmoved. It was, after all, expressly stated that no actual fraud was attributed to him, and, though he felt keenly having his name mixed up with such a matter, he had no anxiety as to the result. He could readily prove that he had had no knowledge whatever of anything to arouse the slightest suspicion. He should of course have to employ counsel. He began to canvass the names of the lawyers in the county.

"Papa, why don't you get Mr. Allen to represent you? They say he is the best lawyer in this part of the country," said Ruth. She was conscious that the color was flushing her face as Still quickly looked at her.

"He's the one that started the whole matter," said Still.

"Why, I don't see his name to the bill!" the Major said.

"Ain't it? Well, anyhow, he's the main one. If it hadn't been for him the suit never would 'a' been brought. Colonel Leech saw a copy of the bill in his handwriting in his office this morning, didn't you, Colonel?"

Leech declared that he had seen the copy and corroborated Still in his statement that Mr. Allen had inspired the suit.

Mrs. Welch gave an exclamation of indignation.

"Well, I did not think he would have played the sneak!"

Ruth rose and walked to the window, and pressed deep in between the curtains.

"The Colonel says 'tain't goin' to be any trouble to beat the suit; that he can git it dismissed on demurrer—if that's the word! You know I ain't got any book-learnin'—I'm nothin' but a plain farmer," Still said.

"Yes; that's it;" and Leech explained his point. "I don't cross a bridge till I get to it; I've got several in this case, but I believe in making every defence."

"That may be so, but I'm going to fight this case on its merits," declared Major Welch, firmly. "I don't propose, when a question of fraud is raised, to shelter myself behind any technicalities. I mean to make it as clear as day that I had no connection with any fraud." Though he spoke quietly, his voice had a ring in it, and his face a light on it which made both Mrs. Welch and Ruth proud of him, and Ruth squeezed her mother's arm in her joy. How different he looked from those other men!

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Meantime, the change in Steve Allen was perceptible to many who had no idea of the true reason, and others besides Jacquelin set it down to the wrong cause. Miss Thomasia, like Jacquelin, laid Steve's despondency at Blair's door, and the good lady cast about in her mind how she might draw Blair into the subject and give her some affectionate advice. But, as often as she touched on the subject of love, even in the most distant way, bringing in Jacquelin as a sort of introduction, Blair shied off from it, so that Miss Thomasia found it more difficult to accomplish than she had anticipated.

Steve Allen, however, was working on his own lines. His position was intolerable to him. The fact that his name had not appeared on Jacquelin's bill stuck like a thorn in his memory.

Steve was lying on the grass under a tree in the court-green one afternoon, reading a book—not a law-book, either—when the sound of horses' feet caught his ear. He looked up lazily as they came nearer and shortly in view appeared two riders, a girl and a young man. They cantered along the little street, their laughter coming across to Steve where he lay, his book neglected on the ground beside him. Steve stretched, and, picking up his book, dived once more into the "Idylls of the King." But the spell was broken. A line from Dante flashed through his mind. Launcelot and Guinevere, Tristram and Isolt, Geraint and Enid, interested him no more. The reality had passed before him. Resting his head against the tree, he tried to go to sleep; but the minute denizens of the grass around bothered him; the droning of bees in the locust boughs above failed to lull him.

"'I am half sick of shadows,'" he murmured to himself, and he sat up and, resting against the tree, thought deeply.

He suddenly sprang to his feet and walked straight to his office, his face resolute and his step determined. Jacquelin was at his desk deep in a big law book. Steve shut the door behind him and stood with his back against it, looking down on his partner.

"Jacquelin, I am going to marry Ruth Welch."

"What!" Jacquelin looked up in blank amazement. "Oh!" he laughed. "I thought you meant you had asked her."

"You misunderstand me. I have no idea she will accept me now, but she will in the end. She shall. I will win her." He was grave, and, though his words spoke conceit, his voice and face had not a trace of it. Jacquelin, too, became grave.

"I believe you can win her if you try, Steve, unless someone else is in the way; but it is a long chase, I warn you." Steve's brow clouded for a second, but it disappeared as quickly as it came.

"You don't think there is anything in that story about Wash Still?" His tone had a certain fiery contempt in it. "I'll tell you there isn't. I'll stake my salvation on that. An eagle does not mate with a weasel."

"No; I do not believe she would; but how about her mother? You know what she thinks of us, and what they say of her missionary ideas, and Wash Still has been playing on that string, of late, assiduously. Besides, they have not the same ideas that we have about family and so on, and they don't know the Stills as we do."

"Not pride of family! You don't know her. She's one of the proudest people in the United States of her family. I tell you she could give General Legaie six in the game and beat him. By jove! I wish one could do the old-fashioned way. I'd just ride up and storm the stronghold and carry her off!" burst out Steve, half in jest, half in earnest, straightening up and stretching out his arms, his eyes flashing and his color rising.

"Now you have to storm the stronghold, all the same, without carrying her off!" Jacquelin laughed. "You have not seen her since the suit was brought, and I doubt if she will speak to you."

"She will not? I'll make her. Whether she speaks or not, I'll win her."

"You have to win her parents first, for you have to ask their permission."

"Do you think that's necessary?" Steve asked, doubtfully, as if almost to himself.

"Under the circumstances—for you; not for Wash Still."

"The gorgon will refuse me."

"Probably; all the same, you have to do it."

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Suddenly, with a sigh, Steve came out of his reverie as if he were emerging from a cloud.

"You are right. I'll do it if I lose her." He turned to go out.

"When are you going to do it?"

"Right now." His face had got back all its fire, his voice all its ring.

"I believe you'll win her," said Jacquelin.

"I know I shall, some day," said Steve. And a little later Jacquelin heard him whistling "Bonny Dundee," and calling Jerry to saddle his horse.

Major Welch was sitting on his veranda that afternoon about sunset when a rider came out of the woods far below and continued to gallop all the way up the hill toward the house. As he came nearer, Major Welch recognized Captain Allen. He remembered the advice Still had recently given him, always to have a pistol handy when he met Allen. He put the thought away from him with almost a flush of shame that it should have even crossed his mind. Should he meet a man at his own door with a weapon? Not if he was shot down for it! So, as the rider approached, he walked down to meet him at the gate, just as Steve, dismounting, tied his horse.

The young man's face was pale, his manner constrained and he was manifestly laboring under more emotion than he usually showed. Wondering what could be the object of his call, Major Welch met him, gravely. He held out his hand, and the Major took it, formally. The visit was peaceful, at any rate.

"Major Welch, I have come to see you——" he began, hesitatingly, his hat in his hand, and his face flushed.

"Won't you walk up on the veranda and sit down?" The Major did not mean to be outdone in civility.

"Not until I have stated the object of my visit. Then, if you choose to invite me, I shall be very glad to accept."

"I have come this evening for a purpose which perhaps will—no doubt will—surprise you." The Major looked affirmative, and wondered more and more what it could mean.

"I have come to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter."

"What?"

"I am not surprised that you are astonished." The young man, now that the ice was broken, was recovering his composure.

"I have loved your daughter a long time; perhaps not long in duration, but ever since I knew her. From that evening that I first met her here, in that tree, I have loved her. If I can obtain your consent, and shall find favor in her eyes, I shall be the happiest and most blessed of men." He gave a deep sigh of relief. He stood before Major Welch a different man—as wholly different, at least, outwardly, from the person that Major Welch had of late esteemed him, as light from darkness. Modest and manly, not without recognition of his power, and yet not for a second presuming on it, Major Welch could not help being impressed by him. A wave of the old liking that he had had for him when he first met him came over him.

"Does my daughter know of this?"

"I hardly know. I have never said anything of it to her, directly, but I do not know how much a girl's instinct can read. My manner has seemed to myself always that of a suitor, and at times I have wondered how she could help reading the thoughts of my heart; they have seemed to me almost audible. Others have known it for some time, at least one other has, and I thought she knew it. Yet now I cannot tell. She has never given me the slightest encouragement."

"I thought you were in love with—with someone else—with your cousin—and her accepted lover? Rumor has so stated it." The elder gentleman's manner cooled again as the thought recurred to him.

Steve smiled.

"Blair Cary? I do love her—dearly—but only as an older brother might. Her heart has long been given to another, who has loved her from his boyhood. From certain causes, which occurred before you arrived, differences grew up between them, and they have not had anything to do with each other; but, under it, the affection remains. Jacquelin does not yet know it, but in time he will succeed, and it is one of my most cherished hopes that some time he will realize that great happiness in store for him. Meantime, I feel sure you

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will consider what I have said of this as confidential; I have, perhaps, said more than I should."

Major Welch bowed.

"Of course I will, and now I wish to say that I am so much taken by surprise by what you have told me that I scarcely know just what answer to give you. I must consult my wife, who is my best adviser and our daughter's best guardian, and I can only say that we wish for nothing but our child's best and most lasting happiness. I cannot, of course, under the circumstances, renew my invitation for you to come in. Nor can I hold out to you any hope." He paused and reflected. "And I think I must ask you not to speak to my daughter on the subject until I have given my consent."

"I promise you that," said Steve. "I should not have come to you at all unless I had been prepared to give that promise."

The young man evidently had something more that he wished to say; he hesitated a moment and then began again.

"One other thing I should tell you. I brought the suit for Jacquelin and Rupert Gray. Although my name was not signed to the bill, I brought the suit and have the responsibility."

Major Welch could not help a graver look coming into his face—he felt almost grim—but he tried to choke down the sensation.

"I was aware of that."

"May I say, also, that I am not one who changes or is easily disheartened? I know that, even if I should secure your consent, I should have to make the fight of my life to win your daughter, but I should do it. I think the prize well worth all, and far more than I could give." He stood, diffidently, as if not knowing whether Major Welch would take his hand if offered. The Major, however, held out his hand. The two men shook hands ceremoniously, and Steve mounted his horse, and, without looking around, rode off, while Major Welch returned, slowly, to the house. The only glance Steve gave was one up toward the old cherry-tree in the yard.

Mrs. Welch had seen Steve ride up and had watched with curiosity and some anxiety the conference that had taken place at the gate. When the Major announced to her the object of Mr. Allen's visit, she was deeply offended. Without an instant's hesitation, she was for despatching an immediate and indignant refusal.

"Of course, you at once refused him and told him what you thought of his effrontery?"

"Well, no; I did not," said Major Welch. In fact, though he had been astonished by Steve's proposal, and had supposed that it would be rejected, it had not occurred to him that his wife would take it in just this way.

"You did not! Oh, you men! I wish he had spoken to me! But he would not have dared to face me with his insulting proposal."

"Well, I don't think he intended it as an insult. I think if you had seen him you would have felt this."

"Do you think I would entrust my daughter's happiness to a desperado and a midnight assassin?"

"No, I cannot say that I thought you would—nor would I. But I am not prepared to say I think him either an assassin or a desperado."

"Well, I am," asserted Mrs. Welch. "I was deceived in him once, and I will not give him a chance again."

"I simply told him that I would confer with you and give him our answer."

"He will take that as encouragement," declared Mrs. Welch, "and will be pursuing Ruth and persecuting her."

"No, he will not. He gave me his word that he would not speak to her without my—without our consent."

"He will not keep it." Mrs. Welch's words were not as positive as her manner.

"Yes, he will. I will stand his sponsor." Major Welch was thinking of the young man as he had just stood before him.

"Well, I am glad you got that much of a pledge from him. He will not get my consent in this life, I can tell him."

"Nor mine, without yours and Ruth's," said Major Welch, gravely. "I will write him and tell him what you say. Shall I tell Ruth?"

"No; of course not."

Major Welch did not see why it should be "of course," but he considered that his wife knew more of such things than he did,

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and he accordingly accepted her opinion without question.

"Where is Ruth?" he asked.

"She went with Dr. Still to see a sick woman he wanted me to see. I was not able to go this afternoon when he called, so I sent her. I don't think there is much the matter with her."

Major Welch sat for a moment in deep reflection. Suddenly he broke the silence.

"Prudence, you don't mean that you wish that—that you think that young fellow is a suitable—ah—companion for our daughter?" That was not the word Major Welch meant.

"William!" exclaimed Mrs. Welch. She said no more, and it was not necessary.

"Well, my dear, how could I know? That young fellow has been coming over here day after day with his horses and buggies, on one pretext or another—tagging after—not after you or me, certainly, and you are as civil to him as if he were the—the President himself, and actually sent the child off with him?"

"William! Sent the child off with him! I!"

"Well, no; not exactly that, of course," said her husband, rather embarrassed, "but permitting her to go, and thus giving him an opportunity to declare himself, which he would be a stick not to avail himself of."

"I am glad you retracted that, William," said Mrs. Welch, with the air of one deeply aggrieved. "Of course, I am civil to the young man. I hope I am civil to everyone; if you think that I would allow my daughter to marry that—that young upstart, you don't know me as well as you did the first day we met."

"Oh, yes, I do! I know you well enough to know you are the best and most devoted wife and mother and friend in the world," declared her husband. "But, you see, I misunderstood you. I reason simply from the plain facts that lay right before my eyes."

Mrs. Welch accepted his surrender with graciousness, and left the room, and the major sat down and wrote his reply to Mr. Allen.

He expressed his unfeigned appreciation of the honor done, but gave him to understand that, after conference with Mrs. Welch, they felt it their duty to state to him that his suit for their daughter would not be acceptable to them, and requested him to consider the matter closed.

As soon as he had finished the letter, he despatched it to Mr. Allen by a messenger.

He had hardly sent it off when Mrs. Welch returned. Her first question was whether the answer had gone.

"I wish you had let me see it," she said.

"Oh! I made it positive enough," declared the Major.

"Yes; I was not thinking of that," Mrs. Welch said, thoughtfully. "I was afraid you would be too—Men are so hasty—so up-and-down—they don't know how to deal with such matters as a woman would."

Major Welch turned on her in blank amazement, a little humor lighting up his face.

"You men will never understand us."

"I believe that's so. You women are curious, especially where your daughters are concerned. I set him down pretty hard, just as you wished me to do."

Mrs. Welch made a gesture of dissent.

"Not at all. I have reflected on what you said about—about his not intending to be insulting, and I think you are right. I no more wish to accept his proposal now than I did before; all I want is to—?" —she made a gesture—"Oh! you understand!"

"Yes; I think I do," laughed her husband. "Why cannot women let a man go?"

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT takes three weeks for a responsible hen, using due diligence, to hatch out a setting of eggs. A person whose exploit the newspapers record maintains that in his incubator, run by his methods, chickens are hatched in eight days. That is in itself a suggestive fact, but not so suggestive as what follows; for he says that chickens hatched in his incubator, in air carefully moistened and cleaned, are different from ordinary incubator-chickens, in that their flesh isn't stringy and does not taste of coal-oil.

Development by Incubator.

Now, I had noticed that the spring chickens of ordinary contemporaneous experience do not compare to advantage with the spring chickens of memory. I had noticed that they had no taste and afforded little nourishment, but I had been willing to surmise that it was because I was old, and not because there was any sweeping change in spring chickens. I was glad, therefore, to find myself relieved in some measure from the sense of self-imputed impairment, and to find a basis for the suspicion that modern improvement has done its work, and that spring chicken nowadays is not what it used to be.

The same charge has been made about English mutton. Time was in England when mutton was mutton, and had a flavor. The sheep grazed on the hills of Britain, nibbled British grasses, and looked out on gentle British landscapes for four or five years, until it grew up and had assimilated its due allowance of the blessings of life. Then, when it came on the table, it was something to remember and be thankful for. Now it no longer pays to let a sheep live after it has once got its growth. Mutton has no longer any taste, the British epicures tell us.

I confess, though, that it was news to me that spring chickens tasted of coal-oil. They do. They must. Chickens which as eggs have laid for weeks, unconscious of maternal tenderness, in an atmosphere warmed by smoky kerosene lamps, ought to taste of oil and ought to be stringy. Time has its revenges; so has an artificial and unscrupulous expedition. If the eight-day chickens don't taste of oil, depend upon it they don't taste of anything.

Of course, the moral of all this is self-apparent. It takes time to get the flavor out of life, time to get the flavor of life into any product; and time in these days is something of the expenditure of which we seem to be feverishly chary. "A hen's time" is of a value traditionally minute. Yet in our eagerness we have got up contrivances to save it. So we scheme to save our own. All the while, in all things, we keep straining after the accomplishment of the maximum of production in the minimum of interval. We Americans, are we going to have any flavor that is worth having? Or are we going to taste of mere coal-smoke and run to stringiness in fibre? All about we see the incubator processes in full blast. We see them in art; we see them in literature. Our newspapers are huge incubators that hatch out pictures and printed discourse with marvellous rapidity. We see illustrators kept so busy by the demands of a press, or a dozen presses, that time has evidently failed them to hatch their pictures properly. We see writers, led on by the importunities of too ready a market, scrambling on with stenographers and typewriters to aid them in an effort to keep abreast of a profitable demand. We have lately seen incubator methods applied to the formation of an army, and we may be excused for thinking it would have been better to have set our military hen in time. We have knowledge, too, of incubator Congressmen—citizens not trained to the consideration of the problems of government, but hatched out in big unmothered broods into a field not safely to be traversed by untutored instinct.

We are wonderfully quick, ingenious, adaptable. Those are good qualities. We have made extraordinary material progress in a comparatively short time, and we have visible results. So far, good; but let us take care that we do not lose in flavor and quality what we seem to have gained in time. Incubator chickens may satisfy the forms of eating and yet leave disappointment in the memory and a bad taste in the mouth. Incubated art won't last. No more will incubated literature. Incubator Congressmen and incubator statesmen! Woe! woe! Well may we wag our heads at them and their possible influence on our country's destinies! Let us take time, even though it is inconvenient. A country that tastes of the smoke of the lamp that hatched it will not do.

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THE FIELD OF ART

"HOW SHALL WE KNOW THE GREATEST PICTURES?"

THE following letter was written in answer to an appeal from a member of a certain Board of Education in a Western State. The questions which it was intended to answer will be found, given in full, in the early part of the letter:

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter, and have carefully considered it. At first, I was inclined to put your questions aside, because they belong to a class of considerations which are entirely out of the habit of thinking men absorbed in the serious study or pursuit of any of the great divisions of thought.

On reflection, however, I can see how an answer might be useful to you, and to others engaged in education, in the training of unformed minds. From this point of view, your appeal should be considered by me in a far more serious manner than my first impression allowed.

This is what I understand you to state, and to desire: You tell me that last year your "High School classes, in their special study of some art subject," considered "The Madonna in Art," that you spent much time in "studying literature and listening to talks bearing on the subject, and, especially, in examining some five hundred examples, large and small, of the different representations of the Madonna." Now, you are going to "devote the greater part of the month of February to the study of the great paintings of the world." And you wish to know what would be the opinion of America's leading authorities on art in regard to what *are* the great, or, rather, the greatest paintings.

Then you give me the three following questions, to be answered at such length "as may be convenient:"

"First. Do you consider the paintings enumerated below as being the twelve greatest paintings produced up to the time of the death of Murillo?"—which occurred on April 3, 1682. "These twelve you call the 'Twelve World Pictures':"

Raphael ....Transfiguration.
Raphael..... .....Sistine Madonna.
Michelangelo.....Last Judgment.
Domenichino .....Last Communion of St. Jerome.
Volterra.....Descent from the Cross.
Rubens..... ..Descent from the Cross.
Leonardo da Vinci ...Last Supper.
Titian..... .....Assumption of the Virgin.
Correggio.....Nativity (Holy Night).
Guido Reni.....Aurora.
Guido Reni(?).....Portrait of Beatrice Cenci.
Murillo..... .....Immaculate Conception.

Then, you ask me whether I would "reject Volterra's 'Descent from the Cross,' and Guido's 'Portrait of Beatrice,' or Domenichino's 'Last Communion,' and insert something of Velasquez's or Rembrandt's, or someone else's?"

Your second question is, "Which do you consider the twelve greatest paintings produced since the close of the seventeenth century, which I suppose," you go on to say, "is practically the same as saying, during the nineteenth century."

Third, you go back to the older pictures and ask—"Do you consider any in the list just asked for, equal or superior to the 'Twelve World Pictures'?" which question you explain by adding, "that is, which twelve would you name as being the twelve greatest paintings now in existence?"

This last question I take to mean, that you would like me to make a list of my own, of the twelve greatest paintings now in existence, and, I suppose, that you would include as "existing" Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," which has been so re-painted long ago, that only a few traces remain of what it originally was, and Michelangelo's "Last Judgment," which, blackened by time, by injudicious technique, and by the smoke of the candles of innumerable ceremonies, is now nothing but a big, obscure drawing. To understand it we have to bring our previous knowledge of the old engravings of the wonderful studies, and of Michelangelo's other works, and more especially those stupendous paintings which cover the vaults of the same chapel, and which have the advantage of a special and beautiful technique, of being little injured and of a meaning more sympathetic as well as more subtle.

We might then take it for granted that in these cases the ideal of the picture is seen by us rather than its actual physical existence.

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I intend to take up your questions in order, and this brings up at once the consideration just hinted at—what we mean by a painting. Immediately, we come across an enormous difficulty. The art of painting has developed in such a direction—in such a study of the appearance of Nature to us, through colored light, that it might be possible to say that a man was a greater painter than another man, himself a greater artist, but not so good a painter, because, perhaps, of having lived before the more complex developments of this highly specialized art. For instance, it might be possible to say that Sir Joshua Reynolds was a greater painter than Giotto; that is to say, that the refinements of the art of painting, as far as representing the full appearance of things makes up that art, were greater at the time of Sir Joshua than at the time of Giotto. But the level of art on which Giotto stands is so far above the plane in which men like Reynolds have chosen to live, that one does not like to make such a comparison, without granting at once that Giotto was the greater artist. If, therefore, we take certain technical perfections of painting as part of your definition of the greatest paintings, we might be obliged to throw out many of the works of Raphael, "The Last Judgment" of Michelangelo, Volterra's "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and so forth. We shall have at once to place at the head of the list the works of Velasquez or Rembrandt, which might perhaps—though I do not say so—be inferior in the greater qualities of art to the works of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo.

And again, there is such a possibility as that of which Paul Potter gives an example, in his celebrated painting of "The Bull," which fully deserves its tremendous reputation, though it is painted in a poor manner, and saved only by the evidences of one of the highest of moral qualities—*sincerity*. And this painting, which used to be considered one of the first of masterpieces, brings up again another question: When we say "greatest," do we mean most famous, that is to say, known to the vulgar, for there are many works of art of every kind which are deficient in technique, in moral elevation, in elegance of all kind, and which for all that, have a very wide-spread reputation. Thus, for instance, the so-called portrait of Beatrice Cenci. It might be questioned whether this painting would have any particular reputation, if it were not for the tradition that it represents a most interesting female criminal, whose case presents a singular moral dilemma.

We can also see that there may be technical deficiencies as regards painting in the most celebrated work of a great artist, who is at the same time a consummate painter. Perhaps Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" is not such a masterpiece of technique as some other celebrated paintings of his. So that we have to be careful in our definition of the word *painting* in such questions as yours, and we must also decide as to whether by *greatest*, we mean, best known to the public at a certain date.

There was a time, almost within memory, when no one would have thought of placing Rembrandt's work or Velasquez's work where it belongs, that is, without doubt, beyond anything that Guido could possibly reach. In fact, it is only just now that we are beginning to feel that the general work of Rembrandt places him at a height to which alone the very greatest of all artists, let us say Michelangelo, has attained. It must then be a very doubtful question whether the smaller man can be considered as having produced the greater work.

The best way to consider the subject, as you place it—if, indeed, such a subject can be placed before the mind—would be to consider very carefully the difference between excellence and popularity—though, of course, a popularity which has lasted to any great length of time, implies some great appeal to the main human sentiments. Only we must carefully avoid confusing the merits of a sonnet, let us say, by Shakespeare, and the excellencies of a national ballad; or, again, the musical value of the Marseillaise, which is one of the best-known war songs, and of some symphony of Beethoven.

Therefore, I sympathize with your undertaking this study of certain works of art, because it may serve a very serious educational purpose. Of course, it will help the historical acquaintance with works of art—it may, in many cases, cultivate the emotions of your students, which are great factors of education, and it may in so far teach the basis of artistic criticism—the recognition of the *quality* of the work of art. This, perhaps, is the point of view least lived in by the usual recorders and critics of art.

You will see how unwilling to decide the exact superiority of a given work must be any

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man who has given much time and thought to the subject. I think it is Blake, the painter and poet, who has referred to the difficulty of comparing the merit of the apple and the oak, and that is another way of again avoiding considering your question at all.

But, as I said, it may be a fair manner of acquiring knowledge; as in my grandmother's days, when children were taught the division of the world into four elements, *fire*, *air*, *earth*, and *water*. Our ancestors rather liked this division by four; I don't know whether the ancestors of the Japanese might not have preferred a division by five. Whether really there are four elements or five, I do not exactly know, and no more do I know whether there are "twelve greatest paintings." But, of course, as a little child, if I learned something about fire, and air, and water, that was so much gained, and I hope that your pupils will gain something from these arbitrary divisions.

I must compliment you on what I infer; that you have managed in your previous studies, to collect such a mass of documents as has allowed you to study the representations of the *Madonna*, and now to take in the works of all the artists whom you have mentioned.

To your second question, which is an involved one, asking for the names of the twelve greatest paintings since the close of the seventeenth century, and, at the same time, assuming that they must have been made during the nineteenth, I must say, that, there again, we meet the same difficulties as before. The eighteenth century is not a great century for art, especially for the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, but, nevertheless, the technical degradation of painting did not reach its furthest point until the nineteenth century, so that there is a curious level of excellent paintings during the eighteenth, which gives to men, not of the highest rank, a certain solidity of position, which the unequal struggles of the nineteenth century have not been able to secure. The painting of Turner, of Delacroix, of Rousseau, of Millet, and of Corot—to name the greatest painters of the nineteenth century—all men of most unequal technical excellence, has not that firm foundation of tradition on which the eighteenth century was able to rest.

In a certain sense, I do not think that there has ever been a time when painters painted as badly as they do to-day, notwithstanding that certain ones are very excellent, and that the more accurate cultivation of perspective, anatomy, geology, botany, and so forth, is shown in what every one does, more or less.

But the same trouble, which has been let loose in the political, moral, and intellectual thought of the nineteenth century, has had the same result of breaking-up the body of doctrine into many antagonisms, which are difficult to reconcile.

And that alone, you see, would make a classification, such as you propose, extremely perplexing, more so even than for the works which antedate the eighteenth century.

Moreover, we are too near to judge, with any illusion of security, what is being done to-day. Every little addition of years helps us, it is true, and it is easier to appreciate the position of Turner than that of Corot, for instance. We are more distinctly within the danger of being swept away by momentary tendencies, and the enthusiasms of persons like ourselves.

As we go back in the list of names that are on these pages of mine, we can see, however, something disengaged from the selection. There would seem to be some distinct value in the works of some of these men—Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and the more modern ones, which has to do with the principle of a persistence of the cultivation of the higher professional perfection, independently of the appreciation of their time, and their nation. There also, seems to be something personal in their influence, so that some of their most wonderful qualities still live in those of their works which are the most defaced. Even the guide-book remarks that the "Last Supper" of Leonardo "is never successfully copied"; notwithstanding that large portions of the surface are not his, and that, which is his, is indistinct. It must be then, that what we see in such a work is the ideal of the picture; that is, truly, something that we largely make ourselves, and which this particular artist has the power to evoke. It is somewhat made up of what we know perhaps, outside of the thing we are looking at, and is, to a great extent, increased or strengthened by belief—by the putting aside of the smaller critical faculties. We are not in the mood of finding fault, and thereby, diminishing the pleasure through which we are to feel the artist's meaning, and repeat, as it were, his own emotion.

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Therefore, I suppose it is good to believe that there are greatest works of art, because we can see them as all works of art should be seen, with good intention. We can also perceive, however dimly, that if this influence is so extremely personal as not to be capable of repetition, we are addressed by something beyond what is physical; we are addressed by something that is moral, and the list of names of the makers of great works would always be a list of minds of great moral quality.

If such, and many other ideas, can be derived from your questions, it will be well to have made them, and a factor of true culture to consider them outside of a mere school exercise of memory.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN LA FARGE.

P. S. There remains, moreover, a very serious principle to consider, and that is, that it is we, our forebears and our civilization, who are in reality measured and judged by the works of art we criticize.

It would, however, be a great aid to thought if the questions themselves were more intelligent. If, for instance, the list of paintings supposed to be the greatest existing in the world were made up with more knowledge of what constitutes a painting and of what constitutes greatness in fine art, Mr. La Farge's letter would not have had to clear away so much misunderstanding, and might have come at once to the vital point—the consideration of what makes up artistic merit, the relative merit of different masters, different schools, different pictures.

The personal feeling of the man who has studied painting much and profoundly will always be so strong with him that another student, even a younger one and a beginner, will do well to remember that he is not to let any person do his thinking for him; and yet there are certain admitted truths, and no one whose opinion of pictures is worth anything would nowadays name Guido Reni, or "Volterra," or Domenichino as one of those artists whose work is to be considered as in the first rank of merit. It is not speaking hastily to say that four of the twelve pictures named in the list above disappear immediately from it when it is examined with any care. It is also safe to say that a list of twelve pictures with only one Venetian picture included in it is absurdly inadequate as a guide to students. A list, moreover, which has no single name in it of a fifteenth century Italian picture loses directly all claim to be a representative list. It is also an undoubted fact that the student of Venetian art would not put Titian's "Assumption" (by which is meant, no doubt, the picture in the Academy of Venice) at the head of all paintings of their favorite school. It is also true, as Mr. La Farge has pointed out, that the "Last Supper" of Leonardo has vanished, that it now exists no more than if its place were filled by another work or than if the sacristy of Santa Maria delle Grazie had been burned down a century ago. It is also true, as Mr. La Farge states, that the "Last Judgment" of Michelangelo has been repainted and smoked and again repainted until it can hardly be judged as a picture of the sixteenth century. It is probable, indeed, that no person who knows the pictures in the galleries of Europe would include in a list of twelve more than two of those named above; and this is said without the slightest consideration of what such a list should be. The criticism here is destructive without thought of reconstruction.

R. S.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THE BATTLE OF HOBKIRK'S HILL.

Charge of Colonel Washington's cavalry against the British right flank to cover the American retreat.

—The Story of the Revolution.

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